

True refs.

T H E
W O R K S
O F
Mr. *Nathaniel Lee*,
VOLUME *the* F I R S T.
C O N T A I N I N G,

THEODOSIUS; *or, the*
FORCE of LOVE.
SOPHONISBA.
NERO.
GLORIANA. .

RIVAL QUEENS.
PRINCESS of CLEVE.
MITHRIDATES
KING of PONTUS.

*When the Aspiring Grecian in the East,
And Haughty Philip is forgot i' th' West,
Then Lee's and Otway's Works shall be suppress'd.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for RICHARD WELLINGTON at
the *Dolphin* and *Crown* in St. Paul's Church-
Yard. M DCC XIII.



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Inserted incorrectly
THEODOSIUS:

OR,
The Force of Love.

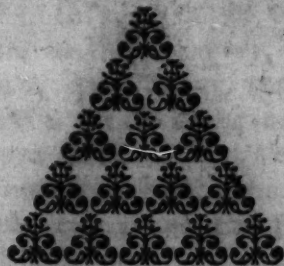
A
TRAGEDY,

ACTED BY
Their ROYAL HIGHNESS's Servants,

AT THE
Duke's Theatre.

Written by Mr. NAT. LEE.

—*Nec minus periculum ex magna
Fama quam ex mala. Tacit.*



LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1712.

THE GOOD

OR

The Force of Love

A

TRAGEDY

ACTED BY

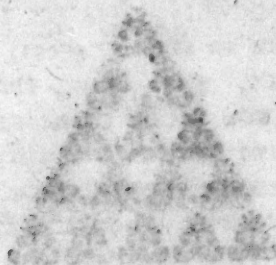
THE ROYAL HIGHNESS, SERVING

AT THE

Duke's Theatre

Written by Mr. WAT LEE

Printed by Mr. WAT LEE



LONDON: Printed in the Year 1712.

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To Her GRACE

The Dutchess of RICHMOND.

MADAM,

THE Reputation that this Play received on the Stage, some few Errors excepted, was more than I could well hope from so Censorious an Age, from whom I ask but so much necessary Praise as will serve, once or twice a Year at most, to gain their good Company, and just keep me alive.

*There is not now that Mankind that was then,
When as the Sun and Man did seem to strive
(Joynt-Tenants of the World) who should survive:
When if a slow-pat'd Star had stoln away,
From the Observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred Years to see't agen,
And then make up his Observation plain.* Dr. Donn.

For 'tis impossible in our limited Time (and I bring his Opinion to back my own, who is without comparifon the best Writer of the Age) to present our Judges a Poem half so perfect as we cou'd make it. I must acknowledge, Madam, with all humility, I ought to have taken more time and more pains in this *Tragedy*, because it is Dedicated to your Grace, who being the best Judge, (and therefore can when you please make us tremble) yet with exceeding Mercy have pardon'd the defects of *Theodosius*, and given it Your entire Approbation. My *Genius*, Madam, was Your Favourite when the Poet was unknown, and openly receiv'd Your Smiles before I had the Honour to pay your Grace the most submissive Gratitude for so illustrious and advantageous a Protection. To let the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

World too know that You do not think it beneath You to be officiously Good, even from extremest Heights to discern the lowest Creatures, and give them all the Noblest Influence You can, You brought Her Royal Highness just at the exigent Time, whose single Presence, on the Poet's Day, is a Subsistence for him all the Year after. Ah, *Madam*, if all the short-liv'd Happiness that miserable Poets can enjoy consist in Commendation only; nay, if the most part are content with Pop'lar Breath, and even for that are thankful; How shall I express my self to Your Grace, who by a particular Goodness, and innate Sweetness, meerly for the sake of doing well, have thus rais'd me above my self. To have Your Grace's Favour is, in a word, to have the Applause of the whole Court, who are its Noblest Ornament, magnificent and eternal Praise. Something there is in your Mien so much above that we vulgarly call Charming, that to me it seems Adorable, and Your Presence almost Divine, whose dazzling and Majestick Form is a proper Mansion for the most elevated Soul: And let me tell the World, nay, sighing speak it to a Barbarous Age (I cannot help calling it so, when I think of *Rome* and *Greece*) Your extraordinary Love for Heroick Poetry is not the least Argument to shew the Greatness of Your Mind, and fulness of Perfection. To hear You speak with that infinite Sweetness and Chearfulness of Spirit that is natural to Your Grace, is methinks to hear our Tutelar Angels: 'Tis to bemoan the present malicious Times, and remember the Golden Age: But to behold you too, is to make Prophets quite forget their Heaven, and bind the Poets with eternal Rapture.

*Here pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her Body thought.
You for whose Body God made better Clay,
One took Souls Struff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as need small change at the last day.* Dr. Donne.

Ziphares and Semandra were first your Grace's Favourites; and though I ought not, *Madam*, to praise Your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Wit by Your Judgment of my Painting, yet I must say, Such Characters every Dauber cannot draw. It has been often observed against me, That I abound in ungovern'd Fancy; but I hope the World will pardon the Sallies of Youth: Age, Despondence, and Dulness come too fast of themselves. I discommend no Man for keeping the beaten Road; but I am sure the Noble Hunters that follow the Game, must leap Hedges and Ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come in to the fall of the Quarry. My comfort is, I cannot be so ridiculous a Creature to any Man as I am to my self: For, who should know the House so well as the good Man at home? Who, when his Neighbours come to see him still sets the best Rooms to view; and if he be not a wilful Ass, keeps the Rubbish and Lumber in some dark Hole, where no body comes but himself, to mortifie at melancholly Hours. But how then, *Madam*, in this unsuitable condition, how shall I answer the infinite Honours and Obligations Your Grace has laid upon me? Your Grace, who is the most beautiful Idea of Love and Glory; who, to that Divine Composition, have the noblest and best-natur'd Wit in the World. All I can promise, *Madam*, and be able to perform, is, That Your Grace shall never see a Play of mine that shall give offence to Modesty and Vertue; and what I humbly offer to the World, shall be of use at least, and I hope deserve imitation; which is, or ought to be, I am sure, the Design of all *Tragedies* and *Comedies* both Ancient and Modern. I should presume to promise my self too some Success in things of this nature, if Your Grace (in whom the Charms of Beauty, Wit, and Goodness seem reconcil'd) at a liesure Hour would condescend to correct with Your excellent Judgment, the Errors of,

MADAM,

Your Graces most Humble,

most Obedient, and Devoted Servant,

NAT. LEE.

The PERSONS.

Theodosius.

Varanes.

Marcian.

Lucius.

Atticus, *Chief Priest.*

Leontine.

Chorus.

Pulcheria.

Athenais.

Julia.

Delia.

Attendants, Singers.

Mr. *Williams.*

Mr. *Betterton.*

Mr. *Smith.*

Mr. *Wiltshire.*

Mr. *Bowman.*

Mr. *Leithersall.*

Mrs. *Betterton.*

Mrs. *Barry.*

The SCENE,

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE ODOSIUS:

OR,

The Force of Love.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A stately Temple, which represents the Christian Religion, as in its first Magnificence: Being but lately establish'd at Rome and Constantinople. The Side Scenes shew the horrid Tortures, with which the Roman Tyrants persecuted the Church, and the Flat Scene, which is the Limit of the Prospect, discovers an Altar richly adorn'd, before it Constantine, suppos'd kneels, with Commanders about him, gazing at a bloody Cross in the Air, which being compass'd with many Angels, offers it self to view, with those words distinctly written, (In hoc signo vinces!) Instruments are heard, and many Attendants: The Ministers at Divine Service, walk busily up and down, till Atticus, the Chief of all the Priests, and Successor of St. Chrysostom, in rich Robes, comes forward with the Philosopher Leontine: The Waiters in Ranks bowing all the way before him.

A Chorus heard at distance

PRepare, prepare! the Rites begin,
Let none unballow'd enter in;
The Temple with new Glory shines,
Adorn the Altars, wash the Shrines,
And purge the place from Sin.

R 4

Enter

Enter Atticus and Leontine.

Attic.



Leontine! was ever Morn like this,
Since the Celestial Incarnation dawn'd?
I think no Day since that, such Glory gave
To Christian Altars, as this Morning brings.

Leont. Great Successor of holy *Chrysostom*,
Who now triumphs above a Saint of Honour.

Next in degree to those bright Sons of Heav'n;
Who never fell, nor stain'd their Orient Beams:
What shall I answer? How shall I approach you
Since my Conversion, which your breath inspir'd?

Attic. To see this Day, th' Emperor of the East,
Leaves all the Pleasures that the Earth can yield,
That Nature can bestow, or Art invent,

In his Life's Spring, and bloom of gawdy years,
To undergo the Penance of a Cloyster,
Confin'd to narrow Rooms, and gloomy Walks,
Fasting, and Exercises of Devotion,
Which from his Bed at midnight must awake him,
Methinks, O *Leontine!* is something more,
Than yet Philosophy could ever reach.

Leont. True, *Atticus*; you have amaz'd my reason.

Attic. Yet more, to our Religious lasting honour,
Marina and *Flavilla*, two young Virgins,
Imperial born, cast in the fairest mould,
That e're the hands of Beauty form'd for Woman;
The Mirrors of our Court, where Chastity
And Innocence might copy spotless Lustre;
To Day with *Theodosius* leave the World.

Leont. Methinks at such a glorious resignation,
The Angelick Orders should at once descend,
In all the Paint and Drapery of Heav'n;
With charming Voices, and with lulling Strings,
To give full Grace to such Triumphant Zeal.

Attic. No, *Leontine*; I fear there is fault:
For when I last confess'd th' Emperour,
Whether disgust and melancholy Blood,
From restless Passions, urg'd not this Divorce?

He only answer'd me with Sighs and Blushes ;
 'Tis sure, his Soul is of the tenderest make :
 Therefore, I'll tax him strictly ; but, my Friend,
 Why should I give his Character to you,
 Who when his Father sent him into *Persia*,
 Were by that mighty Monarch then appointed
 To breed him with his Son, the Prince *Varanes*.

Leont. And what will raise your Admiration, is,
 That two such different Tempers should agree :
 You know that *Theodosius* is compos'd
 Of all the softness that should make a Woman,
 Judgment almost like Fear fore-runs his Actions ;
 And he will poise an Injury so long
 As if he had rather pardon than revenge it :
 But the young *Persian* Prince quite opposite,
 So Fiery fierce, that those who view him nearly
 May see his haughty Soul still mounting in his Face ;
 Yet did I study these so different Tempers,
 Till I at last had form'd a perfect Union,
 As if two Souls did but inform one Body.
 A friendship that may challenge all the World,
 And at the proof be matchless.

Attic. I long to read
 This Gallant Prince, who, as you have inform'd me,
 Comes from his Fathers Court to see our Emperour.

Leont. So he intended till he came to *Athens* ;
 And at my homely board beheld my Daughter ;
 Where, as Fate ordered, she who never saw
 The Glories of a Court, bred up to Books
 In Closets like a Sybil. She I say,
 Long since from *Persia* brought by me to *Athens* !
 Unskill'd in Charms, but those which Nature gave her,
 Wounded this scornful Prince : In short, he forc'd me
 To wait him thither, with deep protestations,
 That Moment that bereft him of the sight
 Of *Athenais*, gave him certain Death.

Enter Varanes and Athenais.

But see my Daughter honour'd with his presence.

Vara. 'Tis strange ! O *Athenais* ! wondrous, all
 Wondrous the Shrines, and wonderful the Altars !

The Martyrs, though but drawn in painted Flames,
Amaze me with the Image of their suff'rings:
Saints Canoniz'd that dar'd with *Roman* Tyrants.
Hermits that liv'd in Caves, and fed with Angels,
By *Orosmales*, it is wondrous all.

That bloody Cross, in yonder Azure Sky,
Above the Head of kneeling *Constantine*;
Inscrib'd about with Golden Characters:

Thou shalt o'er-come in this. If it be true,
I say again, by Heav'n 'tis wond'rous strange.

Athen. O Prince, if thus Imagination stirs you,
A fancy rais'd from figures in dead Walls,
How would the Sacred Breath of *Atticus*
Inspire your Breast, purge all your dross away,
And drive this *Athenais* from your Soul,
To make a Virgin Room, whom yet the Mould
Of your rude Fancy cannot comprehend.

Vara. What says my Fair? Drive *Athenais* from me:
Start me not into Frenzy, lest I rail

At all Religion, and fall out with Heaven:
And what is she alas! that should supplant thee?

Were she the Mistress of the World, as fair
As Winter Stars, or Summer setting Suns,
And thou set by in Nature's plainest Dress,
With that chaste modest look when first I saw thee?

The Heiress of a poor Philosopher, [*Recorders ready*
I swear by all I wish, by all I love, *to flourish.*
Glory and thee, I would not lose a thought,
Nor cast an Eye that way, but rush to thee,
To these lov'd arms, and lose my self for ever.

Athen. Forbear, my Lord.

Vara. O cruel *Athenais*!

Why dost thou put me off, who pine to death?
And thrust me from thee when I would approach thee?
Can there be ought in this? Curse then thy birth-right,
Thy glorious Titles and ill-suited Greatness,
Since *Athenais* scorns thee: Take again
Your ill-tim'd Honours; take 'em, take 'em Gods!
And change me to some humble Villager,
If so at last for toils at scorching Noon,

In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields,
At night she will but crown me with a smile,
Or reach the bounty of her hand to bless me.

Athen. When Princes speak, their Subjects should be
Yet with humility I would demand, [Silent,
Wherein appears my scorn, or my aversion?
Have I not for your sake abandon'd home,
Where I had vow'd to spend my calmer days?
But you perhaps imagine it but little
For a poor Maid to follow you abroad,
Especially the Daughter of old *Leontine*,
Yet I must tell you Prince —

Vara. I cannot bear

Those Frowns: I have offended, but forgive me.
For who, *Athenais*, that is toss'd
With such tempestuous tydes of love as I,
Can steer a steady course? Retire, my Fair, [Recorders
Hark! the Solemnities are now beginning, flourish.
And *Theodosius* comes: Hide, hide thy Charms,
If to his clouded Eyes such Day should break,
The Royal Youth who dotes to Death for Love,
I fear would forfeit all his Vows to Heav'n,
And fix upon thy World, thy World of Beauty. [Exeunt.
*Enter Theodosius leading Marina and Flavilla (all three dress
in white) followed by Pulcheria.*

Theo. Farewel, *Pulcheria*! and I pray, no more:
For all thy kind Complaints are lost upon me.
Have I not sworn the World and I must part?
Fate has proclaim'd it, therefore weep no more,
Wound not the tenderest part of *Theodosius*,
My yielding Soul, that would expire in Calms!
Wound me not with thy Tears, and I will tell thee:
Yet e're I take my last farewell for ever.

The cause of all my sufferings: O, my Sister!
A bleeding Heart, the stings of pointed Love,
What Constitution soft as mine can bear?

Pulch. My Lord, my Emp'rour, my dearest Brother,
Why all this while did you conceal it from me?

Theo. Because I was ashamed to my own Weakness,
knew thy sharper Wit, and stricter Wisdom,

Would

Would dart Reproofs, which I could not endure
 Draw near, O *Atticus*, and mark me well,
 For never yet did my complaining Spirit
 Unlaid this weighty Secret upon him,
 Nor groan a syllable of her Oppression.

Attic. Concealment was a fault; but speak at large,
 Make bare the Wound, and I will pour in Balm.

Theo. 'Tis folly all, and fondness—O, remembrance!
 Why dost thou open thus my Wound again,
 And from my Heart call down those warmer drops
 That make me die with shame? Hear then, *Pulcheria*!
 Some few preceding days before I left
 The *Persian* Court, hunting one morning early,
 I lost my self and all the Company,
 Still wandering on as Fortune would direct me,
 I past a Rivulet, and alighted in
 The sweetest Solitude I ever saw!
 When streight, as if Enchantment had been there,
 Two charming Voices drew me 'till I came,
 Where divers Arbours over-lookt the River.
 Upon the Oſier Bank two Women ſate,
 Who, when their Song was ended, talkt to one,
 Who, bathing, ſtood far in the Chrystal ſtream.
 But, oh, what thought can paint that fair Perfection,
 Or give a glimpse of ſuch a naked Glory!
 Not Sea-born *Venus*, in the Courts beneath,
 When the green Nymphs firſt kiſſ'd her Coral Lips,
 All poliſht, fair, and waſht with Orient Beauty,
 Could in my dazling Fancy match her brightneſs.

Attic. Think where you are?

Theo. O! Sir, you muſt forgive me,
 The chaste Enthuſiaſtick Form appears,
 As when I ſaw her; yet I ſwear, *Pulcheria*,
 Had cold *Diana* been, a looker on,
 She muſt have praiſ'd the Vertues of the Virgin,
 The *Satyrs* could not grin, for ſhe was veil'd:
 Nothing immodest, from her naked Boſom
 Down to her knees, the Nymph was wrapt in Lawn:
 But oh for me! for me, that was too much!
 Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts

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So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre
Such all-perfection, that I took whole draughts
Of killing Love, and ever since have languish'd
With lingering surfeits of her fatal Beauty!
Alas, too fatal sure! O *Atticus*!
Forgive me, for my story now is done,
The Nymph was dress'd, and with her two Companions,
Having deserv'd me, shriekt and fled away,
Leaving me motionless, till *Leontine*,
Th' Instructor of my Youth, by chance came in,
And wak'd me from the wonder that entranc'd me.

Attic. Behold, my Lord, the Man whom you have nam'd,
The Harbinger of Prince *Varanes*'s here.

Theod. O *Leontine*! ten thousand Welcomes meet thee!
Thou Foster-Father of my tender Youth,
Who rear'd the Plant, and prun'd it with such Care;
How shall I look upon thee, who am fallen
From all the Principles of manlier reason,
By thee infus'd, to more than Woman's weakness?
Now by the Majesty Divine, that awes
This sacred place, I swear you must not kneel:
And tell me, for I have a thousand things
To ask thee; Where, where is my Godlike Friend?
Is he arriv'd, and shall I see his Face,
Before I am cloyster'd from the World for ever?

Leont. He comes, my Lord, with all the expecting Joys
Of a young promis'd Lover, from his Eyes
Big hopes look forth, and boiling Fancy forms
Nothing but *Theodosius* still before him;
His thought, his every word, is *Theodosius*.

Theo. Yet *Leontine*, yet answer me once more:
With tremblings I demand thee.
Say—hast thou seen? Oh, has that Heav'nly form
Appear'd to thee again? Behold he's dumb:
Proceed then to the Solemn last farewell;
Never was Man so willing, and prepar'd.

Enter Varanes, Arantes, Attendants.

Vara. Where is my Friend! oh where is my belov'd,
My *Theodosius*! point him out ye Gods,
That I may press him dead betwixt my Arms;

Devour

Would dart Reproofs, which I could not endure
 Draw near, O *Atticus*, and mark me well,
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 When streight, as if Enchantment had been there,
 Two charming Voices drew me 'till I came,
 Where divers Arbours over-lookt the River.
 Upon the *Osier* Bank two Women sate,
 Who, when their Song was ended, talkt to one,
 Who, bathing, stood far in the *Chrystal* stream.
 But, oh, what thought can paint that fair Perfection,
 Or give a glimpse of such a naked Glory!
 Not *Sea-born Venus*, in the Courts beneath,
 When the green Nymphs first kiss'd her Coral Lips,
 All polish'd, fair, and washt with Orient Beauty,
 Could in my dazzling Fancy match her brightness.

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 As when I saw her; yet I swear, *Pulcheria*,
 Had cold *Diana* been, a looker on,
 She must have prais'd the Vertues of the Virgin,
 The *Satyrs* could not grin, for she was veil'd:
 Nothing immodest, from her naked Bosom
 Down to her knees, the Nymph was wrapt in Lawn:
 But oh for me! for me, that was too much!
 Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts

So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre
Such all-perfection, that I took whole draughts
Of killing Love, and ever since have languish'd
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Never was Man so willing, and prepar'd.

Enter Varanes, Arantes, Attendants.

Vara. Where is my Friend! oh where is my belov'd,
My *Theodosius*! point him out ye Gods,
That I may press him dead betwixt my Arms;

Devour

Devour him thus with over-hasty Joys,
That languish at his Breast, quite out of breath,
And cannot utter more.

Theo. Thou mightiest Pleasure!
And greatest Blessing, that kind Heav'n could send,
To glad my parting Soul, a thousand Welcomes!
O, when I look on thee, new starts of Glory
Spring in my Breast, and with a backward bound
I run the race of lusty Youth again.

Vara. By Heav'n it joys me too, when I remember
Our thousand Pastimes, when we borrow'd Names;
Alcides, I, and Thou, my dearest *Theseus*,
When through the Woods, we chas'd the foaming Boar,
With Hounds that open'd like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Like Tygers flou'd, and landed as the shoar,
With Ears, and Chests, that dash'd the morning Dew:
Driv'n with the Sport, as Ships are tost in Storms,
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course;
Now sweeping o'er the limit of a Hill!
Now with a full Career come thundring down
The Precipice! and sweat along the Vale.

Theo. O glorious time! and when the gathering Clouds
Have call'd us home, say, Did we rest my Brother?
When on the Stage, to the admiring Court,
We strove to represent *Alcides* Fury,
In all that raging Heat, and pomp of Madness,
With which the stately *Seneca* adorn'd him:
So lively drawn, and painted with such horror,
That we were forc'd to give it o'er; so loud
The Virgins shriek'd, so fast they dy'd away.

Vara. My *Theodosius* still; 'tis my lov'd Brother;
And by the Gods we'll see those times agen!
Why then has Rumour wrong'd thee, that reported
Christian Enthusiasm had charm'd thee from us,
That drawn by Priests, and work'd by Melancholy,
Thou hadst laid the golden Reins of Empire down,
And sworn thy self a Votary for ever?

Theo. 'Tis almost true; and had not you arriv'd,
The solemn business had by this been ended.
This I have made the Empress of the East,

My elder Sister : These with me retire,
Devoted to the Pow'r, whom we adore.

Vara. What Power is that that merits such Oblations?
I thought the Sun more great and glorious,
Than any that e're mingled with the Gods;
Yet even to him my Father never offer'd
More than a Hecatomb of Bulls and Horses:
Now by those golden Beams, that glad the World,
I swear it is too much : For one of these,
But half so bright, our God would drive no more,
He'd leave the darken'd Globe, and in some Cave
Injoy such Charms for ever.

Attic. My Lord, forbear !

Such Language does not suit with our Devotion :
Nothing prophane must dare murmur here.
Nor stain the hallow'd Beauties of the Place.
Yet thus far we must yield ; the Emperour
Is not enough prepar'd to leave the World.

Vara. Thus low, most Reverend of this sacred place,
I kneel for Pardon, and am half converted,
By your permission that my *Theodosius*
Return to my Embraces. O my Brother !
Why dost thou droop ? There will be time enough
For Prayer and Fasting, and Religious Vows ;
Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,
All the Magnificence of Eastern Courts ;
I hate to walk a lazy Life away :
Let's run the Race which Fate has set before us,
And post to the dark Goal.

Theo. Cruel Destiny !

Why am not I thus too ? O my *Varanes* !
Why are these costly Dishes set before me ?
Why do these sounds of Pleasure strike my Ears ?
Why are these Joys brought to my sick remembrance ;
Who have no appetite ; but am to sense,
From Head to Foot, all a dead Palsie o're ?

Vara. Fear not, my Friend, all shall be well again,
For I have thousand ways, and thousand stories
To raise thee up to Pleasure, we'll unlock
Our fastest Secrets, shed upon each other.

Our

My

Our tender'st Cares, and quite unbarr those Doors,
Which shall be shut to all Mankind beside.

Attic. Silence and Reverence are the Temple's dues:
Therefore, while we pursue the Sacred Rites,
Be these observ'd, or quit the awful place,
Imperial Sisters, now twin-stars of Heaven,
Answer the Successor of *Chrysostom*;
Without least Reservation answer me;
By those harmonious Rules I charg'd ye learn.

Atticus Sings.

Attic. Canst thou, Marina, leave the World,
The World that is Devotion's bane;
Where Crowns are tost, and Scepters hurPd,
Where Lust and proud Ambition Reign?

2 *Priest.* Can you your costly Robes forbear,
To live with us in poor Attire?
Can you from Courts to Cells repair,
To sing at midnight in our Quire?

3 *Priest.* Can you forget your golden Beds,
Where you might sleep beyond the morn,
On Mats to lay your Royal Heads,
And have your beauteous Tresses shorn?

Attic. Can you resolve to fast all Day,
And weep and groan to be forgiv'n?
Can you in broken slumbers pray,
And by Affliction merit Heav'n?

Chor. Say, Votaries, can this be done,
While we the Grace Divine implore,
The World has lost, the Baitel's won;
And sin shall never charm ye more?

Marina. The gate to Bliss does open stand,
Sings. And all my penance is in view;
The World upon the other hand
Cries out, O do not bid adieu!

Tet,

Yet, Sacred Sirs, in these extreams,
Where Pomp and Pride their Glories tell;
Where Youth and Beauty are the Themes,
And plead their moving Cause so well.

If ought that's vain my thoughts possess,
Or any Passions govern here,
But what Divinity may bless;
O may I never enter there!

Flavilla. What! what can Pomp or Glory do;
Sings. Or what can humane Charms persuade,
That mind that has a Heav'n in view,
How can it be by Earth betray'd!
No Monarch full of Youth and Fame,
The Joy of Eyes, and Natures Pride,
Should once my thoughts from Heav'n Reclaim?
Though now he woo'd me for his Bride.

Haste then, O haste! and take us in,
For ever lock Religion's Door,
Secure us from the Charms of Sin,
And let us see the World no more.

Attic. Hark! hark! behold the Heavenly Choir;
Sings. They cleave the Air in bright Attire,
And see his Lute each Angel brings,
And hark Divinely thus he Sings!
To the Pow'rs Divine, all Glory be given,
By Men upon Earth, and Angels in Heaven.

Scene shuts, and all the Priests with Marina and Flavilla
disappear.

Pulch. For ever gone! for ever parted from me!
Theodosius, till this cruel moment
never knew how tenderly I lov'd 'em;
Yet, on this everlasting separation,

Methinks my Soul has left me, and my Time
Of dissolution points me to the Grave.

Theo. O my *Varanes*, does not now thy temper
Bate something of its fire? dost thou not melt
In meer Compassion of my Sister's Fate,
And cool thy self with one relenting thought?

Vara. Yes, my dar'd Soul rous inward, melancholy,
Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me;
And I begin to loath all humane greatness.
Oh! sigh not then, nor thy hard Fate deplore!
For, 'tis resolv'd, we will be Kings no more:
We'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be our guide;
Love that's more worth than all the World beside.
Princes are barr'd the Liberty to roam,
The fetter'd mind still languishes at home;
In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful round,
Business and Cares eternally abound.

" And when for Air the Goddess would unbind,

" She's clogg'd with Scepters, and to Crowns confin'd.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pulcheria, Julia, Attendants.

Pulch. **T**Hese Packets for the Emperour *Honorius*;
Be swift, let the Agent haste to *Rome*—
I hear, my *Julia*, that our General
Is from the *Goths* return'd with Conquest home.

Jul. He is; to Day I saw him in the Presence,
Sharp to the Courtiers, as he ever was:
Because they went not with him to the Wars.
To you he bows, and sues to kiss your Hand.

Pulch. He shall, my dearest *Julia*; oft I have told thee
The secret of my Soul: If e'er I marry,
Marcian's my Husband; he is a Man, my *Julia*,
Whom I have study'd long and found him perfect:
Old *Rome* at every glance looks through his Eyes,

And kindles the Beholders: Some sharp Atomes
Run through his Frame, which I could wish were out
He sickens at the softness of the Emperour,
And speaks too freely of our Female Court;
Then sighs, comparing it with what Rome was.

Enter Marcian and Lucius.

Pulch. Ha! who are these that dare prophane this place
With more than bab'rous Insolence?

Marc. At your Feet,
Behold I cast the scourge of these Offenders,
And kneel to kiss your Hand.

Pulch. Put up your Sword,
And e'er I bid you welcome from the Wars,
Be sure you clear your Honour of this rudeness;
Or, *Marcian*, leave the Court.

Marc. Thus then, Madam;
The Emperour receiv'd me with affection,
Embrac'd me for my Conquests, and retir'd;
When on a sudden all the gilded Flies
That buz about the Court came flutt'ring round me:
This with affected Cringes, and minc'd Words,
Begg'd me to tell my Tale of Victories;
Which done, he thanks me, slips behind his Fellow,
Whispers him in the Ear, then smiles and listens,
While I relate my Story once again:

A third comes in, and asks me the same favour:
Whereon they laugh, while I still ignorant
Go on; but one behind, more impudent,
Strikes on my Shoulder; then they laught out-right,
But then I guessing the abuse too late,
Return'd my Knight behind a Box o'th' Ear;
Then drew, and briefly told them they were Rascals.

They, laughing still, cry'd out the General's musty,
Whereon I drove 'em, Madam, as you saw:
This is in short the Truth, I leave the Judgment
To your own Justice; If I have done ill,
Sentence me, and I'll leave the Court for ever.

Pulch. First you are welcome, *Marcian*, from the Wars;
And still when e'er occasion calls for Arms,
Heav'n send th' Emperor a General,

Renown'd as *Marcian*; as to what is past,
I think the World will rather praise than censure
Pulcheria, when she pardons you the Action.

Marc. Gods! Gods! and thou great Founder of Old
What is become of all that mighty Spirit, [Rome!
That rais'd our Empire to a pitch so high?
Where is it pent? What, but Almighty Power
Could thus confine it, that but some few Atomes
Now run through all the East and Occident?

Pulch. Speak calmly, *Marcian*—

Marc. Who can be temperate,
That thinks as I do, Madam? Why here's a Fellow,
I have seen him fight against a Troop of *Vandals*
In your Defence, as if he lov'd to bleed:
Come to my arms, my Dear! Thou canst not talk,
But hast a Soul above the proudest of 'em.
O, Madam, when he has been all over Blood,
And hackt with Wounds that seem'd to mounth his Praises;
I have seen him smile still as he pusht Death from him,
And with his actions rally distant Fate.

Pulch. He has a noble Form.

Marc. Yet ev'n this Man,
That fought so bravely in his Country's Cause,
This excellent Man this Morning in the Presence,
Did I see wrong'd before the Emperour,
Scorn'd and despis'd because he could not cringe,
Nor plant his Feet as some of them could do.
One said his Cloaths were not well made, and damn'd
His Taylor——Another said, he look'd
As if he had not lost his Maiden-head.
If things are suffer'd to be thus, down all
Authority, Preeminence, Degree and Vertue.
Let *Rome* be never mention'd, no, in the Name
Of all the Gods, be she forgotten ever.
Effeminate *Persians*, and the *Lydian* softness,
Make all your Fights, *Marcian* shall out no more;
For by my Arms it makes a Woman of me;
And my swoln Eyes run o'er to think this worth,
This fuller Honour than the whole Court holds,
Should be ridiculous to Knaves and Fools;

Shoul

Should starve for want of what is necessary
To Life's Convenience. When luxurious Bawds
Are so o'er-grown with Fat, and cram'd with Riot,
That they can hardly walk without an Engine.

Pulch. Why did you not inform the Emperour?

Marc. Because he will not hear me: Alas, good Man,
He flies from this bad World, and still when Wars
And Dangers come, he runs to his Devotions,
To your new thing, I know not what you call it,
Which *Constantine* began.

Pulch. How, *Marcian*! are not you of that
Religion which the Emperour owns?

Marc. No, Madam, if you'll see my naked thought,
I am not of their Principle, that take
A wrong; so far from bearing with a Foe,
I would strike first, like old *Rome*; I won'd forth,
Elbow the neighbouring Nations round about,
Invade, enlarge my Empire to the bounds
Of the too narrow Universe. Yes, I own
That I despise your holy Innovations.

I am for the *Roman* Gods, for Funeral Piles,
For mounting Eagles, and the fancied greatness
Of our Fore-Fathers. Methinks my heated Spirit
Cou'd utter things worth losing of my Head.

Pulch. Speak freely, *Marcian*, for I know thee honest.

Marc. O, Madam! long, long may the Emperour live;
But, I must say, his gentle Disposition
Suits not, alas, the Oriental sway:
Bid him but look on *Pharamond*: O Gods!
Awake him with the Image of that Spirit,
Which, like a Pyramid revers'd, is grown
Ev'n from a point to the most dreadful greatness;
His very Name already shakes the World;
And still in Person heading his first Squadrons,
Like the first *Cæsar* o'er the hardy *Gauls*,
He seems another Thunderbolt of War.

Pulch. I oft have blam'd my Brother most for this,
That to my hand he leaves the State Affairs:
And how that sounds, you know —

Marc. Forgive me, Madam ;
 I think that all the greatness of your Sex,
Rome's Clelia, and the fam'd *Semiramis*,
 With all th' *Amazonian* Valour too,
 Meet in *Pulcheria* ; yet, I say, forgive me,
 If with reluctance I behold a Woman
 Sit at the Empire's Helm and steer the World.

Pulch. I stand rebuk'd ———

Marc. Mark but the growing *French*.
 The most auspicious Omen of their greatness,
 That I can guess, is their late *Salique* Law,
 Blest by their Priests, the *Salii*, and pronounc'd
 To stand for ever ; which excludes all Women
 From the Imperial Crown : But, oh ! I speak
 The least of all those infinite grievances,
 Which make the Subjects murmur : In the Army,
 Tho' I proceeded still like *Hannibal*,
 And punisht ev'ry Mutineer with Death ;
 Yet, oh ! it stabb'd me through and through the Soul
 To pass the Wretches Doom, because I knew
 With Justice they complain'd ; for hard they fought,
 And with their Blood earn'd that forbidden Bread,
 Which some at Court, and great ones, though un-nam'd
 Cast to their Hounds, while the poor Soldiers starv'd ———

Pulch. Your pity too in mournful fellowship,
 No doubt might sooth their murmurs.

Marc. Yes, it did,
 That I might put 'em once again in heart,
 I said 'twas true, the Emperour was to blame,
 Who dealt too coldly with his faithful Servants,
 And paid their great Arrears by second hand :
 I promis'd too, when we return'd to Court,
 Things should be mended ———
 But how ! oh Gods ! forgive my Blood this Transport !
 To the Eternal Shame of Female Councils !
 And to the blast of *Theodosius* Name,
 Whom never Warlike Chronicle shall mention !
 O let me speak it with a *Roman* Spirit,
 We were receiv'd like undone Prodigals,
 By curst ungrateful Stewards, with cold looks ;

Who yet got all by those poor Wretches ruine.

Like Malefactors, at the hands of Justice,

I blush, I almost weep with bursting rage;

If thus receiv'd, how paid our long Arrears?

Why, as intrusted Misers pay the Rights

Of helpless Widows, or the Orphans Tears.

O Soldier! for to Thee, to Thee I speak it,

Bawds for the drudgery of Citizens Wives,

Would better pay debilitated Stallions.

Madam, I have said perhaps too much; if so,

It matters not, for he who lies, like me,

On the hard ground, is sure to fall no further.

Pulch. I have given you patient hearing, honest *Marcian!*

And, as far as I can see into your Temper,

I speak my serious Judgment in cold Blood,

With strictest Consultation on the matter;

I think this seeming plain and honest, *Marcian,*

An exquisite and most notorious Traytor.

Marc. Ha! Traytor!

Pulch. Yes, a most notorious Traytor.

[World.

Marc. Your Grandfather, whose Frown could aw the
Would not have call'd me so — or if he had —

Pulch. You would have taken it — But to the Business,
Was't not enough! Oh Heaven! Thou know'st, too much!

At first to own your self an Infidel,

A bold Contemner, even to Blasphemy,

Of that Religion which we all profess;

For which your Heart's best Blood can ne'er suffice:

But you must dare, with a seditious Army,

Thus to conspire against the Emperour;

I mention not your Impudence to me,

Taxing the folly of my Government,

Ev'n to my Face: Such an Irreverence,

As sure no barb'rous *Vandal* would have urg'd;

Beside your libelling all the Court, as if

You had engross'd the whole World's honesty:

And Flatterers, Fools, Sycophants, Knaves,

Such was your Language, did inhabit here,

Marc. You wrest my honest meaning, by the Gods!
You do; and if you thus go on, I feel
My struggling Spirit will no longer bear it.

Pulch. I thought the meaning of all rational Men
Should still be gather'd out of their Discourse;
Nor are you so imprudent, without thinking,
To vent such words, tho' now you fain would hide it;
You find the Guilt, and baulk the Accusation:
But think not you shall scape so easily!
Once more I do confront you, as a Traytor;
And as I am entrusted with full pow'r,
Divest you, in the Name of *Theodosius*,
Of all your Offices, Commissions, Honours,
Command you leave the Court within three Days,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian*.

Marc. Gods! Gods!

Pulch. What now! ha! does the Traytor murmur?
If in three days! mark me; 'tis I that doom thee!
Rash inconsiderable Man, a Wretch beneath
The Torments I cou'd execute upon thee!
If after three days space thou'rt found in Court,
Thou dy'st! thy head, thy head shall pay the forfeit.
Farewell; now rage! now rail and curse the Court;
Saucily dare to abuse the best of Princes,
And let thy lawless Tongue lash all it can;
Do, like a mad-man rave! deplore thy Fortune,
While Pages laugh at thee. Then haste to the Army,
Grow popular, and lead the multitude:
Preach up thy Wrongs, and drive the giddy Beast
To kick at *Cesar*. Nay, if thou weep'st, I am gone.
O *Julia*! if I stay, I shall weep too.

Yet 'tis but just that I the Heart should see
Of him who once must Lord it over me. [*Ex. Pulch. &c.*]

Luc. Why do you droop, Sir—Come, no more o' this,
You are and shall be still our General:
Say but the Word, I'll fill the Hippodrome
With Squadrons that shall make the Emp'rор tremble;
We'll fire the Court about his Ears.
Methinks like *Junius Brutus* I have watcht
An Opportunity, and now it comes!

Few words and I are Friends ; but, noble *Marcian*,
If yet thou art not more than General,
E'er dead of Night, say *Lucius* is a Coward.

Marc. I charge thee in the name of all the Gods,
Come back. I charm thee by the name of Friend.
All's well, and I rejoice I am no General.
But hush ! within three days we must be gone,
And then, my Friend, farewell to Ceremony.
We'll fly to some far distant lonely Village,
Forget our Former state, and breed with Slaves.
Sweat in the Eye of Day, and when Night comes,
With bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant Souls,
Sleep like the labour'd Hinds, and never think ;
For if I think again, I shall go mad.

Enter Leontine and Athenais, &c.

Therefore no thought. But see, we are interrupted !
O Court ! O Emperor ! yet let Death threaten,
I'll find a time. Till then be still my Soul —
No General now ! A Member of thy Country,
But most corrupt, therefore to be cut off,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian* !
A Slave, a Traytor ! O ye Eternal Gods —

[*Exeunt.*]

Leon. So, *Athenais* ! now our complement,
To the young *Persian* Prince, is at an end,
What then remains but that we take our leave,
And bid him everlastingly Farewell ?

Athen. My Lord !

Leon. I say that decency requires
We should be gone, nor can you stay with Honour.

Athen. Most true, my Lord.

Leon. The Court is now at peace,
The Emperor's Sisters are retir'd for ever,
And he himself compos'd ; what hinders then,
But that we bid adieu to Prince *Varanes* ?

Athen. Ah, Sir, why will you break my Heart ?

Leon. I would not ;

Thou art the only Comfort of my Age ;
Like an old Tree I stand among the storms,
Thou art the only limb that I have left me :

[*She kneels.*

My

My dear green branch, and how I prize thee, Child,
Heaven only knows! why dost thou kneel and weep?

Athen. Because you are so good, and will I hope
Forgive my fault, who first occasion'd it.

Leon. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the Prince.

Athen. You did, and, Oh, my Lord! I heard too much!
Too much I fear for my Eternal Quiet.

Leon. Rise, *Athenais*! Credit him who bears
More Years than thou: *Varanes* has deceiv'd thee,

Athen. How do we differ then? You judge the Prince
Impious and base; while I take Heav'n to witness,
I think him the most Vertuous of Men:

Therefore take heed, my Lord, how you accuse him,
Before you make the Tryal. Alas, *Varanes*,
If thou art false, there's no such thing on Earth
As solid Goodness, or substantial Honour.

A thousand times, my Lord, he has sworn to give me
(And I believe his Oaths) his Crown and Empire,
That day I make him Master of my Heart.

Leon. That day he'll make thee Mistress of his power,
Which carries a foul name among the Vulgar.

No, *Athenais*! let me see thee dead,
Born a pale Corps, and gently laid in Earth,
So I may say she's chaste and dy'd a Virgin,
Rather than view thee with these wounded Eyes
Seated upon the Throne of *Isdigerdes*,
The blast of Common Tongues, the Nobles scorn,
Thy Father's Curse; that is, the Prince's Whore.

Athen. O horrid supposition! how I detest it!
Be witness Heav'n, that sees my secret thoughts!
Have I for this, my Lord, been taught by you
The nicest Justice, and severest Vertue,
To fear no Death, to know the end of Life,
And with a long search discern the highest good?

No, *Athenais*! when the Day beholds thee
So scandalously rais'd, Pride cast thee down,
The scorn of Honour, and the People's prey!
No, cruel *Leontine*, not to redeem
That aged Head from the descending Axe,
Not tho' I saw thy trembling Body rackt,

Thy

Thy wrinckles about thee fill'd with Blood,
Would I for Empire, to the Man I love,
Be made the object of unlawful Pleasure.

Leon. O greatly said, and by the Blood which warms me,
Which runs as rich as any *Athens* holds,
It would improve the Vertue of the World,
If every Day a thousand Votaries,
And thousand Virgins came from far to hear thee?

Athen. Look down ye Pow'rs, take notice we obey
The rigid Principles ye have infus'd:
Yet oh my noble Father! to convince you,
Since you will have it so, propose a Marriage;
Tho' with the thought I am covered o're with Blushes,
Not that I doubt the Prince, that were to doubt
The Heavens themselves. I know he is all truth:
But modesty ———

The Virgins troublesome and constant guest,
That, that alone forbids ———

Leon. I wish to Heav'n
There prove no greater bar to my belief:
Behold the Prince, I will retire a while,
And, when occasion calls, come to thy aid. *Ex. Leon.*

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

Vara. To fix her on the Throne, to me, seems little,
Where I a God, yet would I raise her higher,
This is the nature of thy Prince: But oh!
As to the World thy judgment soars above me,
And I am dar'd with this Gigantick Honour;
Glory forbids her prospect to a Crown,
Nor must she gaze that way; my haughty Soul,
That day when she ascends the Throne of *Cyrus*,
Will leave my Body pale, and to the Stars
Retire in Blushes, lost, quite lost for ever,

Aran. What do you purpose then?

Vara. I know not what,
But see she comes, the glory of my arms,
The only business of my instant thought,
My Souls best Joy, and all my true repose.
I swear I cannot bear these strange desires,

These

Thy

These strong impulses which will shortly leave me
Dead at thy Feet ———

Athen. What have you found, my Lord,
In me so harsh or cruel, that you fear
To speak your griefs?

Vara. First let me kneel and swear,
And on thy hand seal my Religious Vow;
Streight let the breath of Gods blow me from Earth,
Swept from the Book of Fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, O *Athenais*,
To all the *Persian* greatness!

Athen. I believe you!
For I have heard you swear as much before.

Vara. Hast thou? O why then did I swear again?
But that my Love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way express my Passion.

Athen. O rise, my Lord ———

Vara. I will do every thing
Which *Athenais* bids: If there be more
In Nature to convince thee of my Love,
Whisper it, oh some God, into my Ear!
And on her Breasts thus to her listning Soul
I'll breath th' Inspiration! Wilt thou not speak?
What but one sigh, no more! Can that suffice
For all my vast expence of Prodigal Love?
O *Athenais*! What shall I say or do,
To gain thee thing I wish?

Athen. What's that, my Lord?

Vara. Thus to approach thee still! thus to behold thee—
Yet there is more ———

Athen. My Lord, I dare not hear you.

Vara. Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not know.
'Tis an imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;
Yet as 'tis ravishing, 'tis full of Honour.

Athen. I must not doubt you, Sir: But oh I tremble,
To think if *Isdigerdes* should behold you,
Should hear you thus protesting to a Maid
Of no Degree, but Vertue, in the World ———

Vara. No more of this, no more; for I disdain
All Pomp when thou art by; far be the noise

Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls
Our kinder Stars have steer'd another way.
Free as the Forest-Birds, we'll pair together,
Without remembring who our Fathers were;
Fly to the Arbors, Grots, and flow'ry Meads,
And in soft murmurs interchange our Souls.
Together drink the Chrystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields,
And when the Golden Evening calls us home,
Wing to our Downy Nest, and sleep till Morn.

Athen. Ah Prince! no more!

Forbear, forbear to charm me,
Since I am doom'd to leave you, Sir, for ever.

Vara. Hold, *Athenais* ———

Athen. I know your Royal Temper,
And that high Honour reigns within your Breast,
Which would disdain to wast so many hours
With one of humble blood compar'd to you :
Unless strong passion sway'd your thoughts to love her,
Therefore receive, oh Prince! and take it kindly,
For none on Earth but you could win it from me,
Receive the gift of my Eternal Love.

'Tis all I can bestow, nor is it little,
For sure a heart so coldly chaste as mine,
No charms but yours, my Lord, could e'er have warm'd!

Vara. Well have you made amends by this last comfort,
For the cold Dart you shot at me before,
For this last Goodness? (Oh, my *Athenais*!)

(For now, methinks, I ought to call you mine!)
I empty all my Soul in thanks before you :
Yet oh! one Fear remains, like death it chills me;
Why my relenting Love did talk of parting!

Athen. Look there, and cease your wonder, I have sworn
To obey my Father, and he calls me hence ———

Enter Leontine.

Vara. Ha, *Leontine*! by which of all my Actions
Have I so deeply injur'd thee, to merit
The smartest wound revenge could form to end me?

Leon. Answer me now, O Prince! for vertue prompts
And honesty will dally now no longer,

[me
What

What can the end of all this Passion be,
 Glory requires this strict accompt, and asks
 What you intend at last to *Athenais*?

Vara. How, *Leontine*!

Leon. You saw her, Sir, at *Athens*; said you lov'd her,
 I charg'd her humbly to receive the Honour,
 And hear your Passion: Has she not, Sir, obey'd me?

Vara. She has, I thank the Gods! but whither wouldst

Leon. Having resolv'd to visit *Theodosius*, [thou?

You swore you would not go without my Daughter,
 Whereon I gave command that she should follow.

Vara. Yes, *Leontine*, my old Remembrancer,
 Most learn'd of all Philosophers, you did.

Leon. Thus long she has attended, you have seen her,
 Sounded her Vertues and her Imperfections;

Therefore, dread Sir, forgive this bolder Charge,
 Which Honour sounds, and now let me demand you——

Vara. Now help, *Aranthes*, or I am dasht for ever.

Aran. Whatever happens, Sir, disdain the Marriage.

Leon. Can your high thoughts so far forget themselves,
 To admit this humble Virgin for your Bride?

Vara. Ha!

Athen. He blushes, Gods! and stammers at the question.

Leon. Why do you walk, and chafe your self, my Lord?
 The business is not much.

Vara. How, *Leontine*!

Not much; I know that she deserves a Crown;
 Yet 'tis to Reason much, tho' not to Love?

And sure the World would blush to see the Daughter
 Of a Philosopher on the Throne of *Cyrus*.

Athen. Undone for ever!

Leon. Is this your answer, Sir;

Vara. Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to
 The very brink of Glory? where, alas!

I look and tremble at the vast Descent:

Yet even there, to the vast bottom, down

My rash Adventurer Love would have me leap,
 And grasp my *Athenais* with my Ruine.

Leon. 'Tis well, my Lord——

Vara.

Vara. Why dost thou thus provoke me,
I thought that *Persia's* Court had store of Honour
To satisfy the height of thy Ambition.
Besides, old Man, my Love is too well grown,
To want a Tutor for his good Behaviour;
What he will do, he will do of himself,
And not be taught by you ———

Leon. I know he will not!
Fond Tears away; I know, I know he will not;
But he would buy, with his Old Man's Preferment,
My Daughter for your Whore.

Vara. Away, I say, my Soul disdains the Motion!

Leon. The Motion of a Marriage; yes, I see it;
Your angry looks and haughty words betray it:
I found it at the first; I thank you, Sir,
You have at last rewarded your old Tutor
For all his Cares, his Watchings, Services;
Yet let me tell you, Sir this humble Maid,
This Daughter of a poor Philosopher,
Shall, if she please, be seated on a Throne
As high as that of th' Immortal *Cyrus*.

Vara. I think that Age and deep Philosophy
Have crackt thy Brain: Farewel, old *Leontine*,
Retire to rest, and when this brawling Humour
Is rockt asleep, I'll meet my *Athenais*, [Exit.
And clear the accounts of Love, which thou hast blotted.

Leon. Old *Leontine*! perhaps I am mad indeed.
But hold my Heart, and let that solid Vertue,
Which I so long ador'd, still keep the Reins.
O *Athenais*! But I will not chide thee,
Fate is in all our Actions, and, methinks,
At least a Father judges so; it has
Rebuk'd thee smartly for thy Easiness:
There is a kind of mournful Eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clamorous sorrow;

Athen. Alas! my Breast is full of Death; methinks
I fear ev'n you ———

Leon. Why should'st thou fear thy Father?

Athen. Because you have the Figure of a Man!
Is there, O speak, a possibility
To be forgiven?

Vara. *Leon.*

Leon. Thy Father does forgive thee,
And Honour will; but on this hard Condition,
Never to see him more ———

Athen. See him! Oh! Heavens!

Leon. Unless it be, my Daughter, to upbraid him:
Not tho' he should repent and streight return,
Nay proffer thee his Crown ——— No more of that.
Honour too cries revenge, revenge thy Wrongs,
Revenge thy self, revenge thy injur'd Father.
For 'tis Revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the World shall praise ———

Athen. O give me leave,
For yet I am all tenderness, the Woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward Woman,
Dares not look forth; but runs about my Breast,
And visits all the warmer Mansions there,
Where she so oft has harbour'd false *Varanes*.
Cruel *Varanes*! false forsworn *Varanes*!

Leon. Is this forgetting him? Is this the Course
Which Honour bids thee take?

Athen. Ah, Sir, allow
A little time for Love to make his way;
Hardly he won the place, and many sighs,
And many tears, and thousand Oaths it cost him.
And oh I find he will not be dislodged
Without a Groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no! he vows he will not yet be raiz'd
Without whole Floods of Grief at his farewell,
Which thus I sacrifice! and oh I swear,
Had he proved true, I would as easily
Have empty'd all my Blood, and dy'd to serve him,
As now I shed these drops, or vent these sighs,
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

Leon. No Woman sure, but thou, so low in Fortune,
Therefore the nobler is thy fair Example,
Would thus have griev'd, because a Prince ador'd her;
Nor will it be believ'd in after-times,
That there was ever such a Maid in being;
Yet do I advise, preserve thy Vertue;
And since he does disdain thee for his Bride,
Scorn thou to be ———

Athen.

Athen. Hold, Sir, oh hold, forbear.
 For my nice Soul abhors the very sound;
 Yet with the shame of that, and the desire
 Of an Immortal Name, I am inspir'd
 All kinder Thoughts are fled for ever from me,
 All Tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
 Has left my Bosom colder than the Grave.

Leon. On, *Athenais!* on, 'tis bright before thee,
 Pursue the Track, and thou shalt be a Star.

Athen. O, *Leontine,* I swear, my noble Father,
 That I will starve e'er once forego my Vertue;
 And thus let's joyn to contradict the World,
 That Empire could not tempt a poor old Man,
 To sell his Prince the Honour of his Daughter;
 And she, too, match'd the Spirit of her Father;
 Tho' humbly born, and yet more humbly bred;
 She for her Fame refus'd a Royal Bed;
 Who, tho' she lov'd, yet did put off the Hour,
 Nor could her Vertue be betray'd by Pow'r.

Patterns like these will guilty Courts improve,
 And teach the Fair to blush at Conscious Love:

"Then let all Maids for Honour come in view,

"If any Maid can more for Glory do. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

Vara. Come to my Arms, my faithful, dear *Arantes,*
 Soft Counsellor, Companion of my Youth;

I had longer been alone, most sure,
 With the Distraction that surrounds my Heart,
 My Hand would have rebelled against his Master,
 And done a Murder here.

Arantes. The Gods forbid.

Vara. I swear, I press thee with as hearty Joy,
 As ever fearful Bride embrac'd her Man,

T

When

Athen.

When from a Dream of Death she wak'd and found
Her Lover safe, and sleeping by her side.

Aranth. The cause, my Lord?

Vara. Early thou know'st last Night I went to rest;
But long, my Friend, e'er Slumber clos'd my Eyes;
Long was the Combat fought, 'twixt Love and Glory;
The Fever of my Passion burnt me up,
My Pangs grew stronger, and my Rack was doubled;
My Bed was all a float with the cold drops
That mortal Pain wrang from my lab'ring Limbs;
My Groans more deep than others dying Gasps:
Therefore, I charge thee, haste to her Apartment;
I do conjure thee tell her, tell her all
My Fears, can urge, or Fondness can invent:
Tell her how I repent, say any thing;
For any thing I'll do to quench my Fires:
Say, I will marry her now on the instant:
Say all that I would say; yet in the end
My Love shall make it more than Gods can utter.

Aranth. My Lord! both *Leontine* and she are gone
From their Apartment——

Vara. Ha! gone, say'st thou! whither?

Aranth. That was my whole Employment all this day
But, Sir, I grieve to speak it, they have left
No track behind for Care to find 'em out;
Nor is it possible——

Vara. It is, it shall;
I'll struggle with impossibilities,
To find my *Athenais*: Not the Walls
Of *Athens*, nor of *Thebes*, shall hide her from me:
I'll bring the Force of all my Fathers Arms,
And lay 'em waste; but I'll redeem my Love,
O, *Leontine*! morose old *Leontine*,
Thou meer Philosopher! O cruel Sage,
Who for one hasty word, one Cholerick doubt,
Hast turn'd the Scale; tho' in the sacred Balance
My Life, my Glory, and my Empire hung.

Aranth. Most sure, my Lord, they are retir'd to *Ale*
I will send Post to Night.——

Vara. No, no, *Aranthes*,
 Prepare my Chariots, for I'll go in Person;
 I swear 'till now, 'till I began to fear
 Some other might enjoy my *Athenais*,
 I swear, I did not know how much I lov'd her;
 But let's away, I'll to the Emperour,
 Thou to the hasty management of my business;
 Prepare, to day I'll go, to day I'll find her:
 No more; I'll take my leave of *Theodosius*,
 And meet thee on the *Hippodrome*: away,
 Let the wild hurry of thy Masters Love,
 Make quick thy apprehension: Hasten, and leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Fulcheria, Atticus, Leontine, Votaries leading Athenais in
 procession after her Baptism, to be confirm'd.*

Atticus Sings.

O, *Chrysofostom*! look down and see,
 An Offering worthy Heav'n and thee!
 So rich the Victim, bright and fair,
 That she on Earth appears a Star.

Chor. *Eudofia* is the Virgin's Name,
 And after-times shall sing her Fame.

Atticus Lead her, *Votaries*, lead her in,
Sings. Her holy Birth does now begin.

Votary. In humble Weeds, but clean Array,
 Your hours shall sweetly pass away;
 And, when the Rights Divine are past,
 To pleasant Gardens you shall haste.

Votary. Where many a flowry Bed we have,
 That Emblem still to each a Grave:
 And when within the Stream we look,
 With Tears we use to swell the Brook:
 But oh, when in the liquid Glass,
 Our Heav'n appears, we sigh to pass!

Chor. For Heav'n alone we are design'd,
 And all things bring our Heaven to mind.

Athen. O Princes! O most worthy of the World,
 That is submitted by it its Emperour, [Kneels,
 To your most wise and providential sway:
 What *Greek* or *Roman* Eloquence can paint
 The Rapture and Devotion of my Soul!
 I am adopted yours; you are my Goddess,
 That have new-form'd, new-moulded my Conceptions,
 And by the plat-form of a Work Divine,
 New-fram'd, new-built me to your own desires;
 Thrown all the Lumber of my Passions out,
 And made my heart a Mansion of perfection;
 Clean as an Anchorite's Grot, or Votary's Cell,
 And spotless as the Glories of his steps
 Whom we far off adore!

Pulch. Rise, *Eudofia*,
 And let me fold my Christian in my Arms,
 With this dear pledge of an Eternal Love
 I Seal thee, O *Eudofia*! mine for ever.
 Accept, blest Charge the Vows of my Affection;
 For by the sacred Friendship that I give thee,
 I think that Heav'n by Miracle did send thee,
 To ease my Cares, to help me in my Councils,
 To be my Sister, partner in my Bed;
 And equally, through my whole Course of Life,
 To be the better part of thy *Pulcheria*,
 And share my Griefs and Joys,

Athen. No, Madam, no;
 Excuse the Cares that this sad Wretch must bring you;
 O rather let me leave the World for ever;
 Or if I must partake your Royal Secrets,
 If you resolve to load me with such Honour,
 Let it be far from Cities, far from Courts,
 Where I may fly all human Conversation;
 Where I may never see, nor hear, nor name,
 Nor think, nor dream, O Heav'n! if possible,
 Of Mankind more.

Pulch. What now, in Tears, *Eudofia*?

Athen. Far from the guilt of Palaces! O send me!
 Drive me! O drive me from the Traytor Man:
 So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell

Lyons haunts, or in some Tyger's Den;
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,
That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean;
Bury me in the hallow of its Womb;
Where starving on my cold and flinty Bed,
I may from far, with giddy apprehension,
See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling deep!
Yet not ev'n there, in that vast whirl of Death,
Can there be found so terrible a ruin,
As Man; false Man, smiling destructive Man.

Pulch. Then thou hast lov'd, *Eudesia*, or my Sister;
Still nearer to my Heart, so much the dearer;
Because our Fates are like, and Hand in Hand
Our fortunes lead us through the Maze of Life:
I am glad that thou hast lov'd; nay, lov'd with Danger;
Since thou hast 'scap'd the ruin — Methinks it lightens
The weight of my Calamities, that thou
(In all things else so perfect and Divine,)
Art yet a-kin to my Infirmary,
And bear'st thy part in Love's melodious ill:
Love that like bane perfum'd infects the mind,
That sad delight that Charms all Woman-kind.

Arben. Yes, Madam, I confess, that Love has charm'd me,
But never shall again. No, I renounce him;
Inspire me all the wrongs of abus'd Women,
All you that have been cozen'd by false Men:
See what a strict Example I will make;
But for the Perjuries of one I will revenge ye
For all that's past, that's present, and to come.

Pulch. O thou far more than the most Masculine Vertue!
Where our *Astraa*; where, O drowning brightness,
Where hast thou been so long? Let me again
Protest my Admiration and my Love;
Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,
While such clear Vertue shines within our Circle,
None shall no more appear within the Palace,
But hide her dazled Eyes, and this be call'd
The holy Court: But lo, the Emperour comes.

Enter Theodosius, and Attendants.
Beauty, like thine, may drive that Form away

That has so long entranc'd his Soul — My Lord —

Theod. If yet alas! I might but hope to see her;

But, oh forgive me Heav'n! this wilder start,

That thus would reach impossibility:

No, no, I never must behold her more,

As well my *Atticus* might raise the Dead,

As *Leontine* should charm that Form in view.

Pulch. My Lord, I come to give your grief a cure,

With purer Flames to draw that cruel Fire

That tortur'd you so long — Behold this Virgin —

The Daughter of your Tutor *Leontine*.

Theo. Ha!

Pulch. She is your Sisters Charge, and made a Christian.

And *Athenais* is *Eudisia* now;

Be sure a fairer never grac'd Religion,

And for her Vertue she transcends Example.

Theod. O all ye blest above how can this be?

Am I awake, or is this possible? [Athen. Kneels

Pulch. She kneels, my Lord, will you not go and raise her?

Theod. Nay, do thou raise her, for I am rooted here?

Yet if laborious Love and Melancholy

Have not o'recome me, and quite turn'd me mad,

It must be she! that naked dazzling sweetness:

The very Figure of that Morning Star,

That dropping Pearls, and shedding dewy Beams,

Fled from the greedy Waves when I approach'd:

Answer me, *Leontine*, am I distracted?

Or is this true? by thee in all encounters

I will be rul'd, in Temperance and Wildness,

When Reason clashes with extravagance;

But speak —

Leon. 'Tis true, my Lord, this is my Daughter,

Whom I conceal'd in *Persia* from all Eyes

But yours, when chance directed you that way.

Theod. He says, 'tis true: Why then this heartless Care

O! where I proof against the Darts of Love, [riage

And cold to Beauty as the Marble Lover

That lies without a thought upon his Tomb;

Would not this glorious dawn of Life run through me,

And waken Death it self — Why am I slow then?

Wh

What hinders now but in spight of Rules
burst through all the bands of Death that hold me;
And fly with such a hast to that Appearance,
As bury'd Saints shall make at the last Summons?

Athen. The Emperor at my Feet; O Sir! forgive me,
Drown me not thus with everlasting shame;
Both Heav'n and Earth must blush at such a view;
Nor can I bear it longer ———

Leon. My Lord, she is unworthy ———

Theo. Ha! what say'st thou *Leontine*!
Unworthy! O thou *Atheist* to perfection!
All that the blooming Earth could send forth fair;
All that the gawdy Heav'ns could drop down glorious!
Unworthy say'st thou! Wert thou not her Father,
I swear I would revenge — But hast, and tell me,
For love like mine will bear no second thought,
Can all the Honours of the Orient,
Thus sacrific'd with the most pure Affection,
With spotless thoughts and languishing desires,
Obtain, O *Leontine*, (the Crown at last)
To thee, I speak, thy Daughter to my Bride?

Leon. My Lord, the Honour bears such estimation,
It calls the Blood into my aged Cheeks,
And quite o'er-whelms my Daughter with Confusion;
Who with her Body prostrate on the Earth
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd Glory.

Theo. Let me embrace, and thank thee: O kind Heav'n!
O *Atticus*! *Pulcheria*! O my Father!
Was ever change like mine? Run through the Streets;
Who waits there? Run, and loud as Fame can speak,
With Trumpet-Sounds proclaim your Emperor's joy.
And as of old, on the great Festival
Of her they call the Mother of the Gods;
Let all work cease, at least an Oaken Garland
Crown each Plebeian Head: Let sprightly Bowls
Be doal'd about, and the toss'd Cymbals sound:
Tell 'em their much lamented *Theodosius*
By Miracle is brought from Death to Life:
His Melancholy's gone, and now once more
He shall appear at the State's Helm again;

Nor fear a Wrack while this bright Star direct us;
 For while she shines, no Sands, no cowering Rocks
 Shall lie unseen, but I will cut my way
 Secure as *Neptune* through the highest stream,
 And to the Port in safety steer the World.

Athen. Alas, my Lord, consider my Extraction,
 With all my other Wants —

Theo. Peace, Empress, Peace!
 No more the Daughter of old *Leontine*.

A Christian now, and Partner of the East.

Athen. My Father has dispos'd me, you command me;
 What can I answer then but my Obedience?

Theo. Attend her, dear *Pulcheria*; and, oh tell her,
 To Morrow, if she please, I will be happy. [*Ex. Pulch. and*
 O why so long should I my Joys delay? [*Athen.*

Time imp thy Wings, let not thy Minutes stay,
 But to a moment change the tedious day.
 The day! 'twill be an Age before to Morrow:
 An Age, a Death, a vast Eternity,
 Where we shall cold, and past Enjoyment lie.

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

Vara. O, *Theodosius*!

Theo. Ha! my Brother here!
 Why dost thou come to make my Bliss run o'er?
 What is there more to wish? Fortune can find
 No flaw in such a glut of happiness,
 To let one Misery in — O, my *Varanes*!
 Thou that of late didst seem to walk on Clouds,
 Now give a loose, let go the slackned Reins,
 Let us drive down the Precipice of Joy,
 As if that all the Winds of Heav'n were for us.

Vara. My Lord, I am glad to find the Gale is turn'd,
 And give you Joy of this auspicious Fortune.
 Plough on your way, with all your Streamers out;
 With all your glorious Flags and Streamers ride
 Triumphant on — And leave me to the Waves,
 The Sands, the Winds, the Rocks, the sure Destruction
 And ready Gulphs that gape to swallow me.

Theo. It was thy Hand that drew me from the Grave,
 Who had been dead by this time to Ambition,

To Crowns, to Titles, and my slighted Greatness.
 But still as if each work of thine deserv'd
 The smile of Heav'n — Thy *Theodosius* met
 With something dearer than his Diadem,
 With all that's worth a wish, that's worth a life;
 I met with that which made me leave the World.

Vara. And I, O turn of Chance! O cursed Fortune!
 Have lost at once all that could make me happy.
 O ye too partial Powers! But now no more
 The Gods, my dear, my most lov'd *Theodosius*,
 Double all those Joys that thou hast met upon thee;
 For sure thou art most worthy, worthy more
 Than *Jove* in all his Prodigality
 Can e'er Bestow in Blessings on Mankind!
 And oh, methinks my Soul is strangely mov'd,
 Takes it the more unkindly of her Stars,
 That thou and I cannot be blest together:
 For I must leave thee, Friend! this night must leave thee,
 To go in doubtful search of what perhaps
 I ne'er shall find: if so my cruel Fate
 Has order'd it: Why then farewell for ever,
 For I shall never, never see thee more.

Theo. How sensible my tender Soul is grown
 Of what you utter! O my gallant Friend!
 O Brother! O *Varanes*! Do not judge
 By what I speak? for Sighs will interrupt me;
 Judge by my Tears, judge by these strict Embraces,
 And by my last Resolve: Tho' I have met
 With what in silence I so long ador'd,
 Tho' in the Rapture of protesting Joys,
 I had set down to morrow for my Nuptials;
 And *Atticus* to Night prepares the Temple.
 Yet my *Varanes*, I will rob my Soul
 Of all her Health, of my Imperial Bride,
 And wander with thee in the search of that
 On which thy Life depends —

Vara. If this I suffer.
 Conclude me then begotten of a Hind,
 And bred in Wilds: No, *Theodosius*, no;
 I charge thee by our Friendship, and conjure thee

By

By all the Gods, to mention this no more:
 Perhaps, dear Friend, I shall be sooner here
 Than you expect, or I my self imagine:
 What most I grieve, is that I cannot wait
 To see your Nuptials: Yet my Soul is with you,
 And all my Adorations to your Bride.

Theo. What, my *Varanes*, will you be so cruel
 As not to see my Bride before you go?
 Or are you angry at your Rival's Charms,
 Who has already ravish'd half my Heart,
 That *once* was all your own?

Vara. You know I am disorder'd!
 My Melancholy will not suit her blest Condition. [*Ex. Theo.*
 And the Gods know, since thou, my *Athenais*,
 Art fled from these sick Eyes, all other Women
 To my pall'd Soul seem like the Ghost of Beauty,
 And haunt my memory with the loss of thee.

Enter Athenais, Theodosius Leading her.

Theo. Behold, my Lord, the occasion of my Joy.

Vara. O ye Immortal Gods! *Aranthes*! oh!
 Look there, and wonder: Ha! is't possible?

Athen. My Lord, the Emperour says you are his Friend,
 He charges me to use my Interest,
 And beg of you to stay, at least so long
 As our Espousals will be solemnizing;
 I told him I was honour'd once to know you;
 But that so slightly, as I could not warrant
 The grant of any thing I should ask you——

Vara. O Heaven! and Earth! O *Athenais*! why,
 Why dost thou use me thus? Had I the World,
 Thou know'st it should be thine.

Athen. I know not that——
 But yet, to make sure work, one half of it
 Is mine already, Sir, without your giving.
 My Lord, the Prince is obstinate, his Glory
 Scorns to be mov'd by the weak Breath of Woman;
 He is all Heroe, bent for higher Game;
 Therefore, 'tis nobler, Sir, to let him go:
 If not for him, my Lord, yet for my self,
 I must intreat the Favour to retire. [*Exit Athen.*

Vara.

Vara. Death! and Despair! Confusion! Hell and Furies!

Theo. Heav'n guard thy Health, and still preserve thy
What should this mean? I fear the Consequence, [Vertue
For 'tis too plain they know each other well.

Vara. Undone! *Aranthes*! lost, undone for ever,
I see my Doom, I read it with broad Eyes,
As plain as if I saw the Book of Fate:

Yet I will muster all my Spirits up,
Digest my Griefs, swallow the rising Passions.
Yes, I will stand this Shock of all the Gods
Well as I can, and struggle for my Life.

Theo. You mule, my Lord; and if you'll give me leave
To judge your thoughts, they seem employ'd at present
About my Bride: I guess you know her too.

Vara. His Bride! O Gods! give me a moments Patience
I must confess the sight of *Athenais*,
Where I so little did expect to see her,
So grac'd and so adorn'd, did raise my wonder;
But what exceeds all admiration, is
That you should talk of making her your Bride;
'Tis such a blind effect of monstrous Fortune,
That tho' I will remember you affirm'd it,
I cannot yet believe —

Theo. Then now believe me:

By all the Pow'rs Divine, I will espouse her.

Vara. Ha! I shall leap the bounds, Come, come, my Lord.
By all these Pow'rs you nam'd, I say you must not.

Theo. I say, I will; and who shall bar my pleasure?
Yet more, I speak the Judgment of my Soul,
Weigh but with Fortune Merit in the Balance,
And *Athenais* loses by the Marriage.

Vara. Relentless Fates! malicious cruel Pow'rs!
For what Crime do you thus rack your Creature?

For, I must tell you this unkingly meanness
Suits the Profession of an Anchorite well,
But in an Oriental Emperour
gives offence; nor can you without Scandal,
Without the notion of a groveling Spirit,
Espouse the Daughter of old *Leontine*,
Whose utmost Glory is to have been my Tutor.

Theo.

Theo. He has so well acquitted that employment,
Breeding you up to such a gallant height
Of full perfection, and imperial greatness,
That ev'n for this respect, if for no other,
I will esteem him worthy while I live.

Vara. My Lord, you'll pardon me a little Freedom?
For I must boldly urge in such a Cause,
Who ever flatters you, tho' ne'er so near
Related to your Blood, should be suspected.

Theo. If Friendship would admit a cold Suspicion,
After what I have heard, and seen to Day,
Of all Mankind I should suspect *Varanes*.

Vara. He has stung me to the Heart; my Groans will
Unless my struggling Passion gets a vent. [choke me
Out with it then — I can no more dissemble —
Yes, yes, my Lord, since you reduce me to
The last necessity, I must confess it;
I must avow my Flame for *Athenais*.
I am all Fire! my Passion eats me up,
It grows incorporate with my Flesh and Blood!
My Pangs redouble, now they cleave my Heart!
O *Athenais*! O *Eudisia* — oh —
Tho' plain as Day I see my own Destruction,
Yet to my Death, and oh, let all the Gods
Bear Witness! I swear I will adore thee.

Theo. Alas! *Varanis*. Which of us two the Heav'ns
Have mark'd for Death is yet above the Stars;
But while we live let us preserve our Friendship
Sacred and just, as we have ever done.
This only Mean in two such hard Extreame
Remains for both: To morrow you shall see her,
With all advantage, in her own Apartment;
Take your own time, say all you can to gain her,
If you can win her, lead her into *Persia*;
If not, consent that I espouse her here.

Vara. Still worse and worse! O *Theodosius*! oh,
I cannot speak for sighs, my Death is seal'd
By this last sweetness; had you been less good,
I might have hop'd but now my Doom's at hand.
Go then, and take her, take her to the Temple:

The Gods too give you joy. O *Athenais*!

Why does thy Image mock my Foolish sorrow?

O *Theodosius*, do not see my Tears:

Away, and leave me! leave me to the Grave.

Theo. Farewel; let's leave the Issue to the Heav'ns,

I will prepare your way with all that Honour

Can urge in your behalf, tho' to my Ruine. [Ex. *Theo.*

Vara. O could I tear my Limbs, and eat my Flesh;

Fool that I was, fond, proud, vain-glorious Fool!

Damn'd be all Courts, and treble damn'd Ambition:

Wasted be thy remembrance! Curses on thee,

And plagues on plagues fall on those Fools that seek thee.

Aranth. Have comfort, Sir ———

Vara. Away, and leave me, Villian;

Traitor, who wrought me first to my destruction ———

Yet stay and help me, help me to curse my pride,

Help me to wish that I had ne'er been Royal,

That I had never heard the name of *Cyrus*,

That my first Brawl in Court had been my last.

O that I had been born some happy Swain,

And never known a Life so great, so vain!

Where I extreams might not be forc'd to choose,

And blest with some mean Wife, no Crown could lose:

Where the dearer Partner of my little state

With all her smiling Off-spring at the Gate,

Blessing my Labours, might my coming wait.

Where in our humble Beds all safe might lie,

And not in cursed Courts for Glory die. — [Exeunt.

S O N G.

I.

HAil to the Mirtle Shade,

All hail to the Nymphs of the Fields;

Kings would not here invade

Those pleasures that virtue yields.

Chor. Beauty here opens her Arms,

To soften the languishing mind;

And Phillis unlocks her Charms;

Ah Phillis! ah why so kind?

2. Phillis,

2.

Phillis, thou Soul of Love,
Thou joy of the Neighb'ring Swains;
Phillis that Crowns the Grove,
And Phillis that guilds the Plains.

Chor. Phillis, that ne'er had the skill,
To paint, to patch, and be fine;
Yet Phillis whose Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature hath made Divine.

3.

Phillis, whose charming Song,
Makes labour and pains a delight;
Phillis that makes the day young,
And shortens the live-long night.

Chor. Phillis, whose lips like May,
Still laughs at the sweets that they bring;
Where Love never knows decay,
But sets with Eternal Spring.

A C T IV. S C E N E II.

Enter Marcian, and Lucius at a distance.

Marc. **T**HE General of the Oriental Armies,
Was a Commission large as Fate could give.
'Tis gone: why what care I: O Fortune, Fortune!
Thou laughing Empress of this busie World,
Marcian defies thee now —
Why what a thing is a discarded Favourite?
He who but now tho' longing to retire,
Cou'd not for busie Waiters be alone,
Throng'd in his Chamber, haunted to his Closet
With a full Crowd, and an Eternal Court;
When once the Favour of his Prince is turn'd;
Shun'd as a Ghost, the clouded Man appears;
And all the gaudy worshippers forsake him;
So fares it now with me where e'er I come,
As if I were another *Cataline*.

Th

The Courtiers rise, and no Man will sit near me,
As if the Plagues were on me all Men fly me:

Lucius! *Lucius!* if thou leav'st me too,
I think, I think, I cou'd not bear it;
But, like a Slave, my Spirit broke with Suffering,
Would on these Coward Knees fall down and beg,
Once to be great again —

Luc. Forbid it, Heav'n!

That e'er the noble *Marcian* condescend
To ask of any, but the Immortal Gods;
Nay, I avow, if yet your Spirit dare,
In spite of the Court, you shall be great as *Cesar*.

Marc. No, *Lucius*, no; the Gods repel that humour.
Yet since we are alone, and must e're long
Leave this bad Court; let us, like Veterans,
Speak out — Thou saist, alas! as great as *Cesar*:
But where's his Greatness? Where is his ambition?
If any Sparks of Vertue yet remain
In this poor Figure of the *Roman* Glory;

say, if any be, how dim they shine,
Compar'd with what his great Fore-Fathers were?

How should he lighten then, or awe the World,

Whose Soul in Courts is but a Lament-fire,

And scarce, O *Rome*! a Glow-worm in the Field:

Soft, Young, Religious, God-like qualities,

For one that should recover the lost Empire:

And wade through Seas of Blood, and walk o'er Mountains
Of slaughter'd Bodies to Immortal Honour.

Luc. Poor Heart! He pin'd a while ago for Love.

Marc. And for his Mistress vow'd to leave the World;
But some new chance it seems has chang'd his Mind.

A Marriage! but to whom or whence he came,

None knows: but yet a Marriage is proclaim'd,

Pageants prepar'd; the Arches are adorn'd;

The Statues Crown'd; the *Hippodrome* does groan

Beneath the Burden of the mounted Warriors;

The Theatre is open'd too, where he

And the hot *Persian* mean to act their Follies.

Gods! Gods! Is this the Image of our *Cesars*?

Is this the Model of our *Romulus*?

O why so poorly have you stamp't *Rome's* Glory!
 Not *Rome's* but yours! Is this Man fit to bear it?
 This waxen Portraiture of Majesty!
 Which every warmer Passion does melt down,
 And makes him fonder than a Woman's longing!

Luc. Thus much I know to the eternal shame
 Of the Imperial Blood; this upstart Empress,
 This fine new Queen is sprung from abject Parents;
 Nay, basely born! but that's all one to him,
 He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

Marc. Shall I not speak? Shall I not tell him of it?
 I feel this big-swollen throbbing *Roman* Spirit
 Will burst, unless I utter what I ought.

Enter Pulcheria with a Paper in her Hand, and Julia.

Marc. *Pulcheria* here! why she's the Scourge of *Marcian*;
 I tremble too when ever she approaches;
 And my heart dances an unusual measure;
 Spite of my self I blush and cannot stir
 While she is here — What, *Lucius*, can this mean?
 'Tis said *Calphurnia* had the Heart of *Cesar*:
Augustus doted on the subtle *Livia*:
 Why then should I not worship that fair Anger?
 Oh didst thou mark her when her Fury lightned,
 She seem'd all Goddesses; nay, her Frowns became her,
 There was a Beauty in her very Wildness.
 Were I a Man born great as our first Founder,
 Sprung from the Blood Divine: But I am cast
 Beyond all possibility of Hope.

Pulch. Come hither, *Marcian*! read this Paper o'er,
 And mark the strange neglect of *Theodosius*:
 He signs what-e'er I bring; perhaps you have heard
 To morrow he intends to wed a Maid of *Athens*,
 New-made a Christian, and new-nam'd *Eudisia*;
 Whom he more dearly prizes than his Empire:
 Yet in this Paper he hath set his Hand,
 And seal'd it too with the Imperial Signet,
 That she should lose her Head to morrow Morning.

Marc. 'Tis not for me to judge; yet this seems strange—

Pulch. I know he rather would commit a Murder
 On his own Person, than permit a Vein

f her to bleed ; yet, *Marcian*, what might follow,

I were envious of this Virgins Honour,

by his rash passing whatsoever I offer ———

Without a view ——— ha, but I had forgot!

Julia, let's haste from this infectious Person ———

I had forgot that *Marcian*, was a Traytor ;

set by the Pow'rs Divine, I swear 'tis pity,

that one so form'd by Nature for all Honour,

All Titles, Greatness, Dignities Imperial,

the noblest Person, and the bravest Courage,

should not be honest: *Julia*, is't not pity?

Marcian, *Marcian*! I could weep to think

virtue should lose it self as thine has done.

repent, rash Man, if yet 'tis not too late.

and mend thy Errors; so farewell for ever. [Ex. Pulch. Jul.

Marc. Farewel for ever! no, Madam, e're I go,

I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me:

then, if you please take off this Traytor's Head?

and my Commission and my Life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll laugh at what I am going to say ;

but by your Life, my Lord, I think 'tis true:

Alcheria loves this Traytor! Did you mark her?

at first she had forgot your Banishment ;

she takes you her Counsellor, and tells her Secrets,

as to a Friend ; nay, leaves them in your Hand,

and says, 'tis pity that you are not honest,

with such Description of your Gallantry,

as none but Love could make : Then taking leave,

through the dark Lashes of her darting Eyes,

she thought she shot her Soul at every Glance ;

all looking back, as if she had a mind

that you should know she left her Heart behind her.

Marc. Alas! thou dost not know her, nor do I!

nor can the Wit of all Mankind conceive her ;

let's away. This Paper is of use.

Luc. I guess your purpose ;

it is a Boy, and as a Boy you'll use him,

there is no other way.

Marc. Yes, if he be not

quite dead with sleep, for ever lost to Honour,

Marcian with this shall rouse him. O, my *Lucius*!
 Methinks the Ghosts of the great *Theodosius*,
 And thundering *Constantine* appear before me:
 They charge me as a Soldier to chastise him,
 To lash him with keen words from lazy Love,
 And shew him how they trod the Paths of Honour.

[Exit

SCENE II.

Theodosius lying on a Couch, with two Boys drest like Cupids
 Singing to him as he sleeps.

SONG.

Happy Day! ah Happy Day,
 That Cæsar's Beams did first display,
 So peaceful was the Happy Day.
 The Gods themselves did all look down,
 The Royal Infant's Birth to Crown,
 So pleas'd, they scarce did on the guilty frown.

Happy Day! ah Happy Day!
 And oh thrice Happy Hour,
 That made such Goodness Master of such Pow'r.
 For thus the Gods declare to Men,
 No Day like this shall ever come agen.

Enter Marcian with an Order.

Theo. Ha! what rash thing art thou, who set'st so small
 A value on thy Life, thus to presume
 Against the fatal Orders I have given,
 Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
 And urge me to thy ruine?

Marc. Mighty Cæsar,
 I have transgress'd, and for my Pardon bow
 To thee, as to the Gods when I offend:
 Nor can I doubt your Mercy, when you know
 The nature of my Crime. I am Commission'd
 From all the Earth to give thee Thanks and Praises,

Thou Darling of Mankind! whose Conqu'ring Arms
Already drown the Glory of great *Julius*,
Whose deeper reach in Laws and Policy,
Makes wise *Augustus* envy thee in Heav'n?
What mean the Fates by such prodigious Vertue?
When scarce the manly Down yet shades thy Face,
With Conquests thus to overrun the World,
And make Barbarians tremble? O, ye Gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the Bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd *Germanicus*, thy Funerals
Like his, are solemniz'd with Tears and Blood.

Theo. How, *Marcian*!

Marc. Yes, the raging Multitude,
Like Torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Have their Wives Heads, and tear of their own Hair;
With wild Despair they bring their Infants out,
To brawl their Parents sorrow in the Streets;
Trade is no more, all Courts of Justice stopt;
With Stones they dash the Windows of their Temples,
All down their Altars; break their Household Gods;
And still the Universal Groan is this,
Constantinople's lost, our Empire's ruin'd:
Once he is gone, that Father of his Country;
Once he is dead, O Life, where is thy Pleasure?

Rome! Oh conquer'd World, where is thy Glory?

Theo. I know thee well, thy Custom and thy Manners;
Thou dost upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy Life —

Marc. What's Life without my Honour?
Would you transform your self into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless Face like *Jupiter's*,
Would be heard in spight of all your Thunder:
Pow'r of Guilt, you fear to stand the Test
Which Vertue brings; like Sores your Vices shake
Before this *Roman*-healer. But, by the Gods,
Before I go I'll rip the Malady,
And let the Venom flow before your Eyes.
This is a Debt to the great *Theodosius*,

The Grand-father of your Illustrious Blood;
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Presuming *Marcian*!

What canst thou urge against my Innocence?
Through the whole Course of all my harmleſs Youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to ſhame me.

Marc. This may be true: yet if you give the ſway
To other Hands, and your poor Subjects ſuffer,
Your negligence to them is as the Cauſe.

O *Theodoſius* credit me, who know
The World, and hear how Soldiers cenſure Kings;
In after-times, if thus you ſhould go on,
Your Memory by Warriors will be ſcorn'd,
As much as *Nero* or *Caligula* loath'd;
They will deſpiſe your ſloth, and backward eaſe,
More than they hate the others Cruelty.

And what a thing, ye Gods, is ſcorn or pity?
Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all Mankind;
Load me with Malice, Envy, Detestation:
Let me be horrid to all apprehenſion,
And the World ſhun me, ſo I eſcape but Scorn.

Theo. Prithee, no more!

Marc. Nay, when the Legions make Compariſons;
And ſay, thus cruel *Nero* once reſolv'd:
On *Galba's* Inſurrection, for Revéſge,
To give all *France* as Plunder to the Arms,
To poiſon the whole Senate at a Feaſt;
To burn the City, turn the wild Beaſts out;
Bears, Lions, Tigers, on the Multitude;
That ſo obſtructing thoſe that quench'd the Fire,
He might at once deſtroy Rebellious *Rome*.

Theo. O cruelty! why tell'ſt thou me of this?
Am I of ſuch a barbarous bloody temper?

Marc. Yet ſome will ſay, this ſhew'd he had a Spirit
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That favour'd of a *Roman*; but for you,
What can your partial Sycophants invent,
To make you room among the Emperours;
Whoſe utmoſt is the ſmalleſt part of *Nero*;

A pretty Player, one that can act a *Hero*,
And never be one. O ye Immortal Gods,
Is this the old *Cæsarian* Majesty?

Now, in the name of our great *Romulus*,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too as he did?

Why have you not, like *Nero*, a *Phenascus*?

One to take care of your Cœlestial Voice?

Lie on your Back, my Lord, and on your Stomach

Lay a thin Plate of Lead, abstain from Fruits;

And when the Business of the Stage is done,

Retire with your loose Friends, to costly Banquets;

While the lean Army groans upon the Ground.

Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee:

Hence, be gone, I say ———

Marc. Not till you have heard me out ———

Would too, like him, a Palace lin'd with Gold,

As long and large as that to the Esquiline:

Enclose a Pool too in it, like the Sea,

And at the Empires cost let Navies meet:

Adorn your starry Chambers too with Gems,

Contrive the plated Ceilings to turn round,

With Pipes to cast Ambrosian Oils upon you:

Consume with his prodigious Vanity,

On meer Perfumes and Odorous Distillations,

Of Sisterces at once 400 Millions,

Let naked Virgins wait you at your Table,

And wanton Cupids dance and clap their Wings,

No matter what becomes of the poor Soldier;

So they perform the Drudgery they are fit for;

Why let 'em starve for want of their Arrears,

Drop as they go, and lie like Dogs in Ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a Traytor!

Marc. Go too, you are a Boy ———

Or by the Gods ———

Theo. If Arrogance, like this,

And to the Emperour's Face, should 'scape unpunish'd,

I will write my self a Coward; die then, Villain,

Death too glorious for so bad a Man,

Theodosius's Hand. [Marcian disarms him,

but is wounded.

Marc.

Marc. Now, Sir, where are you?
 What, in the name of all our *Roman* Spirits,
 Now charms my Hand from giving thee thy Fate?
 Has he not cut me off from all my Honours?
 Torn my Commissions, sham'd me to the Earth,
 Banisht the Court, a Vagabond for ever?
 Does not the Souldier hourly ask it from me?
 Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
 What hinders now, but that I mount the Throne?
 And make to that this purple Youth my Footstool?
 The Armies court me, and my Country's Cause:
 The Injuries of *Rome* and *Greece* perswade me.
 Shew but this *Roman* Blood which he has drawn,
 They'll make me Emperour whether I will or no:
 Did not for less than this the latter *Brutus*,
 Because he thought *Rome* wrong'd, in Person, Head
 Against his Friend, a black Conspiracy?
 And stab the Majesty of all the World?

Theo. Act as you please, I am within your Power.

Marc. Did not the former *Brutus*, for the Crime
 Of *Sextus*, drive old *Tarquin* from his Kingdom?
 And shall this Prince too, by permitting others
 To act their wicked Wills and Lawless Pleasures,
 Ravish from the Empire its dear Health,
 Well-being, Happiness, and ancient Glory,
 Go on in this dishonourable rest?
 Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd Troops
 Lie cold and waking in the Winter Camp;
 And like pin'd Birds, for want of sustenance,
 Feed on the Haws and Berries of the Fields!
 O temper! temper me! ye gracious Gods!
 Give to my Hand forbearance, to my Heart
 Its constant Loyalty! I would but shake him,
 Rouze him a little from this Death of Honour,
 And shew him what he should be.

Theo. You accuse me,
 As if I were some Monster, most unheard of:
 First, as the Ruin of the Army, then
 Of taking your Commission: But, by Heav'n,
 I swear, O *Marcian*! this I never did,

or e'er intended it: Nor say I this
to alter thy stern usage; for with what
thou hast said, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
grow already weary of my life.

Marc. My Lord, I take your word: you do not know
the wounds which rage within your Country's Bowels:
the horrid usage of the suff'ring Soldier:

But why will not our *Theodosius* know,
you intrust the Government to others
that act these Crimes; who but your self's to blame?

Witness, ye Gods! of my plain dealing,
Marcian's honesty, how-e'er degraded:
Thank you for my banishment! but alas!

My loss is little to what soon will follow;
reflect but on your self and your own Joys:
Let not this Lethargy for ever hold you!

It was rumour'd through the City that you lov'd:
That your Espousals should be solemniz'd;
When on a sudden here you send your Orders

That this bright Favourite, the lov'd *Endosia*,
should lose her Head.

Theo. O Heav'n, and Earth! What say'st thou,
that I have seal'd the Death of my *Endosia*?

Marc. 'Tis your own Hand and Signet: Yet I swear,
that you have giv'n to Female Hands your sway,
and therefore I, as well as the whole Army,

never ought to curse all Woman-kind;
But when the Virgin came, as she was doom'd,
and on the Scaffold, for that purpose rais'd,

Without the Walls appear'd before the Army!
Theo. What, on a Scaffold! ha, before the Army!

Marc. How quickly was the Tide of Fury turn'd!
Soft Compassion and relenting Tears: But when the Axe
per'd the brightest Beauty of the Earth

That fair Body, had you heard the groan,
which like a peal of distant Thunder, ran
through all the armed Host, you would have thought,

the immediate Darkness that fell round us,
the whole Nature was concern'd at such a Suff'ring,
and all the Gods were angry.

Theo. O *Pulcheria*!

Cruel ambitious Sister, this must be
Thy doing. O support me, noble *Marcian*!
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'st strike; behold
I offer thee my Breast, with my last Breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my Blood.
Were I to live, thy Council shall direct me;
But 'tis too late ——— [He swoons]

Marc. He faints! what, ho! there, *Lucius*! [Enter *Lucius*]
My Lord, the Emperour, *Endosia* lives;
She's here, or will be in a minute, moment,
Quick as a thought she calls you to the Temple.
O *Lucius*, help — I have gone too far; but see,
He breaths again — *Endosia* has awak'd him.

Theo. Did you not name *Endosia*?

Marc. Yes, she lives;

I did but feign the story of her Death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your Heart:
And may the Gods rain all their Plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again:
Yet 'tis most certain, that you sign'd her Death,
Not knowing what the wise *Pulcheria* offer'd,
Who left it in my Hand to startle you:
But by my Life and Fame, I did not think
It would have toucht your Life. O pardon me,
Dear Prince, my Lord, my Emp'rour! Royal Master!
Droop not because I utter'd some rash Words
And was a mad Man — by th' Immortal Gods!
I love you as my Soul: what e'er I said,
My thoughts were otherwise; believe these Tears
Which do not use to flow; all shall be well:
I swear that there are Seeds in that sweet Temper,
To atone for all the Crimes in this bad Age.

Theo. I thank thee first for my *Endosia*'s Life.
What, but my Love, could have call'd back that Life
Which thou hast made me hate? But oh, methought
'Twas hard, dear *Marcian*, very hard from thee,
From him I ever reverenc'd as my Father,
To hear so harsh a Message — but no more:
We are Friends; Thy Hand; nay, if thou wilt not rise

And let me fold my Arms about thy Neck,
I'll not believe thy Love! In this forgive me.
First let me wed *Eudofia*, and we'll out;
We will, my General, and make amends
For all that's past: Glory and Arms ye call,
And *Marcian* leads me on —

Marc. Let her not rest then,
Espouse her straight; I'll strike you at a heat;
May this great humour get large growth within you,
And be encourag'd by the emboldning Gods,
O what a sight will this be to the Soldier,
To see me bring you drest in shining Armour,
To Head the shouting Squadrons — O ye Gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing Cries of Joy;
The Sound of Trumpets, and the beat of Drums.
I see each starving Soldier bound from Earth,
As if some God by Miracle had rais'd him,
And with beholding you grow fat again.
Nothing but gazing Eyes, and opening Mouths;
Cheeks red with Joy, and lifted Hands about you:
Some wiping the glad Tears that trickle down
With broken *Jo's*, and with sobbing Raptures,
Crying to Arms: He's come! Our Emp'rour's come
To win the World. Why is not this far better
Than lolling in a Lady's lap, and sleeping,
Fasting, or praying? Come, come, you shall be merry:
And for *Eudofia*, she is yours already:
Marcian has said it, Sir, she shall be yours.

Theo. O *Marcian*! oh my Brother! Father! all:
Thou best of Friends, most faithful Counsellor,
I'll find a Match for thee too e'er I rest,
To make thee love me. For when thou art with me
I'm strong and well; but when thou art gone, I am nothing.

Enter Athenais, meeting Theodosius.

Theo. Alas! *Eudofia*, tell me what to say;
For my full Heart can scarce bring forth a word
Of that which I have sworn to see perform'd.

Athen. I am perfectly obedient to your pleasure.

Theo. Well, then I come to tell thee, that *Varanes*
Of all Mankind is nearest to my Heart;

I love him, dear *Eudofia*; and to prove
That love on trial, all my Blood's too little;
Ev'n thee, if I were sure to die this moment,
(As Heav'n alone can tell how far my Fate
Is off!) O thou my Soul's most tender Joy,
With my last Breath I would bequeath him thee.

Athen. Then you are pleas'd, my Lord, to yield me to him.

Theo. No, my *Eudofia*; no, I will not yield thee,
While I have Life; for Worlds I will not yield thee:
Yet, thus far I'm engag'd to let thee know,
He loves thee, *Athenais*, more than ever.
He languishes, despairs, and dies like me;
And I have past my word that he shall see thee.

Athen. Ah, Sir, what have you done against your self,
'And me? Why have you past your fatal word?
Why will you trust me, who am now afraid
To trust my self? Why do you leave me naked
To an assault, who had made proof my Vertue,
With this sure Guard, never to see him more.
For, oh with trembling Agonies I speak it,
I cannot see a Prince, whom once I lov'd,
Bath'd in his Grief, and gasping at my Feet,
In all the violent Trances of Despair,
Without a sorrow, that perhaps may end me.

Theo. O ye severer Pow'rs! too cruel Fate!
Did ever Love tread such a maze before?
Yet, *Athenais*, still I trust thy Vertue;
But if thy bleeding Heart cannot refrain,
Give, give thy self away; yet still remember,
That moment *Theodosius* is no more —

[*Ex. Theo. with Attic. Pulc. Leon.*

Athen. Now glory! now, if ever thou didst work
In Woman's Mind, assist me — Oh my Heart,
Why dost thou throb, as if thou wer't a breaking?
Down, down, I say, think on thy Injuries,
Thy wrongs! thy wrongs. 'Tis well my Eyes are dry,
And all within my Bosom now is still

Enter Varanes, leaning on Arantes.

Ha! is this he! or is't *Varanes* Ghost?
He looks as if he had bespoke his Grave,

Trembling

rembling and pale; I must not dare to view him;
 or oh I feel his melancholy here,
 and fear I shall too soon partake his sickness!

Vara. Thus to the angry Gods offending Mortals,
 made sensible by some severe Affliction,
 how all their Crimes are registred in Heav'n,
 that nice Court, how no rash word escapes,
 at ev'n extravagant Thoughts are all set down:
 thus the poor penitents with fear approach
 the Reverend Shrines, and thus for Mercy bow; [*Kneels.*
 thus melting too, they wash the hallowed Earth,
 and groan to be forgiven —

Empress! O *Endosia!* such you are now,
 these are your Titles, and I must not dare
 ever to call you *Athenais* more.

Athen. Rise, rise, my Lord, let me intreat you rise,
 will not hear you in that humble Posture:
 rise, or I must withdraw — The World will blush
 for you and me, should it behold a Prince,
 sprung from Immortal *Cyrus*, on his Knees
 before the Daughter of a poor Philosopher.

Vara. 'Tis just, you righteous Gods! my Doom is just;
 or will I strive to deprecate her Anger.

possible, I'll aggravate my Crimes,
 that she may rage till she has broke my heart:
 for all I now desire, and let the Gods,
 whose cruel Gods that joyn to my undoing,
 be Witnesses to this unnatural Wish,
 to fall dead without a Wound before her.

Athen. O ye known sounds! But I must steel my Soul.
 methinks these Robes, my *Delia*, are too heavy.

Vara. Not worth a word, a look, nor one regard!
 then the Nature of my Fault so hainous,
 that when I come to take my eternal leave,
 you'll not vouchsafe to view me? This is scorn,
 which the fair Soul of gentle *Athenais*,
 could ne'er have harbour'd —

for the sake of him, whom you e're-long
 shall hold as fast as now your Wishes form him,
 give me a patient hearing; for however

I talk of Death, and seem to loath my Life,
I would deliberate with my Fate a while,
With snatching glances eye thee to the last;
Pause o'er a loss like that of *Athenais*,
And parley with my ruine.

Athen. Speak, my Lord;
To hear you is the Emperor's Command;
And for that Cause I readily obey.

Vara. The Emperour, the Emperour's Command
And for that Cause she readily obeys.
I thank you, Madam, that on any terms
You condescend to hear me——

Know then *Endosia*. Ah, rather let me call thee
By the lov'd Name of *Athenais* still:
That Name that I so often have invok'd!
And which was once auspicious to my Vows;
So oft at Midnight sigh'd amongst the Groves,
The Rivers murmur and the Eccho's burden,
Which every Bird could sing, and Wind did bear!
By that dear Name, I make this Protestation,
By all that's good on Earth, or blest in Heav'n,
I swear I love thee more, far more than ever,
With conscious Blushes too! Here, help me, Gods!
Help me to tell her, tho' to my Confusion,
And everlasting Shame; yet I must tell her,
I lay the *Persian* Crown before her Feet.

Athen. My Lord, I thank you, and to express those thanks
As nobly as you offer 'em, I return
The Gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you
With the Example of the Emp'rour;
Not but I know 'tis that that draws you on,
Thus to descend beneath your Majesty;
And swell the Daughter of a poor Philosopher
With hopes of being great.

Vara. Ah, Madam! ah, you wrong me; by the Gods
I had repented e'er I knew the Emp'rour——

Athen. You find perhaps, too late, that *Athenais*,
However slighted for her Birth and Fortune,
Has something in her Person, and her Vertue,
Worth the Regard of Emperours themselves;

d, to return the Complement you gave
 y Father, *Leontine*, that poor Philosopher,
 whose utmost Glory is to have been your Tutor:
 ere protest, by Vertue, and by Glory,
 wear by Heav'n and all the Pow'rs Divine,
 he abandon'd Daughter of that poor old Man,
 all ne'er be seated on the Throne of *Cyrus*.

Vara. O Death to all my Hopes! what hast thou sworn?
 o turn me wild! Ah cursed Throne of *Cyrus*,
 ould thou hadst been o'eturn'd and laid in Dust,
 s Crown too Thunder-struck. My Father, all
 he *Persian* Race, like poor *Darius*, ruin'd,
 otted, and swept for ever from the World;
 hen first Ambition blasted thy Remembrance——

Athen. O Heav'n! I had forgot the base Affront
 fer'd by this proud Man! a Wrong so great,
 is remov'd beyond all hope of Mercy:
 e had design'd to bribe my Father's Vertue,
 and by unlawful means——

y from my sight, lest I become a Fury——
 and break those Rules of Temperance I propos'd;
 y, fly, *Varanes*! fly this sacred place

here Vertue and Religion are profess'd:
 his City will not harbour Infidels,
 raytors to Chastity, licentious Princes;
 gone, I say, thou canst not here be safe,
 y to Imperial Libertines abroad;

Foreign Courts thou'lt find a thousand Beauties
 at will comply for Gold, for Gold they'll weep
 r Gold be fond, as *Athenais* was;
 and charm thee still as if they lov'd indeed.

hou'lt find enough Companions too for Riot:
 exuriant all, and Royal as thy self,
 ho' thy loud Vices should resound to Heav'n.
 t thou not gone yet?

Vara. No, I am charm'd to hear you:
 from my Soul I do confess my self
 e very blot of Honour; I am more black
 an thou, in all thy Heat of just Revenge,
 ith all thy glorious Eloquence, canst make me.

Athen.

Athen. Away, *Varanes*.

Vara. Yes, Madam, I am going —

Nay, by the Gods, I do not ask thee pardon :
Nor while I live will I implore thy mercy :
But when I am dead, if as thou dost return,
With happy *Theodosius* from the Temple,
If as thou go'st in Triumph through the Streets,
Thou chance to meet the cold *Varanes* there,
Born by his Friends to his Eternal home ;
Stop then, O *Athenais* ! and behold me ;
Say as thou hang'st about the Emp'rour's Neck,
Alas ! my Lord, this sight is worth our pity ;
If to those pitying words, thou add a Tear,
Or give one parting groan — If possible,
If the good Gods will grant my Soul the freedom,
I'll leave my Shrowd, and wake from Death to thank th

Athen. He shakes my resolution from the Bottom :
My bleeding Heart too speaks in his behalf.
And says my Vertue has been too severe.

Vara. Farewell ! O Empress : No, *Athenais*, now
I will not call thee by that tender Name,
Since cold despair begins to freeze my Bosom,
And all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death.
'Tis said that from my Youth I have been rash,
Cholerick, and hot, but let the Gods now judge
By my last wish, if ever patient Man
Did calmly bear so great a loss as mine ;
Since 'tis so doom'd, by Fate you must be wedded,
For your own Peace, when I am laid in Earth,
Forget that e're *Varanes* had a Being ;
Turn all your Soul to *Theodosius* Bosom :
Continue Gods their Days, and make 'em long :
Lucina wait upon their fruitful *Hymen*,
And many Children, beauteous as the Mother,
And pious as the Father, make 'em smile.

Athen. O Heav'ns !

Vara. Farewell — I'll trouble you no more :
The malady that's lodg'd within grows stronger ;
I feel the shock of my approaching Fate :
My Heart too trembles at his distant march ;

or can I utter more, if you shou'd ask me.

thy arm, *Arantes*! O farewell for ever —

Athen. Varanes, stay, and ere you go for ever,
let me unfold my Heart.

Vara. O Athenais!

What further cruelty hast thou in store

to add to what I suffer?

Athen. Since it is doom'd

that we must part, let's part as Lover's should,

as those that have lov'd long, and loved well.

Vara. Art thou so good! O *Athenais*, oh!

Athen. First from my Soul I pity and forgive you;

pardon you that hasty little Errour,

which yet has been the cause of both our Ruins.

And let this sorrow witness for my Heart,

how eagerly I wish it had not been;

and since I cannot keep it, take it all.

Take all the Love, O Prince, I ever bore you:

if 'tis possible, I'll give you more;

our noble Carriage forces this Confession:

Woe! I burn! I bleed! I die for Love:

I am distracted with this World of Passion.

Vara. Gods! cruel Gods! take notice I forgive you.

Athen. Alas! my Lord! my weaker tender Sex

is not your manly Patience; cannot curb

this Fury in; therefore I let it loose;

in spite of my rigid Duty, I will speak

with all the dearth of a dying Lover,

farewell most lovely, and most lov'd of Men;

why comes this dying paleness o'er thy Face?

why wander thus thy Eyes? Why dost thou bend

if the fatal weight of Death were on thee?

Vara. Speak yet a little more; For, by the Gods!

as I prize those blessed happy moments,

farewell, O *Athenais*! all is well!

never better!

Athen. I doubt thee, dear Varanes;

if thou dy'st, I shall not long be from thee.

Take more farewell, and take these last Embraces,

if I could crush him to my Heart! Farewel,

And

And as a dying pledge of my last Love,
Take this, which all thy Pray'rs could never Charm;
What have I done? oh lead me, lead me, *Delia*!
Ah, Prince farewell! Angels protect and guard thee.

Vara. Turn back! O *Athenais*! and behold me!
Hear my last words, and then farewell for ever:
Thou hast undone me more by this confession:
You say, you swear, you love me more than ever;
Yet I must see you marry'd to another:
Can there be any Plague or Hell like this?
O *Athenais*! Whither shall I turn me?
You have brought me back to life; but, oh, what life
To a Life more terrible than a thousand Deaths;
Like one that had been buried in a Trance,
With racking starts, he wakes and gazes round,
Forc'd by despair his whirling Limbs to wound,
And bellow like a Spirit under ground.
Still urg'd by Fate, to turn, to toss, and rave,
Tormented, dash'd, and broken in the Grave.

[Exit

ACT V. SCENE I.

Athenais dress'd in Imperial Robes, and Crown'd: *A Table*
with a Bowl of Poison.

Athen. A Midnight Marriage! must I to the Temple
Thus, at the Murderers hour? 'Tis wond'rous
But so thou say'st my Father has commanded; [strange
And that's Almighty Reason.

Delia. Th' Emperour in compassion to the Prince,
Who would, perhaps, fly to extravagance,
If he in publick should resolve to Espouse you.
Contriv'd by this close Marriage to deceive him.

Athen. Go fetch thy Lute, and sing those Lines I gave
So, now I am alone, yet my Soul shakes; [there
For where this dreadful Draught may carry me,
The Heav'ns can only tell; yet I am resolv'd

To drink it off in spight of Consequence:
 Whisper him, O some Angel! what I am doing;
 By sympathy of Soul let him too tremble,
 To hear my wondrous Faith, my wondrous Love,
 Whose Spirit not content with an Ovation,
 Of ling'ring Fate, with Triumph thus resolv'd:
 Thus in the rapid Chariot of the Soul;
 To mount and dare as never Woman dar'd:
 'Tis done, haste, *Delia*, haste! come bring thy Lute, [*Drinks*
 And sing my Wastage to immortal Joys,
 Methinks I cannot but smile at my own Bravery,
 Thus from my lowest Fortune rais'd to Empire,
 Crown'd and adorn'd! worshipt by half the Earth,
 While a young Monarch dies for my Embraces:
 Let now to wave the Glories of the World,
 O my *Varanes*! tho' my Births unequal.
 My Vertue sure has richly recompenc'd,
 And quite out-gone Example!

S O N G.

1.

Ah cruel bloody Fate,
 What canst thou now do more?
 Alas, 'tis all too late,
 Philander to restore:

Why should the Heavenly Powers perswade
 Poor Mortals to believe,
 That they guard us here,
 And reward us there,
 Yet all our Joys deceive?

2.

Her Ponyard then she took,
 And held it in her Hand;
 And with a dying Look,
 Cry'd, thus I Fate command:

Philander! Ah my Love I come,
 To meet thy Shade below;
 Ah, I come, she cry'd,
 With a Wound so wide,
 There needs no second Blow:

X

3. In

3.

*In Purple Waves her Blood
Ran streaming down the Floor,
Unmov'd she saw the Flood,
And blest her dying Hour:*

*Philander! Ah, Philander! Still
The bleeding Phillis cry'd,
She wept a while,
And forc'd a Smile;
Then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.*

Enter Pulcheria.

Pulch. How fares my dear *Eudofia*? Ha, thou look'st,
Or else the Tapers cheat my sight, like one
That's fitter for thy Tomb than *Cesar's* Bed,
A fatal Sorrow dims thy shaded Eyes,
And in despite of all thy Ornaments,
Thou seem'st to me the Ghost of *Athenais*.

Athen. And what's the Punishment, my dear *Pulcheria*?
What Torments are allotted those sad Spirits,
Who groaning with the Burden of Despair,
No longer will endure the Cares of Life;
But boldly set themselves at Liberty,
Through the dark Caves of Death to wander on,
Like wilded Travellers without a Guide,
Eternal Rovers in the gloomy Maze,
Where scarce the Twilight of an Infant Moon,
By a faint Glimmer checkering through the Trees,
Reflects to dismal View the walking Ghosts,
And never hope to reach the Blessed Fields?

Pulch. No more o' that, *Atticus* shall resolve thee;
But see, he waits thee from the Emperour;
Thy Father too attends.

Enter Leontine, Atticus, &c.

Leont. Come, *Athenais*! Ha, what now in Tears?
O fall of Honour, but no more I charge thee,
I charge thee, as thou ever hop'st my Blessing,
Or fear'st my Curse, to banish from my Soul
All Thoughts, if possible, the Memory
Of that ungrateful Prince that has undone thee.

Atticus

Attend me to the Temple on this Instant,
To make the Emperour thine, this Night to wed him,
And lie within his Arms.

Athen. Yes, Sir, I'll go——

Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will go;
Endosia, this unhappy Bride shall go,
Thus like a Victim crown'd and doom'd to bleed,
I'll wait you to the Altar, wed the Emperour,
And if he pleases, lie within his Arms.

Leont. Thou art my Child agen.

Athen. But do not, Sir, imagine that any Charms,
Or Threatnings shall compel me

Never to think of poor *Varanes* more:

O, my *Varanes*: No——

While I have Breath, I will remember thee:

To thee alone I will my Thoughts confine,

And all my Meditations shall be thine:

The Image of thy Woes my Soul shall fill,

And my End, and thy Remembrance still;

As in some Pop'lar Shade the Nightingale,

With piercing Moans does her lost Young bewail,

Which the rough Hind, observing as they lay

Warm in their Downy Nest, had stoln away;

But she in mournful Sounds does still complain,

And all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,

And still renews her miserable strain:

O my *Varanes*, 'till my Death comes on,

Will sad *Endosia* thy dear Loss bemoan.

[*Ex. Athenais, Atticus.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Varanes.

Vara. 'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies
Asleep, as if she never were to rise:

No Breath of Wind now whispers through the Trees;

No Noise at Land, nor murmur in the Seas;

And Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon;

And wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon:

Nor 'bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,
 To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie,
 The Ravens perch, and no Presages give;
 Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave.
 The Owls forget to scream, no midnight sound
 Calls drowsie Eccho from the hollow Ground;
 In Vaults the walking Fires extinguisht lie;
 The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink and seem to die.
 Such universal Silence spreads below,
 Through the vast Shades where I am doom'd to go;
 Nor shall I need a Violence to wound:
 The Storm is here that drives me on the Ground,
 Sure means to make the Soul and Body part,
 A burning Fever, and a broken Heart.

What, ho, *Aranthes*!

[Enter *Aranthes*]

I sent thee to the Apartment of
Athenais! I sent thee, did I not, to be admitted?

Aran. You did, my Lord; but oh
 I fear to give you an Account.

Vara. Alas!

Aranthes, I am got on the other side
 Of this bad World; and now am past all fear.
 O ye avenging Gods, is there a Plague
 Among your hoarded Bolts, and heaps of Vengeance
 Beyond the mighty Loss of *Athenais*?
 'Tis Contradiction, speak, then speak, *Aranthes*.
 For all Misfortunes, if compar'd with that,
 Will make *Varanes* smile——

Aran. My Lord, the Empress,
 Crown'd and adorn'd with the Imperial Robes,
 At this dead time of Night with silent Pomp,
 As they design'd from all to keep it secret,
 But chiefly sure from you; I say the Empress
 Is now conducted by the General,
Atticus and her Father, to the Temple,
 There to espouse th' Emperour *Theodosius*.

Vara. Say'st thou? Is't certain! hah.

Aran. Most certain, Sir, I saw 'em in Procession.

Vara. Give me thy Sword, malicious Fate! O Fortune
 O giddy Chance! O turn of Love and Greatness!

Marry

harry'd! She has kept her Promise now indeed;
 and oh her pointed Fame and nice Revenge,
 have reach'd their end. No *Aranthes*! No!
 will not stay the lazy Execution
 of a slow Fever: Give me thy Hand, and swear
 by all the Love and Duty that thou ow'st me,
 to observe the last Commands that I shall give thee;
 nor not against my purpose, as thou fear'st
 my Anger and Disdain; Nor dare to oppose me
 with troublesome unnecessary formal Reasons;
 for what my Thought has doom'd, my Hand shall seal.
 I charge thee hold it stedfast to my Heart,
 next as the Fate that throws me on the Point.
 Tho' I have liv'd a *Persian*, I will fall
 as fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd
 as any *Greek* or *Roman* of 'em all.

Aran. What you command is terrible but sacred,
 and to atone for this too cruel Duty,
 my Lord, I'll follow you —

Vara. I charge thee not!

but when I am dead take the attending Slaves,
 and bear me, with my Blood diffilling down,
 straight to the Temple; lay me, O *Aranthes*!
 by my cold Coarse at *Athenais*'s Feet,
 and say, O why, why, do my Eyes run o'er!
 why with my latest Gasp I groan'd for Pardon.
 Stay here my Friend, hold fast, and fix the Sword;
 feel the Artery, where the Life-Blood lies;
 heaves against the Point — Now, O ye Gods,
 for the greatly wretched you have room,
 prepare my place, for dauntless lo I come!
 The force of Love thus makes the Mortal Wound,
 And *Athenais* sends me to the Ground. [Kills himself.]

SCENE III. The outward Part of the Temple.

Enter *Pulcheria* and *Julia* at one Door, *Marcian* and *Lucius*
 at another.

Pulch. Look *Julia*, see the pensive *Marcian* comes;
 'tis to my wish, I must no longer lose him,

Left he should leave the Court indeed: he looks
As if some mighty secret work'd within him,
And labour'd for a Vent; inspire me Woman,
That what my Soul desires above the World,
May seem impos'd and forc'd on my Affections——

Luc. I say she loves you, and she stays to hear it
From your own Mouth: Now, in the Name of all
The Gods at once, my Lord, why are you silent?
Take heed, Sir, mark your opportunity;
For if the Woman lays it in your way,
And you over-see it, she is lost for ever.

Marc. Madam, I come to take my eternal Leave,
Your Doom has banisht me, and I obey:
The Court and I shake Hands, and now we part,
Never to see each other more; the Court
Where I was born, and bred a Gentleman:
No more, till your Illustrious Bounty rais'd me,
And drew the Earth-born Vapour to the Clouds:
But, as the Gods ordain'd it, I have lost,
I know not how, through Ignorance, your Grace:
And now the Exhalation of my Glory
Is quite consum'd and vanisht into Air.

Pulch. Proceed, Sir——

Marc. Yet let those Gods that doom'd me to displease you
Be Witnesses how much I Honour you——
Thus, worshipping, I swear by your bright self,
I leave this infamous Court with more content
Than Fools and Flatterers seek it. But, oh Heaven!
I cannot go if still your hate pursues me;
Yes, I declare it is impossible,
To go to Banishment without your Pardon.

Pulch. You have it, *Marcian*; is there ought beside,
That you would speak, for I am free to hear?

Marc. Since I shall never see you more, what hinders
But my last Words should here protest the Truth?
Know then, Imperial Princess, matchless Woman,
Since first you cast your Eyes upon my meanness,
Ev'n till you rais'd me to my envy'd height,
I have in secret lov'd you——

Pulch. Is this *Marcian*?

Marc. You frown! but I am still prepar'd for all;
 I say I lov'd you, and I love you still,
 More than my Life, and equal to my Glory;
 Methinks the warring Spirit that inspires
 This Frame, the very Genius of old *Rome*!
 That makes me talk without the fear of Death,
 And drives my daring Soul to acts of Honour.
 Comes in your Eyes! Our Thoughts too are a-kin,
 Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for Glory:
 Now, by the Gods, I lov'd you in your Fury,
 All the Thunder that quite riv'd my hopes,
 Lov'd you most, ev'n when you did destroy me.
 O Adam, I've spoke my Heart, and cou'd say more,
 But that I see it grieves you, your high Blood
 Sets at the Arrogance and saucy Pride
 Of this bold Vagabond: may the Gods forgive me!
 Farewel; a worthier General may succeed me;
 But none more faithful to the Emperour's Interest,
 Than him you are pleas'd to call the Traytor, *Marcian*.
Pul. Come back, you have subtilly play'd your part indeed;
 For first th' Emperour whom you lately school'd,
 Restores you your Commission; next commands you,
 As you're a Subject, not to leave the Court;
 Next, but oh Heaven! which way shall I express
 His cruel Pleasure, he that is so mild
 In all things else, yet obstinate in this,
 State of my Tears, my Birth, and my Disdain,
 Commands me, as I dread his high Displeasure,
 O *Marcian*! to receive you as my Husband.
Marc. Ha, *Lucius*! what, what does my Fate intend?
Luc. Pursue her, Sir, 'tis as I said, she yields,
 And rages that you follow her no faster!
Pulch. Is then at last my great Authority,
 And my intrusted Pow'r declin'd to this?
 O oh my Fate, what way can I avoid it!
 I charg'd me streight to wait him to the Temple;
 And there resolve! oh *Marcian*! on this Marriage.
 O generous Soldier, as you're truly noble;
 Help me forth, lost in this Labyrinth;

Help me to loose this more than *Gordian Knot*,
And make me and yourself for ever happy.

Marc. Madam, I'll speak as briefly as I can,
And as a Soldier ought, the only way
To help this Knot is yet to tye it faster.
Since then the Emperor has resolv'd you mine,
For which I will for ever thank the Gods,
And make this Holy-day throughout my Life,
I take him at his word, and claim his promise;
The Empire of the World shall not redeem you.
Nay, weep not, Madam, tho' my Outside's rough,
Yet, by those Eyes, your Soldier has a Heart
Compassionate and tender as a Virgin's:
Ev'n now it bleeds to see those falling Sorrows;
Perhaps this Grief may move the Emperour
To a Repentance! Come then to the Tryal;
For by my Arms, my Life, and dearer Honour,
If you go back when given me by his Hand,
In distant Wars my Fate I will deplore,
And *Marcian's* Name shall ne'er be heard of more.

[Exit

SCENE, *The Temple.*

Theodosius, Athenais, Atticus joining their Hands —
Marcian, Pulcheria, Lucius, Julia, Delia, &c. Leontine.

Attic. The more than *Gordian Knot* is ty'd,
Which *Death's* strong Arm shall ne'er divide;
For when to bliss ye wasted are,
Your Spirits shall be wedded there.
Waters are lost, and Fires will die;
But Love alone can Fate defie.

Enter Arantes with the Body of Varanes.

Arant. Where is the Empress? Where shall I find *Endosia*?
By Fate I am sent to tell that cruel Beauty,
She has rob'd the World of Fame; her Eyes have giv'n
A blast to the big Blossom of the War;

Behold

Behold him there nipt in his flowry Morn,
Compell'd to break his promise of a Day;
A Day that Conquest would have made her Boast;
Behold her Lawrel wither'd to the Root,
Stank'd and kill'd by *Athenais* scorn.

Athen. Dead! Dead, *Varanes*!

Theo. O ye Eternal Pow'rs

That guide the World! Why do you shock our Reason,
With acts like these that lay our Thoughts in dust?
Forgive me Heav'n this start, or elevate
Imagination more, and make it nothing.

Alas! alas, *Varanes*! But speak, *Aranthes*,
The manner of his Fate: Groans choke my words;
But speak, and we will answer thee with Tears.

Aran. His Fever would, no doubt, by this have done
What some few minutes past his Sword perform'd,
We heard from me your Progress to the Temple,
How you design'd at midnight to deceive him,
By a Clandestine Marriage: But, my Lord,
Had you beheld his Racks at my Relation;
Or, had your Empress seen him in those Torments,
Then from his dying Eyes, swoln to the Brim,
The big round drops rowl'd down his manly Face;
When from his hallowed Breast a murmuring Croud
Of Groans rush'd forth, and eccho'd, All is well:
Then had you seen him! O ye cruel Gods!
Rush on the Sword I held against his Breast,
And dye it to the Hilts, with these last Words —
Near me to *Athenais* —

Athen. Give me way, my Lord,
I have most strictly kept my Promise with you,
I am your Bride, and you can ask no more,
Or if you did, I am past the Power to give:
But here! Oh here! On his cold bloody Breast,
Thus let me breath my last.

Theo. O Empress, what, what can this transport mean?
Are these our Nuptials! These my promis'd Joys?

Athen. Forgive me, Sir, this last respect I pay,
These sad remains — And oh thou mighty Spirit,
Yet thou art not mingled with the Stars,

Look

Look down and hear the wretched *Athenais*,
 When thou shalt know, before I gave consent
 To this indecent Marriage, I had taken
 Into my Veins a cold and deadly Draught,
 Which soon would render me, alas, unfit
 For the warm Joys of an Imperial Lover,
 And make me ever thine! Yet keep my Word
 With *Theodosius*. Wilt not thou forgive me?

Theo. Poison'd to free thee from the Emperour!
 Oh, *Athenais*! Thou hast done a Deed
 That tears my Heart! What have I done against thee,
 That thou should'st brand me thus with Infamy
 And everlasting Shame! Thou might'st have made
 Thy Choice without this cruel Act of Death;
 I left thee to thy Will: And, in requital,
 Thou hast murder'd all my Fame——

Athen. O pardon me!
 I lay my dying Body at your Feet,
 And beg, my Lord, with my last Sighs intreat you,
 To impute the Fault, if 'tis a Fault, to Love;
 And the Ingratitude of *Athenais*,
 To her too cruel Stars; Remember too,
 I begg'd you would not let me see the Prince,
 Presaging what has happen'd; yet my word,
 As to our Nuptials, was inviolable.

Theo. Ha! she is going! see her languishing Eyes
 Draw in their Beams; the Sleep of Death is on her,

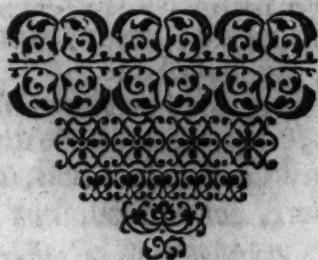
Athen. Farewel, my Lord! alas! alas, *Varanes*,
 To embrace thee now is not immodesty;
 Or if it were, I think my bleeding Heart,
 Would make me criminal in Death to clasp thee,
 Break all the tender Niceties of Honour
 To fold thee thus, and warm thee into Life;
 For oh what Man, like him, cou'd Woman move!
 O Prince below'd! O Spirit most divine!
 Thus by my Death, I give thee all my Love,
 And seal my Soul and Body ever thine——

Theo. O *Marcian*! O *Pulcheria*! did not the Power,
 Whom we adore plant all his Thunder-bolts
 Against Self-murderers, I would perish too:

As I am, I swear to leave the Empire;
To thee, my Sister, I bequeath the World;
And yet a Gift more great, the Gallant *Marcian*!
Then, my Friend, now shew thy *Roman* Spirit:
As to her Sex, fair *Athenais* was,
Thou to thine a Pattern of true Honour;
Thus we'll atone for all the present Crimes,
That yet it may be said in After-times,
No Age with such Examples cou'd compare,
So Great, so Good, so Vertuous, and so Fair!

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

The E N D.

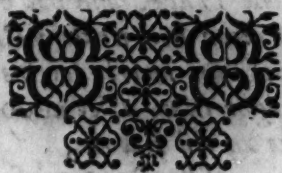


PRO-

PROLOGUE.

WIT long oppress'd, and fill'd at last with Rage,
Thus in a sullen Mood rebukes the Age.
What Loads of Fame do Modern Hero's bear,
For an inglorious, long, and lazy War?
Who for some Skirmish, or a safe Retreat,
(Not to be drag'd to Battle) are call'd Great.
But oh! what do ambitious Statesmen gain,
Who into private Chests whole Nations drain?
What Sums of Gold they hoard, is daily known,
To all Mens cost, and sometimes to their own.
Your Lawyer too, that like an O Yes bawls,
That drowns the Market-Higler in the Stalls,
That seems begot, conceiv'd, and born in Brawls.
Yet thrives: He and his Croud get what they please,
Swarming all Term-time thro' the Strand like Bees,
They buz at Westminster, and lye for Fees.
The Godly too their ways of getting have;
But none so much as your Phanatick Knaves:
Wisely the wealthiest Livings they refuse,
Who by the fattest Bishopricks would lose;
Who with short Hair, large Ears, and small blue Bands,
True Rogues, their own, not God's Elect, command.
Let Pigs then be prophane; but Broth's allow'd,
Possets and Christian Caudles may be good
Meet-helps, to reinforce a Brother's Blood:
Therefore each Female Saint he doth advise,
With groans, and hum's, and ha's, and gogling Eyes,
To rub him down, and make the Spirit rise:
While with his Zeal transported from the Ground
He mounts, and sanctifies the Sisters round.

E. n Poets only no kind Star e'er smil'd;
urst Fate has damn'd 'em ev'ry Mother's Child:
herefore he warns his Brothers of the Stage,
o write no more for an ungrateful Age.
hink what penurious Masters you have serv'd;
asso run mad, and noble Spencer starv'd:
urn then, who e'er thou art that canst write well,
hy Ink to Gall, and in Lampoons excel,
or swear all Honesty, traduce the Great,
row Impudent, and rail against the State;
urstring with Spleen, abroad thy Pasquils send,
nd chuse some Libel-spreader for thy Friend:
he Wit and Want of Timon point thy Mind,
nd for thy Satyr-subject chuse Mankind.



EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THrice happy they that never writ before;
 How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer Shoar:
 Like some new Captain of the City Bands,
 That with big Looks in Finsbury Commands,
 Swell'd with huge Ale, he cries, Beat, beat a Drum;
 Pox o' the French King; uds-bud let him come:
 Give me ten thousand red Coats, and alloo,
 We'll firke his Crequi and his Conde too,
 Thus the young Scriblers, Mankinds Sense disdain;
 For Ignorance is sure to make 'em vain;
 But far from Vanity, or dang'rous Pride,
 Our cautious Poet courts you to his side:
 For why should you be scorn'd to whom are due,
 All the good Days that ever Authors knew.
 If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em fine;
 The Pit and Boxes make the Poet dine,
 And he scarce drinks but of the Criticks Wine.
 Old Writers should not for Vain-glory strive,
 But, like old Mistresses, think how to thrive;
 Be fond of ev'ry thing their Keepers say,
 At least 'till they can live without a Play.
 Like one that knows the Trade, and has been bit,
 She doats and fawns upon her wealthy Cit,
 And swears, she loves him meerly for his Wit.
 Another, more untaught than a Walloon,
 Antick and ugly, like an old Baboon,
 She swears, is an accomplisht Beau-garson;
 Turns with all Winds, and sails with all Desires;
 All Hearts in City, Town, and Court she fires,
 Young callow Lords, lean Knights, and driv'ling Squires.
 She in resistless Flattery finds her Ends,
 Gives thanks for Fools, and makes ye all her Friends;
 So should wise Poets sooth an awkward Age;
 For they are Prostitutes upon the Stage:
 To stand on Points were foolish and ill-bred,
 As for a Lady to be nice in Bed:
 Your Wills alone must their Performance measure,
 And you may turn 'em every way for Pleasure.

SOPHONISBA:

OR,

Hannibal's Overthrow.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

BY

Her Majesties Servants.

Written by NATHANIEL LEE, *Gent.*

Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus. Petron.

L O N D O N:

Printed, by J. D. for R. Wellington, at the
Dolphin and Crown, at the West-end of St. Paul's
Church-yard. MDCCXII.

ROPHOMISSA

Hundred's Overthrow

TRAGEDY

As it is

Theatre-Royal

Y

Her Majesties servants

Printed by NATHANIEL LEA, Gent.

Printed at the Theatre-Royal

LONDON

Printed by J. D. for R. H. at the Theatre-Royal, as the
MIDCOTT

To Her GRACE the
Dutcheſs of Portſmouth.

Madam,

IF Sophonisba receiv'd some Applause upon the Stage, I arrogate nothing from the Merit of the Poem, but, as I ought, with the humbleſt Acknowledgments and profoundeſt Gratitude, impute it to the favorable aſpects of the Court-Stars. But above all, I muſt my Adorations to your Grace, who, as you are the moſt beautiful, as well in the bright appearances of Body, as the immortal ſplendors of an elevated Soul, did ſhed brighter Influence, and darted on me a largeneſs of Glo-riouſneſs anſwerable to your Stock of Beams. Hannibal himſelf, whoſe hardy Spirit never bow'd but to the fair immortal Rosalinda: nay, he who, in ſight of Beauties arms, durſt gaze upon that Sun with Eagle-eyes, yet tax her with a Blemiſh, now making his approaches to your Grace, ſeems awed with the Source of ſo many Lights, and dazzled with a Preſence ſo Illuſtrious. He ſees, new Bleedings, Eyes more attractive than thoſe of Rosalinda, ſomething more delicate in your Shape, and more in your Mien; an Air ſo charming ſweet, that ſo miraculous it ſhou'd be Maſtick too: Smiles of more brightful Shine than April Suns; ſuch Softneſſes and languishings as the almighty Poets Hand cannot deſcribe, nor Painters Pencil ever draw. For my own part, I am reſolved to look up to you daily, and dedicate my Thoughts and Labours to your Grace, to ſpend all the Time of my yet unexhausted Fancy in your unbounded Love. For I declare, to be wreath'd in Laurel from Head to Foot, is not comparable Honour to that of being lov'd, Madam,

Your Grace's moſt humble and devoted Servant,

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Hannibal</i> ,	General of Carthage,	Mr. Mobun.
<i>Maherbal</i> ,	Lieutenant General,	Mr. Burt.
<i>Bomilcar</i> ,	{ Master of the Horse and Elephants,	{ Mr. Winter.
<i>Scipio</i> ,	Consul of Rome,	Mr. Kynaston.
<i>Lelius</i> ,	His Lieutenant,	Mr. Lydall.
<i>Varro</i> ,	A Tribune,	Mr. Watson.
<i>Massinissa</i> ,	{ King of Numidia, married to <i>Sophonisba</i> ,	{ Mr. Hart.
<i>Trebellius</i> ,	A Roman Officer,	Mr. Powell.
<i>Massina</i> ,	Nephew of <i>Massinissa</i> ,	Mr. Clark.
<i>Menander</i> ,	Confident of <i>Massinissa</i> ,	Mr. Griffin.
<i>Sophonisba</i> ,	{ a Carthaginian Lady, Daugh- ter of <i>Asdrubal</i> , first marry'd to <i>Syphax</i> , after to <i>Massinissa</i> ,	{ Mrs. Cox.
<i>Rosalinda</i> ,	{ a Roman Lady, Mistress of <i>Hannibal</i> ,	{ Mrs. Bond.
<i>Rezambe</i> ,	{ Maids of Honour, and Con- fidents of <i>Sophonisba</i> .	
<i>Merna</i> ,		
<i>Aglave</i> ,	{ Priestesses of <i>Bellona</i> ,	{ Mrs. Nep.
<i>Cumana</i> ,		{ Mrs. Corey.

Attendants.

SCENE Zama.

OPHONISBA:

O. R.

Hannibal's Overthrow.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Hannibal, Maheral, Bomilcar, Guards, and Attendants.

CONquest with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
And Rome in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd;
Like Gods we pass'd the rugged Alpine Hills;
We trod our way, and drove our hissing Wheels
Through cloudy Deluges, eternal Rills;
That after Ages shall with pain believe,
How burning Quarries did our Passage cleave;
And dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd;
Whose horrid Force the Nerves of Flints unloos'd;
Made Nature start to see us root up Rocks,
And Open all the Adamantine Locks;
We brake off her massy Bars, o'er Mountains go,
Through Globes of Ice, and Flakes of Solid Snow,
Our last Elephant, while we did sleep,
In Arno's foggy Fens and Marshes deep,
The Light we lost, for Carthage underwent
Our tedious Toils, our Blood and Spirits spent,
And all the stock of Health which bounteous Nature lent;
Alas! But what Return has that slow City made?
Mir'd by Foes, you were by Friends betray'd,
While you abroad fam'd Battels bravely fought,
The Traitor Hanno your Destruction sought;
No Succors were for your Assistance meant;
Nor still to Rome Intelligence was sent:
That did the Carthaginian Strength declare,
Which way they pass'd, and what their Numbers were:

Alas!

Bom.

Bom. By this Design your Brother's Death was wrought
When he apart from you with *Nero* fought.
Too well that barbarous Statesman *Hanno* knew,
If Gallant *Asdrubal* should join with you,
The *Romans* could no hope of Safety have;
No Power on Earth could their lost Empire save:
With wicked Policy he therefore try'd
Your two all-conquering Armies to divide.
How fatally did his curs'd Plots succeed?
When with your Brother all his Troops did bleed.

Han. Great Statesmen Kings should watch while they
Left, what they build, those underhand destroy. (employ)
Nor has his separating Chiefs been known
Only on Land, but on the Ocean shown:
Where Fleets divided, by close practis'd Arts,
Have melted Womens Eyes, and Soldiers Hearts.

Bom. Now all the Feinds those Traitors drag to Hell
Who for Revenge, or Gold, their Country sell.

Han. How wou'd the Slave have quak'd, had they
The Flights of *Trebid*, or of *Thrasimen*,
Or dreadful *Canne*?
Where the dire Sisters bit the *Roman* Looms,
As if their Hands were tir'd with cutting Dooms.

Bom. Where fourscore valiant Senators were kill'd,
The Blood of seventy Thousand Souldiers spill'd,
And great *Emilius* Death our Conquest swell'd.

Han. When, all with Crimson Slaughter cover'd
We urg'd our Horses through a Flood of Gore;
Whilst from the Battlements of Heaven's high Wall
Each God look'd down, and shook his awful Head,
Mourning to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale, to see us look so red.

Mab. That was a Time worthy severest Fate,
When Victory on Hills of Heroes sat,
And turn'd her Eyes, all blood-hot, on the Fray,
And laugh'd, and clap'd her Wings, and bless'd the Day.

Han. And are we thus at last rewarded then?
Dare they review our Dangers with Disdain?
Dull Counsellors, who only talk of Harm,
Sleep till high Noon, to costly Banquets swarm,
And with rich Wines drink their cold Spirits warm.

head of fighting *Scipio*, let us haste,
 fire to *Carthage*, lay her Glories waste;
 let all their hoarded Treasures down, and pour
 on their thirsty Throats the scalding Ore.

Bom. Go on, Great Sir; their trusty Coffers burn,
 their tawring Pride to Desolation turn.

Mab. How I should laugh to see their Ermines smok'd
 by sulph'rous Flames their gorged Vitals choak.

Han. *Maherbal*, stay; tho *Carthage* us'd me ill,
 she is my Wrongs, she is my Country still:

My Father, the great Master of our Arms,
 (who while he gave me Life, heard loud Alarms)
 bore me *Rome*'s Foe, when in my Age's Bud,
 hean'd me from Milk, and nurs'd me up in Blood,
 and taught me to be obstinately good:

He, the World's Giant Empress to invade,
 all her bright Fame should shrink into a Shade
 and all her golden Spires in Dust were laid.

Bom. *Carthage*, and *Rome*, which did so long divide
 the troubl'd World, to prop their weighty Pride,
 will brook no more each other's mighty sway,
 the Gods to this or that must give the Day:

Once such Majestick Power to both is given,
 each might take up all the Care of Heav'n.

Mab. Besides the natural Hate to *Rome* you bear
 with *Scipio*, Love obliges you to War,
 since *Rosalinda* is a Prisoner there.

Heavens! shall he dare to keep your Love in Bands?
 Beauty, like hers, Swords, Hands, and Hearts commands.

Han. O, my *Maherbal*! thou wert always kind,
 he'll all my Good, but to my Ills art blind.

Had I by thy Advice my Soldiers led,
 not with their Joys, and striding o're the Dead,

to *Rome*, to *Rome*, my Warrior — But, 'tis lost,
 that Hour, that did so many last Hours cost!

The Gods and Opportunity ride Post.
 Helting at *Capua* I in Pleasures lay;

and for a Mistress gave the World away.

Mab. Grudge you the World? Cou'd I such Hearts sudus,
 were I great *Jove* himself, I'd give Heaven too.

But I am rough, and not for Woman made,
In Nature's coarsest mold by Fortune laid.

Han. Haste to the Roman Camp, Bomilcar fly,
Take Scouts along, unseen as Spirits pry,
And learn the Posture of the Enemy.
Learn, if thy Knowledge may so happy be,
Where *Rosalinda* mourns for Liberty;
Seek her as thou wou'dst Wreaths for Glories Toil,
As after Conquest thou wou'dst seek for Spoil.

*The SCENE drawn, discovers a pleasant Grove
King Massinissa, Massina, and Menander sitting
on a Bank. Soft Musick is heard.*

K. Mas. Since Love, the brightest Jewel of a Crown
That fires Ambition, and adorns Renown;
That with sweet Hopes does our harsh Pains beguile,
And midst the Javelins makes the Soldier smile;
Since this great Trophy's lost, quite lost to me,
What wretched things must Fame and Empire be!

Men. Yet once your Soul was of another strain,
And still you talk'd how God-like 'twas to Reign,
In mystick Empire to be plac'd alone,
And your Cheeks burn'd when you beheld a Throne;
Ev'n in your Nonage haughty were and bold,
And smiling would your Father's Sceptre hold,
And talk'd, when young, how you would Rule when old.

K. Mas. Ambition then I lov'd; but now abhor.

Mas. What is Ambition Sir?

K. Mas. The Lust of Power.

Like Glory, Boy, it licenses to kill;
A strong Temptation to do bravely ill;
A Bait to draw the Bold and Backward in,
The dear-bought Recompence of highest Sin:
For when to Death we make the Conquer'd yield,
What are we but the Murd'ers of the Field?

Men. In gallant Souls, Ambition is no more
The Bawd of Empire, or the Lust of Pow'r,
Than lawful Mirth is Lewdness in a Bride,
Or Neatness, in a Vestal Virgin, Pride.

K. M.

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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Maf. Then it be so; yet I will out no more,
The Love has wrack'd me on the long'd-for Shore.

but I had a Soul cou'd Storms out wear,
Fist against Rocks, or over Quick-sands steer.

Love, if *Venus* had like *Juno* bid,
Fist as much as e'er *Alcides* did:

I am lost; nothing, *Massina* now;

With Love's each Blast, I like a Bul-rush bow;

I not alter'd much of late?

Maf. Alas!

you look like wither'd Flowers, or Mountain Grass.

K. Mas. O *Sophonisba*, Oh!

Maff. Why sigh's my Lord?

Weak; for I will revenge you with my Sword.

That cruel Vulture's this that tears your Breast?

Like fester'd Wounds, it takes away your Rest.

you will grow mad, I think, you watch all Night,

And with your Groans the croaking Ravens fright.

Who is it that these killing Greifs has wrought,

That bends your Brow, and turn'd you into Thought?

K. Mas. My Sorrows load, alas! thou canst not bear.

Maff. Think you my Soul is capable of Fear?

What is it, for your Sake I cou'd not bear?

K. Mas. *Massina*, thou art all that I wou'd have;

There's nothing after thee, but a low Grave:

Obdurate stubborn Heart, still wilt thou hold?

Observe me, Boy, when thou shalt see me cold,

Crown'd by my Death a longer Line of Woe,

As wrong'd Lover's Ghosts, that sigh below;

Then learn to curse the Author of my Fate.

Maff. What horrid things are these, which you relate?

K. Mas. Thee from thy Childhood I have train'd with

Th' painful Discipline of tedious War:

(Care,

In Mountains bred thee, and on barren Sands,

And led thee near the Sun, through high parch'd Lands;

Show'd thee to chace wild Boars upon the Heath,

And taught thy Infant Hands the Trade of Death.

When I by *Boccar* hotly was pursu'd

And forc'd to plunge into the rapid Flood,

Thou leap'dst in after me.

Maff.

0543

Mass. I did, my Lord.

But you forgot the Whirl-pool in the Ford ;
Where when I struggl'd, and my Strength grew slack,
You dash'd my Fate, and bore me on your Back :
So through the *Hellepont Europa* rode,
Half dead with Fear, though mounted on a God.

K. Mas. But, my *Massina*, there's one Danger more
More dreadful than all those we pass'd before :
Vile Woman.

Mass. Women, Sir, I oft have seen
Dancing with Timbrels on the Flowry Green,
Or like small Clouds upon the Mountains brow ;
But never thought they Thunder bore till now.
I know they are all black, have rowling Eyes,
Thick Lips, flat Noses, Breasts of mighty size.

K. Mas. Thou never yet in shining Courts hast been
Nor the fair part of Woman-kind hast seen,
Who close in *Africk* Palaces reside,
And from th' injurious Sun their Faces hide :
To whom compar'd, these seem all hideous Night ;
But those, like *Cintia's* Silver Crescent bright.

Mass. Is it a Sin to be acquainted, Sir,
With those white Maids, that are so fine and fair ?

K. Mas. Shun 'em *Massina*, as thou woud'st thy Fate
As things which by Antipathy we hate.
Nor all the Horrors of a bloody War,
Not Lyons, Tygers, such hid Fury bear :
Those appear Monsters, but these seem all mild :
None ever yet destroy'd, but still she smil'd.

They are all Grief when they appear all Joy ;
Like Lightning, while they glitter, they destroy.
Lie down, sweet Youth. A fair white Woman was
Of what thou seest me now the cruel Cause ;

Though clear her Form appear'd, without one stain,
Bright as those Bodies which o'er Darkness reign,
Her Soul is blacker than Skin of *Moors* ;
For Fraud with Beauty does his Lodging take.

Mass. Then Beauties Breast is like a Bank of Flowers
That fairly hides a foul and ugly Snake.

K. Mas.

K. Mas. There's not one safe, and fair: all Seas of Sin
 You'dst thou be us'd, alas! as I have been,

you'd make thee Gray; hear not my Story told

Mas. Will Women, if they use me, make me Old?

K. Mas. I had a Mistress once,

her I fought, and did her Cause maintain

ainst the World, upon the list'd Plain:

the Gods too know with what obliging Smiles,

and blushing Joy she prais'd my mighty Toils

and when to kiss her and I bended low,

she made it meet my Lips, and prest'em too

this in Publick; but from sight remov'd,

force were our Joys, and with alone we lov'd

Menan. You may remember, Sir, that I was by,

all'd as a Witness to the secret Tye,

thrice we invok'd the God of Marriage there,

with rich Sabeian Scents perfum'd the Air,

and utter'd sacred Vows, and binding prayer,

K. Mas. When you were gone,

and none but I left with a charming Maid,

that furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade,

with open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,

with pangs I grasp'd her, like a dying Man:

like Light and Heat, incorporate we lay;

we blest the Night, and curs'd the coming Day.

Mas. Now as I love bright Arms, the Story's fine!

tell it all Night; my Lord, the Stars will shine.

K. Mas. Soon as the Birds did on the Morning call

er brighter Eyes a show'r of Tears let fall:

which in my panting Bosom trick'd down,

she prest me close, and cry'd, must you be gone?

then round my Neck her snowy Arms did twine,

she sigh'd; but will you be for ever mine?

will you be true? — and then our Lips did joyn

Mas. Kind, pretty heart.

K. Mas. Her last words were,

hear me, ye Gods, may I be never blest,

Massimissa be not to this Breast

the sweetest, dearest, everlasting Guest.

let she, this fair, this soft deluding she,

forgetting all her Vows, forgetting me!

While

While I for *Carthage* follow'd Wars Alarms,
 Resign'd her self up to anothers Arms.

Enter Lelius, and Varro.

Lel. At length he's found : Rise *Massinissa*, rise ;
 Shake off these Clouds that hang about your Eyes ;
 Glory's in view, and courts us with her call,
 New Storms of War like Hail around us fall.

Var. Fury, that sat at home, on Massy Shields
 Now heaves 'em up, and ranges through the Fields ;
 With all her hundred Whips of Wire she comes,
 And drives despairing Monarchs to their Tombs.

Lel. *Syphax* and *Asdrubal* their Forces joyn,
 With Arms the Mountains and the Vallies shine :
 Ha ! what unwonted Charm your Soul enchains ?
 Is your high Blood congeal'd within your Veins,
 That from the dusty Field you thus retire,
 And seek cool Shades, when all the World's on Fire ?

Var. Kings cast their Silks, and Amour make their Rods
 Instead of Lutes, shrill Trumpets charm the Globe ;
 Yet you from this great Race of Honour run,
 Wave falling Palms, and courting Laurels shun ;
 Why shou'd you *Sophonisba*'s Loss bemoan,
 When *Syphax*, who enjoys her, cries, Come on ?

K. Mas. Ha ! That the base Usurper did but dare
 Meet me alone without his Crowds of War !

Lel. If you die here so silently, you'll fall
 As if Fate knew not of your Funeral :
 And cens'ring Fame will say, when you are gone,
 His Thread of Life was by a Woman spun,
 But, *Varro*, we mistake ; this is not he ;
 This is some Porer on Morality ;
 Some studious Youth, who does the Heav'ns survey,
 And in dull Science fools his Life a way.

K. Mas. Awake ! Where hast thou been my drowsie Son
 In *Lethy* steep'd, or freezing near the Pole ?
 I feel her now my benumb'd Limbs inspire,
 My Spirits shoot, and dart, and mount up higher,
 Like Sparks that scatter from a kindling Fire :
 The Plots of Love inglorious are and dark,
 Blindly he aims, and Night is all his Mark ;

Like Day I'll dart him through and through; I will:

To cure my Honour, I my Love will kill;

Will her my self, cut piece-meal all her Charms;

War; how it sounds! away, to arms, to arms:

Let's go where Illustrious *Scipio* calls;

All be the first shall scale proud *Carthage* Walls;

Wing'd with our Glory, come, my Friends, let's fly,

To conquer bravely, or as bravely die.

Lel. Spoke like your self, thus we our Homage pay;

To look'd *Achilles* when *Troy* lost the Day.

Var. Fierce and Majestick as young *Mars* you stand:

'Tis fit that Look this *Africk* should command.

K. Mas. As Lovers, big with Expectation, burn;

My Soul to Battel does all fiery turn:

Swift as the Gods, in haste out-strips the Wind,

And leaves the Coursers of the Day behind.

Yet stay; methinks I am uneasy still;

What real Pleasure can it be to kill?

Lel. Frail Prince! how wavering all his Actions be,

By Passions toss'd in Love's tempestuous Sea?

War fires the Brave.

K. Mas. Yet War contracts a Guilt;

And the Brave grieve when many Lives are spilt:

Love like a Monarch, merciful and young,

Shedding no Blood, effeminates the strong,

But War does like a Tyrant vex us more,

And breaks those Hearts, which Love did melt before.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Scipio*, *K. Mass.* *Menander*, *Lelius*, and *Varro*.

Scip. THE Scouts of *Hannibal*, have they survey'd
The Camp?

Lel. Your Will exactly was obey'd.

Scip. I hear, my gallant Friend, and grieve to hear,
That you the Chains of *Sophonisba* wear;

In Glory's School you had the foremost Name,
Skill'd in the dark mysterious Book of Fame;

Did

Did those worn Characters with pleasure read,
Which told the Stories of the mighty Dead:
But by this act of Softness you will drown
Those noble Parrs, and forfeit your Renown,
Truant to all the Honour that you had,
Drunk with Love's Tears, with Smiles of Beauty mad.

K. Mas. I strove, Sir, by your great Achievements taught
To drive this Beauty from my lab'ring Thought;
But I as well to Heaven might carry Wars,
And quench the influence of our crosser Stars:
Like those with fatal fires she gilds my way,
And leads me on that I may further stray.

Scip. Then I must angry grow, since you are frail,
And Corrosives apply, where Cordials fail;
To me prove civil; for your self be wise;
You have my Friendship, therefore I advise.

K. Mas. Mean you, my Lord, not *Sophonisba* love?

Scip. As she's the Foe of *Rome*, I disapprove
All Treaties with her: shake her off in time,
Or against Honour you commit a Crime.

K. Mas. And wou'd you have me live?

Scip. When she is dead:

Why shou'd you wish her Life, that has betray'd
Both you and *Rome*? *Syphax*, whom I had wrought,
Her cunning Tongue to side with *Carthage* brought:
By Heaven I swear, if she my Captive be,
I'll use her as the *Romans* Enemy.

K. Mas. You'd have me shake her off and live; I
Whether this Flesh you wear you can forego, (know
And be the same. Here, through my Bosom run
Your Sword; and when the bloody Deed is done,
When your Steel smoaks with my Heart's reeking Gore
Bid me be well as e'er I was before.

Scip. You are resolv'd, it seems, to cross my Will:
But from a Friend I'll construe nothing ill.

K. Mas. O then endure yet more, and let me speak
Without some vent my lab'ring Heart will break:
'Tis as a Friend your Life, your Life I spare,
Not as you, more than King, *Rome's* Consul are,
The far-fam'd *Scipio*, and God of War.

any Man that's brave,
Mistress Injuries with patience hear?
any other in your Cause appear,
d Justifie the words that you have said;
the Immortal Powers, I'll strike him dead.

Lel. My Lord. } *As the King moves forward, Lelius
lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Scip. Your gen'rous Temper, *Lelius*, hold;
shall be hotter yet, to be more cold:
y Virtue all the storms of Passion knows,
s try'd its Calms, its wondrous Ebbs and Flows.
nce a Request so small you can deny,
om greater proofs how wou'd your Friendship fly?

K.Mas. Try me, my Lord, but any other way,
ravens! with what readiness would I obey!
hile Blood kind warmth does to these Limbs afford,
hile I can shake a Spear, or wield a Sword,
ou shall be ever *Massinissa's* Lord,

o on and wander the wide Ocean o'er,
o sail to some unhospitable Shore,
here dreadful Monsters guard the horrid Land;
ough own to Hell I sink, at your Command
I throw my Body on the untry'd Sand:

You'd you have all the *Carthaginians* slain,
er see their Cities level'd with the Plain?
With chearful Toil the business shall be done,
ve me but *Sophonisba* for my Crown.

Scip. To Conquer Enemies abroad's no more
han every Tribune here has done before;
earch all the Army through, and find that one,
ho if I bid, the force of Fire dares shun,
er will not from a Precipice leap down:
t my Command, *Lelius*, wou'd you refuse
o dye?

Lel. My Fate for Empire I'd not lose;
thy Command, Temples and Shrines shou'd blaze,
d spoil their Gods, their Statues, Altars raze,
nd with my Fury make'em dread thee more,
han I fear them when all their Thunders roar.

Scip. To Conquer Kingdoms, and on Scepters tread
but to imitate great Heroes dead: Shou'd

Shou'd you your Arms to the World's Limits bear,
 The mighty *Alexander* pierc'd as far:
 But if ungovern'd Passion you can bind,
 And quench th' inglorious Ardour of your Mind,
 Your Fame shall with that haughty Victor's vie,
 Which all the Eastern Beauties cou'd defie:
 If still you are resolv'd her Charms to trust,
 The World may truly term you rash, unjust;
 And when you perish, say, he dy'd for Lust.

K. Mas. You tax me, Sir, with Crimes I do not know
 But urge me not too far; for I may grow
 Beyond all limits, just Revenge pursue,
 And, blinded by my Rage, let fly at you.

Scip. Unhand him—by the Gods your worst I dare
 A single Arm *Rome's* Consul cannot fear:
 I shine above thee like a Star fix'd higher,
 Whom though you cannot reach; you may admire.

K. Mas. Like *Meteors* rather you false Glory take,
 Whose short-liv'd Blaze, low Earthy Vapours make
 Yet, since with fancy'd Fires you fill the Skie,
 Shall not one Prince at your dread Aspect die?

Scip. How have I err'd? Your Tryal's at an end;
 Heaven! That I e're should call this Man my Friend
 How cou'd my Soul so grossly be o'reseen?
 From all Mankind wert thou selected then?
 O most ungrate! Ill-temper'd, barb'rous King,
 No good did ever from this *Africk* spring.
 Did I for this each *Roman* Friendship shun,
 And to those Savage Arms for Refuge run?
 When with the weighty Cares of War oppress'd,
 Lean'd all my Troubles on that sullen Breast;
 Took no Petition, granted no Command,
 But what was given by *Massina's* Hand?
 What Triumphs did I ever yet design,
 Wherein your Glory might not equal shine?
 Yet for a Woman, and a false one too,
 Your Fame, your Faith and Friendship you forego.
 Still let the great of Favourites beware,
 They most deceive us, who most trusted are.

[The Consul turns

K.2

Maf. Stay, Consul, stay my Friend, my noble Lord;
you then cast me off for one rash word?
e me ever? O you never lov'd

Massina, who cou'd be thus mov'd.
ou please, leave this ungrateful King,
vage, barb'rous, indigested thing.
e'er my Passion did, thou'd pardon'd be,
confess, you are a God to me.

had been more friendly and more kind,
have met the Tempest of my Mind.

But was it possible in this our Strife,
Massinissa should attempt my Life?

Maf. Pronounce my Death, cut off these cursed
e to *Syphax*, bound with shameful Bands, (Hands,
may all the subtlest Torments bear,
er Death no more Reproaches hear.

By this return of Virtue I am made
r yours——Say, do I now upbraid?
se Reproaches?

Maf. O ye Powers, look down,
r me swear by your Eternal Thrones
er this your likeness shall command:
Sophonisba from my trembling Hand,
bey: ——or curse me where I stand.

As your first Trial, strait to *Cirta* fly,
ur'd *Syphax* at his Gates besie.
oops must conquer when led on by you;
his Wife endeavour to subdue:

ubtile working Wit wrought all his Care,
n her beauteous Grievs renew'd the War.

Maf. This youth, my Kinsman, as a Pledge I
the darling of my Soul receive, (leave;
War shall false or faithful be,
just Heav'n do both to him and me.

Ah! if I am that darling of your Heart,
you leave me thus furlorn behind?
e along, or I shall think 'twas Art
de you seem so pitiful and kind.

Maf. Now all the Gods thy precious Life defend.
ng that's fatal sure these Tears portend;

I was not us'd to weep.

Scip. Nor must not now.

At your request we will to *Zama* go;
From hence to *Bagrada* our Forces draw,
To try our strength with desp'rate *Hannibal*,
And keep that famous Conqueror in awe,
They talk'd of giving Laws i'th' Capitol.

K. *Maf.* My Blood boils in my Veins and catch
Such words, such courage. would the Dead inspire:
Yes, we will fight, my Lord, with *Hannibal*,
To bloody 'count his boasted Valour call.

Scip. Like some vast ill-built Tower, so high he grew
His Marble front nods with each blast that blows

K. *Maf.* Our Arms like Thunder levell'd at his Crown
Shall all at once, hurl'd by our rage, rush on,
And in a Moment roll his Glories down.

[*Manet Massina*]

Maf. Was ever Youth unfortunate as I?
But I will be reveng'd on him, and die.
Perhaps to lose me in the Wars he fears,
As if my Soul did not out-go my Years.

Enter Rosalinda.

Ros. I've scap'd with much ado the Tribune's Hand
But 'tis the Consul who must break my Bands,
And send with a pass-port back — Who's there?
What are you?

Mass. First instruct what you are,
And how you came to be thus Heavenly fair:
What is it makes your Cheeks so fresh and bright,
The Red of Roses, or the Lillies white?

Ros. Were you ne're thus before?

Mass. I never knew
Such Agues in my Blood, and Fevers too.

Ros. I'll leave you, Sir.

Mass. You cannot if you wou'd;
You may as easily forgoe your Blood:
Like that, I'll blushing creep about you still,
And my sick Thoughts with silent Pleasures fill.

Ros. What is't you'd have?

Mass. Alas! I do not know;
 something there is which Nature will not show:
 when e're you speak, as at melodious Strains,
 there's something purls and trickles through my Veins;
 like Quick-silver it moves so cold and fast;
 when my Eyes twinkle as they'd look their last.

Ros. It shews like Love: but in its birth destroy
 Passion which scarce pity can enjoy.

Mass. Perhaps you think me born of common Race;
 that Royal Blood does my high Lineage grace.

! do not then put out this harmless flame,
 since from your Eyes the tingling torment came.

Ros. In vain your Passion's ardour you alledge,
 the Fort's impregnable, break up your Siege;
 force, nor Art can the least Out-work win,
 there's one for you too mighty enter'd in:

the haughtiest, bravest, foremost Man on Earth,
 who from the Blood of Gods drives his Birth.

Mass. To his immortal Kindred leave him then;
 he may be better plac'd with Blood of Men.

Who knows but his Divinity,
 Gods will sometimes very forward be,
 by chance take part as you in Love engage,
 to Thunder you to pieces in his Rage?

Ros. 'Tis true, in War most dreadful he appears,
 Cruel, Glorious; dangers thick he wears:
 to amuse you, when you have nam'd all
 his Great and Lovely, think on *Hannibal*.

Mass. Is't possible!

How can Beauty ought that's lovely spy?
 Dreams of Glory waking Youth supply?

Ros. Tho' his Blood mov'd like freezing Currents flow,
 ere his Head whiter than the *Alpine* Snow,
 Youth his Age, into one Piece should grow.

Mass. All you have said, I know, in jest was spoke,
 what should you do with such a sapless Oak?

When a young pleasant Vine so near you stands,
 bows with all his Clusters to your Hands.

Ros. Honour to Youth and Beauty I prefer,
 for the best and bravest Man in War;

And since the World knows none so great as ...
 None else shall Lord of my Affection be :
 In shorter Joys let other Maids delight,
 Those Transitory Pleasures of a Night,
 But I more lasting Happiness design:
 In my Illustrious Warriour's Heart to shine,
 And have my Name on his high Tomb engrav'd,
 This, this is she who *Hannibal* enslav'd.

Mass. Though I no dawn of Comfort can descry,
 Yet in this hopeless Love I will engage,
 And every Thought of Royalty cast by,
 Through all the World attend you as your Page:
 For all my Pains I will not beg one Kiss,
 That were to wrong your mighty Man of War;
 Give a kind look, and I will prize the Bliss
 Above those Hopes which the Ambitious bear.

Ros. Since then you are resolv'd a while to wait,
 As your first Task, shew me the Consul straight:
 My Beauty like a Comet shall arise
 That Temperate Lord of Nations to surprize,
 I'll Thunder in his Ear, and Lighten in his Eyes. [Exe.]

S C E N E The Carthaginian Camp.

Hannibal is discover'd in his Tent, sitting at a Table with Lights.

Han. How great's the Care, the Toil and lingring Pain
 That racks a General's Breast, and breaks his Brain!
Argus a hundred Lights had, I but one,
 Yet all the Day 'tis busie as the Sun;
 And all the Night 'tis watchful as the Moon.
 When shall I sleep from Noise and Business freed?
 'Tis hush'd, but Beauty Business does succeed:
 Beauty which *Jove* cou'd draw from Heav'n's high Tower
 When Nymphs in Groves his God-head stoop'd to adore
 So much he lov'd Delight, above Almighty Power:
 In his deep Blood the soft Contagion ran,
 Staining his Son, that vast immortal Man,
 The Great *Alcides*; who a Distaff made
 Of that huge Club, which Nations could invade;

Hannibal's Overthrow:

21

you'd in his Mistress Glafs kind Looks devise,
 s'ning the Glories of his God-like Eyes,
 I turn'd his mighty Voice to tender Cries
 ce Gods themselves, and God like Men have lov'd
 hy should not I with Beauty's Charms be mov'd?
 e highest Power has Love's blind Mazes trod;
 en *Hannibal* love on, and imitate a God.

Enter Bomilcar.

Bomilcar here? So suddenly return'd?
 u look as if your Journey you had mourn'd.
Bom. My Lord, we were discover'd.
Han. Ha! How then?
 s your lost Freedom given you agen?
Bom. The gen'rous Consul knowing who we were,
 mmanded us to dissipate our Fear:
 en to his Officers gave strict Command,
 let us take a view of every Band;
 t such brave Men, and such strict Discipline!
Han. You speak, *Bomilcar*, as you knew not mine.
Bom. My Lord, your Pardon, if I say these Eyes
 re yet beheld such gallant Enemies.
 en we had seen what might less Spirits damp;
 enerously dismiss'd us from the Camp.
Han. This Civil Brav'ry has oblig'd me so,
 all to Battel with half Fury go;
 ubs enter here, which yet my Breast ne're felt:
 ubs beget Fears, and Fears my Courage melt.
 of my Love, Cousin you nothing said;
 he alive? How I that Answer dread!
 is it possible she can be dead?
Bom. Though in the Search our utmost Wit essay'd,
 nought cou'd hear of that illustrious Maid.
Han. Perhaps his Heart, for Temp'rance so Renown'd,
 m her all-conquering Eyes might take a Wound,
 now he keeps her close: which should he dare,
 th Fire and Sword we'll carry on the Wa.
 we will instantly our Bodies joyn;
 Worl'ds at stake, let it be his or mine.

B. 3

Bom.

Bom. Throw boldly at the Sum which the Gods set,
A hundred Thousand Lives at once are met,
That on your side will all their Fortunes bet.

Enter Maherbal.

Mab. Come forth, my Lord, haste from your Tent
Sights that may chill the fiery, daunt the bold ;
Shrill Trumpets Eccho through the Arch of Heaven,
Battels proclaim'd, and bloody Signals giv'n :
Two Suns their gawdy Chariots Curtains furl,
And at each other brandish'd Lightning hurl ;
Red Bolts rush flaming through a bloody Sky,
Wounding the Air, vast pointed Splinters fly,
Immortal Spirits drop down, and seem to die ;
A Host of Heavenly Warriours bright and gay,
Appointed stand, and ready for the fray :
In Golden Arms their shining Cheifs appear,
Helmets and Shields of Diamonds they wear,
And Spears, with Stars of value set, they bear,

Han. The end of all things sure is drawing nigh.

Mab. Through the void place swift Darts obliquely
Black swarthy Demons hold a hollow Cloud,
And with long Thunder bolts they Drum aloud ;
Their Trumpets all with Sun-beams are inlay'd,
Where dreadful Sounds by fiery Breath are made ;
Mountains are buried in the Womb of Earth,
A Grave they find where first they had their Birth ;
Our Household Gods sweat as they stand, and all
Your Garlands from their Temples untouch'd fall,
A Wolf but now, his Jaws all bloodied o're,
And by his side a Savage foaming Boar,
Your Out-guards fac'd, and slaughter there began ;
Nor stop'd they, but through all the Army ran ;
'Till satiated with Blood, the Monsters fled,
Vanish'd from sight, and in dark Forests hid.

Han. Lead to the place from whence we may see
These dreadful Prodigies that fill the Sky,
Command our Priests a Sacrifice prepare,
To appease the angry Demons of the Air,

SCENE drawn discovers a Heaven of Blood, two
uns, Spirits in Battel, Arrows shot to and fro in the
ir; Cries of yielding Persons, &c. Cries of Carthage
fall'n, Carthage, &c.

Re-enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. What mean the Gods by these phantastick forms?

unprovok'd, why do they raise such storms?

Mah. When dreadful Prodigies like these appear,

sure destruction of some State is near.

General's mov'd, his angry looks dart fire,

noble rage does his griev'd Soul inspire.

Han. Can this be true? Answer ye Powers Divine,

in our Death the Roman Glory shine?

Fate our ruine fix'd? Is it decreed,

at Carthage fall, and Hannibal must bleed?

with unthaken Souls our doom we'll wait,

perish bravely, though unfortunate:

ye malicious Powers, this Hannibal,

from you untimely to destruction call.

What he was, shall like a Soldier fall.

Hanno shiver in the Arms of Death;

loud Reports shall wait our parting Breath:

I'll drown the talking Gods with our last cry,

Earth shall thunder back upon the Sky. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Roman Camp.

Enter Scipio, Lelius, Attendants, Varro, Guard.

'T Is strange that we no News from Cirta hear;
No Soldier thence?

Lel. None, Sir, does yet appear.

Scip. 'Twere fit some Tribune with our Horse should go,

to the Intents of Massinissa know.

B 4

Enter

Enter Rosalinda, and Massina.

Ros. Where is the General? By your Majesty,
And august Garb, you should the Consul be:
If such you are, I charge you set me free.

Scip. Your strict Commands are told in such a way,
The Consul doubts whether he should obey;
Nor know I, Fair One, what, or whose you are,
Wrongfully held, or Prisoner of War. (m)

Ros. By right or wrong, when Beauty pleads
'Tis fit you straight my liberty enjoyn;
To keep me here against my Will, is wrong,
Since I to *Hannibal* the Great belong:
Dare you detain what's his?

Scip. we all things dare,
But would not willingly offend the Fair;
None shall presume your Freedom to deny,
If with the Gift we may your Friendship buy.

Ros. My Friendship? No; to Death I hate you all
All that bears Arms against my *Hannibal*;
A Man so great, I, though a *Roman* born,
Can for his sake, my Friends, my Country scorn;
Who drives the bravest of you from the Field,
As I in Cities make all Beauties yield.
Rome! she's not fit, though she her Head lay down,
To be his Foot-stool, when he mounts a Throne.

Scip. My yet unshaken Soul, with Virtue bound,
No force of War, or Love cou'd ever wound:
But *Mars* and *Cupid* now at once appear,
And strike me with an Object fierce and fair.
How her Eyes shine? what killing Fires they dart!
And all within I feel the fatal Smart.
Away with her, she is a Sorceress, go.

Mass. Stay, stay, my Lord, remember she's your
Besides I love her! and if she depart,
Or suffer any Wrong, 'twill break my Heart.
By all those Noble Promises you made,
When *Asdrubal* in *Spain* before you fled,
And I your Prisoner was, you lov'd me then,
With Gold and Jewels sent me home again,
And hung about my Neck a Diamond Chain.

Scip. At your Request, she shall not go, but stay
with me.

Mass. With you? Dispatch her, Sir, away.
Rival in my Love I cannot bear:

Love-toys, my Lord, below your Greatness are,
they'll take you off the Business of the War.

Scip. Though War usurp the Day, Love claims the
least we'll try this am'rous new Delight. (Night,

Mass. Yes, you may try, but ne'er can please like me;
you'll still be dreaming, Sir of Victory,

storming Forts, and digging Trenches deep,
and call for Arms, and break your Mistress's sleep.

Ros. The serious Trifles of your Love adjourn;
I know I view you both with equal Scorn.

mighty *Hannibal*! thou all Divine,
thy loyal Heart shall never be but thine;
how little these compar'd to thee? how low?

Scip. Trophies as great, and Conquests we can show,
more noble as those which his fam'd Arms adorn,
more from as dire Dangers Victory hath torn.

Ros. 'Tis true, some Glory you achiev'd in *Spain*,
and *Carthagina* by Surprize did gain,

but your late Conquest poorly did conspire,
pretending Peace, you set the Camp on Fire:

but you will loudly talk of *Roman* Fame,
when all your Eagles Dove-like flew so tame:

but *Hannibal* with Noise to War proceeds,
shakes the World start at his unequal'd Deeds;

like some rolling Whale, who as he laves,
with his bright Armory gilds the Waves;

shakes the frighted Nation from his side,
that pale and foaming Furies far off ride,

over all the watry Region does Command,
the Ocean's Lord, and Tyrant of the Land:

while your tame Legions, like the smaller Fry,
lie silent on, and only twinkle by.

Scip. Take her, *Massina*, bear her from my Tent,
Freedom, Chains, to Death, or Banishment:

nor her where I may never see her more.

[*Massina leads her off.*
She's

She's gone, and now I am as heretofore,
 My panting Heart with Thirst of Glory burns;
 Fame flies before, and beck'ning Fortune turns,
 Bevers and Bucklers, Swords and Massie Shields,
 And all the wanted Objects fancy yields,
 Black Hills, and dusty Plains, and bloody Fields,

Enter Maherbal.

What art thou? 'Tis the Consul speaks.

Mah. From *Hannibal* I come with you to treat,
 E'er Fortune half the frighted World defeat:
 The Grace which for his Spies you did command,
 He thanks you for: But with his Sword in Hand;
 He who ne'er yet a Parley wish'd with *Rome*,
 Since War is to the dreadful upshot come,
 Would hold Discourse with you of the Earth's Doom.

Scip. 'Tis granted; where's the Place?

Mah. On *Zama's* Plain,
 Attended only with five hundred Men;
 Soon as the Morn's first Blushes shall appear,
 Expect the Terror of your Armies there.

Scip. Wou'd it were done, the great Decision made,
Rome Crown'd, and in the Dust great *Carthage* laid.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Laurels, and all the Trophies Conquest yield
 Colours and Standards, bought with Blood in Fields
 King *Massinissa* does to *Scipio* send,
 His God-like Master, and his War-like Friend.

Scip. Relate in brief the Progress of his Arms.

Treb. Soon as King *Syphax* heard our dread Alarm
 He sent some Troops of Horse abroad to scout,
 Which were by equal Number put to rout.
 Urg'd with Despair, and by his charming Wife,
 Whose Beauty has been fatal to his Life,
 He came in Person forth, to end the Strife,
 Our Battels join'd, and fiercely it was fought,
 Till to the last Extreame our Troops were brought;
 When *Massinissa* more than Man appear'd,
 And with his overflowing Valour clear'd
 Those mighty Odds, which first our Soldiers fear'd.

Scip. Some wondrous Act of Fortitude was shown,
Which could resettle Troops half Overthrown.

Treb. Where e'er our General turn'd Death mark'd his
Whom he ey'd, with his cold Arrow strook; (Look,
The some vast Flame he made his glorious Way,
And all about him Desolation lay.

Hab. whose Name he made to Heav'n resound,
With Cries of echoing Joys at last he found,
Embling, though with his Guards encompass'd round,
As if as Revenge could dart, he on him flew,
From from his Horse with his Hands force he drew,
And pierc'd his Heart in both the Armies View:
Which seen, with one Consent the Soldiers fled,
And all Hopes was with their Monarch dead.

Scip. *Cirta* should after such a Loss, in course,
Yield to the Victor's dreaded Force.

Treb. It did, Great Sir: To *Massinissa* now
The gravest Lords with willing Homage bow;
Here, as I did amongst the Foremost ride,

Was wish'd the Queen might prove the Victor's Bride.

Scip. I rather wish thou could'st not Conquest boast.
And that the King were with the Battel lost.

Cirta, Lelius, instantly repair,
And make that subtle Queen our Prisoner:

Massinissa should oppose you, say,
As my Command, who swore you to obey. [Exeunt,

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, and Bomilcar.

Han. My *Rosalinda* free'd, and in my Tent?

What wherefore was that Stranger with her sent?

You hast a Tempest rais'd within my Mind;

Speak, was this Youth so fair, and she so kind?

Bom. Your *Rosalinda's* Beauty did appear

Bright as Noon-day; all piercing, brightly clear;

And he who led her seem'd so soft and young,

As if that Pity handed Love along;

And Tears did so his blushing Cheeks adorn,

As though the Sun came usher'd by the Morn.

Han. Cease thy unwelcome Praise; what did she say?

Bom. That she wou'd there for your appearance stay:

I bow'd and went, but being Curious grown,
 I stoop'd a while, to mark that Fair unknown:
 When she with languishing Intreaties said,
 Is this your Love? shall I not be obey'd?
 Be gone, be gone, if *Hannibal* should come,
 And but inspect, Death were a certain Doom.

Han. Peace, Harbinger of Fate; with Ravens dwell
 Thy Tale at Mid-night to the Dying tell:
 Oh! it has pierc'd me like a poison'd Dart,
 Which by Degrees infects the Blood and Heart;
 And now it higher mounts, divides my Head,
 Where like a Plague its pointed Venoms spread,
 My Brain ten thousand various Tortures turn;
 Now Agues chill me, and now Fevers burn.
 Oh *Rosalinda*! False, ungrateful Maid,
 Am I for loss of Glory thus repaid?
 But let's away, to my Pavilion lead;
 That Ravisher of all my Hopes shall bleed. [Exit

Enter Rosalinda, and Massina.

Ros. Why will you stay? if you did ever love,
 Let me conjure you, from this Place remove.

Mass. Permit me as your menial Servant stay,
 And near your Person sigh my Life away:
 Is that so much?

Ros. It cannot, must not be,
 That you should idely spend your Hours with me:
 You, like the Golden Planet of the Day,
 Should as you rise, all Glorious, set all Gay;
 A generous Pity does my Heart subdue,
 Which bids you now eternally adieu.

Mass. Say, your Disdain — Alas! how can I part
 Methinks I go as if I had no Heart:
 But since you are resolv'd it must be so,
 Near to some murmuring Brook I'll lay me down;
 Whose Waters, if they should to shallow flow,
 My Tears shall swell 'em up that I will drown.

Enter Hannibal, Bomilcar, Asper.

Ros. Massina, stay; I strictly charge you live,

Han. Not Heav'n, nor Earth can grant him a Reprie

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ce *Hannibal* has vow'd that he shall die:

Bomilcar bind him, bind him instantly:

Ye *Rosalinda*! — Bear him from my sight,

and shade his Beauties with Eternal Night.

But for this at last we meet again?

Would you had still the Consul's Captive been:

Ros. Oh *Hannibal*! can you resist my Tears?

What change is this your stormy Temper wears?

I shall not die, *Bomilcar*, *Asper*, stay,

as I command you; dare you disobey?

Han. Be gone, he dies who listens to her Pray'r;

Let off his Bracelets, let him Shackles wear,

With Fetters fret his soft and supple Skin;

To light a Penance for so foul a Sin. [*Massina is taken away*]

Ros. If *Rosalinda* yet has any part

Left in that cruel, yet renowned Heart,

His Stranger's Freedom instantly enjoyn,

And you shall ever be the Lord of mine.

Han. How dar'st thou plead for him, false as you are?

Prefer, if possible, than thou art Fair:

In his behalf no Intercession make,

His Torments shall be doubled for thy Sake.

Ros. Henceforth wrong'd Innocence from Courts retreat,

Be thou best, but rare Companion of the Great:

Since thus abus'd, ah! visit him no more,

But rest thy Sorrows at some Shepherd's Door.

Han. Oh Guilt! canst thou to Innocence appeal,

Or to this Youth such Kindness did reveal?

Ros. If Pity Kindness be, I was most kind,

And all my softness to his Greifs resign'd,

What but Marble Hearts cou'd see him mourn,

Or so much Sweetness with such Sorrows scorn?

Han. Pity like yours that does so swiftly move,

Is the Fore-runner of approaching Love.

Ros. Unworthy of the Honour you possess;

Passion's great, wou'd I cou'd make it less:

Now, most Unjust and Jealous, therefore vain,

Jealousie's great Weakness in great Men;

My constant Soul did for thy Glory wave,

For Rich, the Young, the Beautiful, and Brave.

My

My Charms the cold and temp'rate Consul felt,
 Whilst Beauties Beams did fiercely on him play:
 The Frost, which long had bound his Heart, did melt
 And Love like Sun-shine thaw'd his Ice away.

Han. Your Looks methinks have quite another Air
 Nor doubt I but your Beauty has been try'd,
 So faint Loves Colours in your Face appear,
 Like Silks that lose their Gloss by being dy'd.

Ros. That *Scipio*, nor this Prince, whom cruel you
 Have bound, cou'd nothing on my Heart prevail,
 Is as Heav'n's high Decree most justly true;
 And I am innocent, as thou art trait.

Han. Alas! 'twas Innocence to say, be gone,
 If *Hannibal* shou'd but inspect, you're dead!

Ros. Compassion, for a Love I could not own,
 Urg'd me to speak: what you have heard, was said,
 Therefore release him instantly from Bands,
 And yield him safe into the Consul's Hands,
 Without Delays or murmur'ing free him strait;
 Or may your Lawrels never more be green,
 Nor may your Arms in War be fortunate,
 Nor *Rosalinda* but with Frowns be seen.

Han. Stay, Madam—Haste, the Captive Prince unbond
 My Heart to others rough, the Soldier's Crime,
 As Rocks to Seas, or stubborn Oaks to Wind,
 Shall bow to you, as those must yield to Time:
 Forgive my Temper, harden'd with the Steel,
 In which I stood almost immortal Man,
 Till Love let fall a Blow, that made me reel,
 And pointed Beauty through my Armour ran,
 Can you forgive the rudeness of my Mind?

Ros. Foregoe your Jealousie, and I'll be kind.

Enter Massina unbound.

Han. May a rash Man, wrong'd Prince, your Pardon

Mass. No, Sir, my Pardon you shall never have; (cra
 For know I hate thee on a double Score,
 Much for thy Love, more for Tyrannick Pow'r:
 Princes who have like me dishonour'd been,
 Should blush to be dishonour'd so agen

ll, die, dispatch, to Fortune's Malice bow,
 y Royal Uncle would not own thee now.
 e proffer'd with the World, I wou'd not take;
 t I could live for *Rosalinda's* Sake:

ask *Hannibal*, wilt thou thy Share resign?

Ros. He may, but I can never part with mine.

Mass. How, never?

Ros. Never.

Mass. O unkind hard Heart!

ve when he (hot me, sure mistook his Dart,
 chang'd with Death, whose quick Destroying Shaft
 us drinks my Blood, thus with a full deep Draught.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Ros. Hold cruel Prince; the Dagger from him wrest.

Han. Too late, alas! I drew it from his Breast.

Ros. What have you done?

Mass. Only my Body drain'd.

that sick Blood, which *Hannibal* had stain'd:

hat less than Death could I to Honour give?

d Love neglected charg'd me not to live.

ow you may take him, take him to you all,

is cruel, haughty, happy *Hannibal*.

Han. The bus'ness of our Life's a senseless thing;

ny burns th' ambitious Man to be a King;

to what purpose does the Warrior call

Arms? or Gown-men bustle in the Hall?

ort for the Gods, they whirl us here and there,

Boys blow warry Bubbles in the Air.

Help!

Mass. Ah! let me not be touch'd by thee,

Foes may capable of Pity be.

ur *Rosalinda* seize, and with her fly

Golden Beds; embrace her fast, while I

thin my dark and dusty Dungeon lie.

[*Dies*]

Han. Crouds of ill-boding Thoughts my Soul dismay.

Body to the Roman Camp convey,

rs'd in a mourning Chariot softly tread,

look so sad that they may think you dead.

Ros. This your Suspicion of my Honour was.

the Effects where Jealousie's the Cause.

Ah

Ah cruel *Victor*, I cou'd curse thee now;
 Wish all thy Lawrels blasted on thy Brow.
 Love sickens, with this Deed, my Transports fade,
 Would we were both in Earths low Cavern laid
 Curtain'd with shady Horrors, where the Sun
 And Stars their fiery Courses never run,
 But all the Business of the World is done.

Han. Oh that my Heart, her future State could
 Know to what Good or Ill this Life's design'd.
 Prudence against such Knowledge may advise:
 But who of all Mankind was always wise?
 For the great Secret to the Gods I'll go;
 And if they fail me, fathom for't below,
 Though hid by Fate under a thousand Rocks,
 And drag it up by the dark jetty Locks.
 Let it as ghastly as a *Gorgon* come,
 Stiff with the View, I will out-gaze my Doom.

SCENE the City of Cirta

Enter King Massinissa, and Menander.

[*Trumpets sound a lofty March*]

K. Mas. Was ever Victory so swiftly won?
 We scarce had leisure to demand the Town:
 Their Gates were open'd with such Haste and Fear,
 As if our conquering Swords enchanted were.

Men. *Syphax*, the great Usurper of your Throne,
 Is to revenging Furies downwards gone:
 In Hell's low Valleys grown the darkest Weed,
 And sells the Stings that make Ambition bleed.

K. Mas. Straight to the Palace bid our Forces go
 Where *Sophonisba* does her Losses mourn.
 We'll visit that forsworn illustrious Fair,
 To let her see how unconcern'd we are.

Men. Since you have promis'd that you would forsake
 Why should your Virtue needless Trials make?
 Love, 'tho scarce warm, within your Bosom pent,
 Fann'd with her kindling Sighs, may get a Vent:

Heat which stifled in some closer space,

Air gets in, fires all the place.

Maf. Dar'st thou suspect? I say, it cannot be:

Air, or its wing'd Rangers, Liberty?

Like the Wind, as the wide Ocean free,

enlarg'd Soul rolls wantonly along,

near unmov'd the warbling *Siren's* Song;

ing her Eyes, her Falshood I'll upbraid,

those rude Wrongs she on my Virtue laid.

En. Your Majesty best knows what's fit to chuse;

ably offer'd what you may refuse.

Maf. Perhaps my present Rage I may not keep;

he has Words would make the Cruel weep;

Charms as powerful as *Circe's* Wiles;

wish'd Virgins Sighs, or Infants Smiles.

more blind with Rage than she with Tears,

re the Cunning which her Sorrows wears,

opes will laugh at, and despise her Fears.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Sophonisba, Rezambe and Metna.

Soph. Rome and the World against my Life combine;

anks I'm still a Queen while this is mine.

h *Massinissa* has the King o'erthrown,

is Victorious Troops possess the Town;

Sophonisba is, and shall be free,

of the frighted Senators Decree.

lush to see this Life so glorious shine;

ear their Eagles Eyes should dazl'd be with mine.

if I have ought from thee deserv'd,

eful thus, and thou hast nobly serv'd.

Not for the World.

Rezambe, thou art brave,

and the *Carthaginian* Glory save,

will the Just, the Valiant, and the Wise,

thy Virtue, and thy Courage prize?

urst the Softness of thy Sex forego,

ee thy Country with one desperate Blow;

that will even *Hannibal* out-do.

C

Rez.

Rez. Rather than I would live to see those Hands
Which Kings have kiss'd, fetter'd with *Roman Bands*
That Body like a Pageant Wretch adorn'd,
Gracing the Victor's Wheels your greatness scorn'd:
Rather than this endure, by all that's good,
I'd bathe this Dagger in your Life's warm flood,
Till the Haft reek'd with your Hearts Royal Blood.

Soph. O thou most noble Martial Maid,
If by thy Eyes my Soul could be survey'd,
Thou wouldst believe what cannot be exprest,
How dear thou art to *Sophonisba's* breast.
Thy Voice, like sad, but pleasing Musick flew;
Like dying Swans, 'twas sweet and fatal too.
Now strike, and bravely act thy Tragick part:
Just here, strike through and through this wretched Heart.

Rez. Death's our last remedy, as 'tis the worst:
'Tis fit you try the Victor's Mercy first.

Prince *Massinissa* lov'd you once; who knows
But the same passion in his Bosom glows?
Blow it into a Flame; try all your Charms;
Love laughs at brandish'd Swords, and glittering Arms.

Mer. Never was Man like *Massinissa* kind;
By Nature mild, and amouously inclin'd.
Not vanquish'd *Syphax* dying fell so low,
As this charm'd Prince will to your beauty bow.

Rez. Imputed Treachery you ought to clear;
Let Guilt shrink back, and Innocence appear:
I'll hide the Ponyard in my robe; if he
Dooms you a Slave, this gives you liberty.

Soph. When breach of Faith joyn'd Hearts does
The calmest Temper turns to wildest Rage:
He thinks me false, though I have been most true
And thinking so, what may his fury do?

Rez. His Trumpets Clangors make the Palace
Here wait your Fate, and this Victorious King.

Enter King Massinissa, Menander, Attendants

K. Mass. Madam I come to tell you that you are
No more a Queen but Prisoner of War.
The King; whose loss 'tis probable you grieve,
To whose lov'd memory these tears you give,

Judgment is to Heav'n's Tribunal gone;

I now come to claim my Father's Throne.
in the War have been unfortunate;

but your Cause deserv'd a better Fate.

ph. Of Empire's Joys to you a Gift I make,
e willingly than I did ever take.

ly as ever *Syphax* made it mine,

Massinissa I my Crown resign.

(despise.

Mas. Not as your Gift; Crowns I should then

as my Right by Birth and Valour's Prize,

Father *Galla's* Diadem I'll bear,

all the Royalties of *Cirta* wear.

ph. These Springs of Grief unkindness now supplies,

Mas. *Syphax* deserv'd that Tribute from your Eyes.

ph. There is a Cause more worthy of these Tears.

Mas. More worthy? what, than *Syphax*? for your

he not Fame and Empire Victims make, (Sake,

ng Love over-measure; when at last,

hrew his Life up for you as a Cast?

ph. If what I speak might kindly be receiv'd —

Misery can never be believ'd.

Mas. Not you believ'd! O Gods, is it clear day?

manifest are all things that you say.

you believ'd! what hardned Infidel

dare to doubt the Oracles you tell?

ph. I will, when sorrow shall permit me, speak;

ture my Heart must with unkindness break.

Mas. 'Tis possible; yet, Madam, e're I go,

efs your will, for I have much to do:

Men I have not plac'd; my Father's Throne

have not fill'd; I must, I must be gone.

ander, do we Triumph?

en. Bravely, Sir;

like your self, and more than Conquerour.

z. *Merna*, we're lost: with a haughty scorn

urns away, and smiles to see her mourn!

ph. Are you not *Massinissa* call'd?

Mas. I am.

ph. Have you not heard of *Sophonisba's* Name?

who unmov'd your high disdain endures;

Sophonisba who was always yours. C 2 *K. Mas.*

K. Mas. Oh Heavens!

Soph. Whom wasting Cares did all the day deny
Who watch'd all Night, counting each tedious hour
And never found that there were Joys in Power.

K. Mas. Ha! *Sophonisba*! yes I knew her well
That Angel fair, and lov'd her e'er she fell.
Oh, *Sophonisba*, hadst thou but a Mind
Half beauteous as the Case where 'tis enshrind,
Thou wert; — but she is dangerous to name:
My Reason's snatch'd by my tempestuous Flame.
Menander help ———

Or I shall sink in the Abyss of thought,
My Vows, my Friendship, Glory, all forgot:
As when we launch into the Sea, the Land
Goes backward, with the Trees, and all the neighb'ring

Men. Be gone, my Lord, you're ruin'd if you stay.

K. Mas. What, from the vanquish'd shall we run?

Men. Still there's some hopes, since at her Name
And now he Eyes her with a kindling Look.

Rez. With that last Glance methought Love flash'd

K. Mas. Yes, Madam, this is *Massinissa* here;
I am (to thy Confusion be it known)

A walking Grave with Sorrows overgrown,
With rooted Cares, and every baneful Weed,
That nightly Watchings and pale Troubles breed.
Once I was free from these, and flourish'd fair,
Like a tall Tree I blossom'd in the Air;
My chearful Friends like Birds about me sung;
Free from the Charms of thy deceitful Tongue,
And ripening Hopes blooming around me hung.
Till thou, fair Murd'ress, didst like Lightning fall
And blasted Blossoms, Branches, Root and all.

Soph. O, *Massinissa*, hear I this from thee?

K. Mas. 'Tis equally a Truth from him or me;
Or any here — why, Madam, not from me?
But if my Presence should a Trouble prove,
I will for ever from your sight remove.

Soph. Stay, *Massinissa*, stay, my Life, my Soul,
Why do your Eyes with such strange Motion roll
Your Fury in this Heart that loves you hide.

K. Mas. Where does the Searcher of the Soul

through blind tracks finds out a Woman's Heart?

There's a bar, a stop to all his Art,

you'd not swear that such a Love was true?

Do I not love you? by the Gods I do.

Maf. Oh thou Dissembler! once this would have

thy practis'd Wiles at last are known. (done;

she talk'd, and so she wept before,

with that beauteous honest Look she swore:

if I stay, I shall believe again;

thou greatest Pleasure, greatest Pain.

By all your Loves, this cannot, must not be;

cruel Words could not be meant to me.

who love you with a Heart entire,

more lasting than the Vestal's fire;

whom am indeed all one Desire.

since, thy Love is all my Light and Health,

treasure I would hoard, my only wealth:

not that from me.

Maf. 'Tis but vain Delay.

Unkindly urg'd; why do you turn away? [*Kneels.*

Will not go, 'till you have left me dead.

Years 'till now were never vainly shed.

My Sighs, my Vows, ye Powers above,

Power like me could ever love.

Kindle your fires, and thaw his frozen Heart;

you, dread God of Love, try every Dart.

cannot stir.

Maf. What means this rising Flood?

[*Weeps.*

Nature will start at such Ingratitude:

on after Ages this disgrace,

ly Monsters make of Humane Race;

me thou.

Maf. She shall not; yet she shall;

rips my Heart, and cries, she'll have it all.

her Eyes resistless Majick bear;

I see, and Gods are dancing there.

Madam, rise; each Sigh, each soft'ning Glance;

my loud Wrongs; I'm hush'd and in a Trance.

His Sighs flow from him with so strong a gale,

his Soul would through his Lips exhale.

Soph. Con'd you be thus? on your poor Mistress's face
What was my fault, alas! What have I done?

K. Mas. Nothing; why, nothing; only this thou
My Life, my Soul, my Spirits, Blood, and Heart.
Whose Hands least thrilling touch does please above
The very Act of any other Love.

Gods, how she charms! none sure was e're like thee
Nor wild as I; Storms borrow rage of me,
But thou art soft, and sweet, and silent all,
As births of Roses, or as blossoms fall.

Soph. This Rose that sticks so near your Heart will
When planted by your hand in Death's cold shade.

K. Mas. By mine; Not Savages would harm thee
On whose refreshing Pillows *Jove* might rest, (breast)
And with Immortal sweets be ever blest.
So fair, 'tis well thou art not faithful too;
I cou'd not bear my bliss if thou wert true.

Soph. Think me not false, though I did *Syphax* love
Who ever was a stranger to my Bed.
Forc'd by my Father's positive Command,
I must confess I suffer'd him my hand:
Heaven curse me if I ever granted more;
Cou'd I be his, having been yours before?

K. Mas. Why do you stop? still as a statue long
I stand, nor shall the Wind presume to blow.
Speak, and it shall be Night: not one shall dare
To sigh, though on the Rack he torrur'd were,
Nor for his Soul whisper a dying Prayer.

Soph. Make your love long, and let it burn less
These sudden Raptures are too hot to last.

K. Mas. Right, Madam; long if we such Joys
The furious Transports of delight would kill.

Menander to the Temple led away,
By my clear Fame this is our Marriage day,

Soph. Your Fame does far above all censure sit,
Free from the taunts of low repining Wit.
Kings though they err, should never be arraign'd;
But if I yield, my Glory will be stain'd.
What will the World report of such a Bride,
Who marry'd the same day her Husband dy'd?

Mas. Since *Scipio* is your mortal Enemy,
I must be so upon necessity.

yet will not molest you being mine.

ph. Then to the Gods let me my breath resign.

Mas. Can you consent, rather than be my Wife,
to hazard Honour, Liberty, and Life?

ph. But, Sir——

Mas. But, Madam, say what you can say,
I ought not, must not, and I cannot stay,
a minute more casts both our lives away.

ph. Know, mighty Prince, I was, and am the same;

though the World this Act may justly blame,

I'll be yours, and in that way you name,

I first, by all the Gods and Glory, swear

never than yield me up *Rome's* Prisoner,

if you some fatal token will present,

to free me from inglorious Punishment.

Mas. I swear by Heaven, by Glory, and by Arms,

nothing more, by your own Conquering Charms,

I shall be ever from the *Romans* free;

by Death will give you Liberty.

ph. Now lead me where you please.

Mas. A taste of bliss.

God of Marriage seal our Vows with this; [*Kisses her.*

Fire, and flames, the sweets of *Hibla* grow,

from her Lips Ambrosial Odours flow.

Sad melancholly Monarchs Counsel take,

by advice, and fullen Nuptials make;

I prefer what thus my Arms infold,

all the Wealth that Earth or Seas can hold,

Riches of Diamonds, or the Hills of Gold.

Not of proud *Rome*, and all her haughty Meen

as My Mistress, and I shall be my Queen.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bellona's Temple.

*An Altar is shown, with a Souldier lying upon it, and
but his Head: Aglave, Cumana, standing each
Tripos, with Daggers in their Right-hands, and
fers in their Left.*

Agl. **E**’ER we our solemn Rites begin,
The Sacred Cavern purge from Sin :
About the dreadful Altar go;
About it Incantations blow.

Cum. The dire Oblation thus we drain,
And with his Blood our Temples stain :
The Screech-Owl warns us with her Note,
Strike your dagger in his Throat :
Gash him deep, and suck his Blood ;
Prepare his frighted Ghost a shrowd.

Agl. Rise, ye Sulph’rous Flames, arise;
Consume the baleful Sacrifice :
That of his Ashes we may take,
And clotted Cinders with ’em rake,
And Viands for *Bellona* make.

Cum. Our Goddesses smil’d ; ’tis done ; ’tis done ;
The *Romans* have the Battel won :
From yonder Battlement of Heav’n
I saw the *Carthaginians* driv’n.
They fly, they fly : The Consul there
Pursues ’em through long tracks of Air :
He puts their General to rout ;
And drives ’em like a Storm about.

Agl. Our Goddesses shall have Death enough ;
Her Shrine with fat of thousands stuff,
With goary Heads her Altar fill :
And Tuns of Blood upon ’em spill.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar,

Cum. But loe, who comes? what, what are these
That pry into our Mysteries?

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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3

k, speak, *Agave*; I'll be gone,
 or *Businefs* know, I'll come anon;
 Fit of *Prophecy's* come on.

Goddeſs does the *Tunnel* wind,
 ſacred *Horrors* ſwell my *Mind*,

[Exit.

gla. What are you? and what is it you would know?

an. Men call me *Hannibal*, *Rome's* dreadful *Foe*:

after many *Battels* loſt and won,
 I've to periſh, or my *Conqueſt* crown.

Day the *World's* great *Empire* muſt decide,

what the *Gods* and that great *Day* provide,
 wiſh to know, who dare the worſt abide.

gla. *Cumana* to the ſacred *Tunnel* cleaves,
Breaſt enlarg'd, the *Goddeſs* now receives,
 now ſhe rages like a *Bacchanal*,

in *Fury's* aſſet, rends the *Holy Veil*:

of the *Deity*, about ſhe roams,

as, gapes, and on the hallow'd *Curtain* foams:

her hot *Fleſh*, grovels upon the *Ground*,

as, dances, kicks the *Golden Tripods* round.

*er Cumana ſcratching her Face, ſtabbing a Dagger
 into her Arms: Spirits following her.*

Sings.

ath the *Poplar's* *Shadow* lay me;

raging *Fires* will their diſmay me:

ſome *Silver* *Current* lying,

er ſleepy *Poppies* dying.

ell and am bigger than *Typhon* e'er was;

a ſtrong *Band* of *Brass*, O bind me about:

my *Body* ſhould burſt, for the *Secret* to paſs,

a *Vent* being given, the *Fury* get out.

not, I will not be vex't any longer;

My *rage*, I grow weak, and the *Goddeſs* grows ſtronger.

She ſpeaks.

Hannibal to *Zama* tend,

valour *Scipio* ſhall commend.

near *Bagrada*, on the *Plain*,

ſhall be thouſand *Romans* ſlain:

Thou

Thou with thy old *Ita'ian* Band
Shalt put the Consul to a stand.

Sings.

*Hark, hark, the Drums rattle,
Dub a dub to the Battle.*

Tararara, Tararara the Trumpets too rattle.

Now, now they come on, and pell mell they mingle.

What rustling and bustling;

And Splinters of Lances with broken Arms jingle,

Gold Trappings, bright Bevers, Swords, Bucklers and

The stout Man flies on, and the faint-hearted staggers.

See, the Saddle-Girts burst,

And the General's unhorst;

But he rallies agen,

And brings up his Men,

Spight of Fortune and Fate,

And the Gods that oppose;

He hacks, and he hews,

Through the Hearts of his Foes.

Cease, Goddess, cease, thy Servant to torment;

My Lungs are with Prophetick Fury spent.

The struggling Fates within my Bosom turn,

And Heavenly Fires my trembling Heart-strings burn.

When will thy Godhead let me rest,

Too mighty for a mortal Breast?

Agla. Cumana, to a Period haste:

You shall have Ease when you have done;

And sweet refreshing Slumbers taste,

Upon the Borders of the Moon.

A Dance of Spirits.

Cum. Lo afar off the curst Bythinian Band,

A poyson'd General rules upon the Sand.

Gods, how he swells! how bloated is his Look!

Death from the Pummel of his Sword he took.

Han. Shall Romans fall by Carthaginians Swords,

And Carthage sink? what mean these mystick Words?

polish Bard as much as this might tell;
a white Witch, without the Aid of Hell.

ere I must know; speak *Rosalinda's* Doom:

all the Losses of a Battel come,

by *Scipio* in the Dust our Glory foil,

I'll bear the frowns of *Mars*, if *Cupid* smile.

Agla. Too curious Mortal, seek not what once known,

thy snatch your Sleep, and make you ever groan.

For Fate crowds back, and would not come in View;

not too far th' unwilling Gods pursue:

He one, who rashly dares give Spirits Chace,

they fly a while to some dark ruin'd Place,

rough Caverns run, through Cloysters dog him round,

dance before him over *Fairy* Ground;

Thurg'd too far, a Face all pale and sad

runs quick upon him, and the Fool runs mad.

Dom. Let's go, my Lord; I am not us'd to fear,

yet methinks I dread to tarry here.

Mab. Heaps of the Slain I often have beheld,

and with my Battel-ax have Hundreds fell'd;

here I'm shaken, th' Object's too funest,

rather see a Javelin at my Breast.

Jan. *Aglave*, by your Goddess Arms I swear,

will not from the sacred Cavern stir,

if you have clear'd my Doubts; though every Star

your dread Call start from his flaming Sphere;

though from her Orb, close mantled in a Cloud,

the Moon slide down to wander in this Wood,

though with your Charms the Sun dissolve in Blood:

from the depth of Destiny below,

all the Terrors of your Majick show.

Agla. Beneath those burthen'd Branches stand,

from the Spirit I command.

He, appear thou whom his Soul does love,

Heart with Visionary Horrors move.

*Rosalinda rises in a Chair, Pale, with a Wound on her
breast, two Cupids descend, and bang weeping over her.*

Jan. Shall *Rosalinda* then untimely die?

false, and all these damn'd Deceivers lie.

Facing

Facing thy Fate, with my Sword I'll stand,
 Back'd with my conquering old *Italian* Band,
 With the same haughty Fierceness rushing on,
 Which the *Saguntin's* City thunder'd down:
 Like *Troy's* young *Hero*;
 Who, while the World about him did admire,
 His Father bore through Night, Death, Blood and Fire
 Spite of opposing Hell, and War's worst Arms,
 So I will bear my love upon my Arms.

Bom. To Horse, my Lord; and leave this cursed Place
 Let's go and instantly the Consul face.

Mah. No more in this damn'd Sorcerers confide;
 Permit my Sword her Body to divide:
 Or from her Corps cut her enchanted Head,
 And her black Brains upon the Altar shed.

Han. We'll go, *Maherbal*, with to Morrow's Dawn
 On the vast Plain our Squadrons shall be drawn:
 Yet for some Minutes Battel shall decline;
 We'll see this Consul e'er our Bodies join;
 And if on equal Terms a Peace may be,
 For *Carthage* Sake I'll court my Enemy,

Bom. 'Tis just you should Deliberation take,
 With Caution deal, and manage the last Stake.

Mah. Your Armies are the Cards which both men
 At least come off a Saver if you may. (play)

Han. But like *Sol's* Off-spring, swell'd with danger
 He to the Management of all aspires: (Fie)

Alone the Scepter of the World would sway,
 Alone would rule the Heav'n, and drive the Day.
 Like that indulgent God, I'll first advise:
 Shew him the Tracks through which Ambition flies:
 If deaf to all, let him ascend the Throne,
 Snatching at Glories which must weigh him down;
 Like *Jove* we'll toss him from his glistening Chair,
 Sign'd in the Clouds, hissing through liquid Air,
 And dart him headlong like a falling Star. *Exe*

Enter Scipio, meeting *Lelius* disarm'd; Varro Trebelli

Scip. *Lelius* return'd! and sad! Tell the *Event*.

Lel. Too late, my Lord, I was to *Cirta* sent;
 For e're some thousand Paces got from hence,
 I *Massinissa* met, that wretched Prince:

Not as I us'd, arm'd with a Warriour's Grace,
 Like *Mars* when thundring on the Plains of *Thrace*
 In a Chariot drawn by Milk-white Steeds,
 Like soft *Adonis* driving through the *Meads*,
 And *Sophonisba* leaning on his Breast,
 Like *Venus* with her wanton Huntsman blest.

Scip. Are these his Vows? Some new way me must try;
 Rather than live Dishonour'd, he shall die.

Lel. Soon as the Tyrant *Sypbax* was overthrown,
 With Menaces he forc'd the frighted Town:
 Which entred, straight he to the Palace flew,
 Forgetting all his Vows, he lov'd anew;
 The Conquer'd did the Conqueror subdue.

Short, her Tears, and Beauty won so far,
 View of all the World he married her.

They are arriv'd and now upon the Plain;
 A Pavilion Royal do remain.

Scip. *Trebellius*, go, this subtle Charmer bring:

Like all our Guards t' assist against the King:

And say that we'll attend him in his Tent;

At first expect the Queen be Prisoner sent:

All him, she is the *Roman's* Foe; and shall

Sacrifice for Blood of Thousands, fall. [*Exeunt severally*]

Enter King Massinissa, Sophonisba.

K. Mas. Let him arm all his Pow'r against this Breast,

My Heart unmov'd shall stand the mighty Test.

What I have sworn shall like thy Virtue last;

(Firm) Hold thee to me as my Heart-strings fast.

O Soul of Love! all charming Excellence!

Whose very Looks drives stormy Troubles hence,

And all the Blessings of the Gods dispense.

Why dost thou tremble? let not fawcy Fear,

Make thy Heart pant, or cause thee shed a Tear.

Soph. Alas, my Lord, 'twere better I were dead,

My cold Grave safe from these Troubles laid:

Rather ten thousand Racks let me endure,

Than once be brought into the *Roman* Pow'r.

Be true, that you have deeply sworn you wou'd

Attend me

K. Mas. To my Heart's last drop of Blood;

Or may I by some Coward mangled lie:
 And Dogs and Vultures tear me as I die.
 The Tygress will revenge her ravish'd Young,
 'Midst Darts, and Spears, and Javelins rush along:
 The Clown, so low and Ignorant of Fame,
 Will venture Life to save his swarthy Dame:
 And shall not I for thee waste all this Blood,
 Thou softest Blessing, and the sweetest Good?

Soph. I know not what the Gods for you intend;
 But 'tis most certain I am near my End:
 Not that Death's darkeſt Horror I can fear;
 But Bondage is a Load I cannot bear.

K. Mas. Quir all thoſe Fancies that diſturb thy Re-
 And caſt thy Melancholly on this Breſt.
 This Heart is ever thine.

Soph. O my lov'd Lord,
 If you ſhou'd break —— but you will keep your Word
 Keep all your Oaths; yet Heaven and you know beſt,
 Some ſurfeit with their Love, as on a Feaſt,
 And then they loath when once their ſatiated;
 But you'll remember me when I am dead.
 From theſe dear Eyes to endleſs Shades remov'd,
 None e're will love you ſure as I have lov'd.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Guards wait without. — My Lord, you muſt
 The Queen. whom I have order to confine.

K. Mas. Touch her not for thy Life, but ſtraight re-
 Safer thou may'ſt with Thunder Play, kiſs Fire,
 Grapple with Death, a Peſtilence invade,
 With all his fatal Purple Pomp array'd.

Trebellius goes to ſeize her, Maſſiniſſa kills him.

Treb. Cut off in my full Growth! curſe on your Son
 To die thus, when I Buſineſs had for Life!
 Juſt *Scipio* will revenge my Death, beware;
 I feel I'm going, though I know not where.

K. Mas. Nought but thy Blood cou'd waſh thy Guilt
 What durſt the Rancour of thy Heart diſplay,
 And ſully with rude Hands the faireſt Piece
 That the Gods ever drew. Your Troubles ceaſe:
 I'm in; and now no hope of Safety's nigh,
 Yet ſtill a King, we will attended die.

like a brave Merchant,
 who when his long-toss'd loaded Vessel hits
 against some Rock, and with loud Horror splits;
 first grasps one Casket which does all contain,
 then fearless, shoots himself into the Main:
 I with thee, my only Wealth, my All,
 amidst the numerous slain at last must fall.
 The Noise comes near: Here safe retire from View;
 Glory and Love shall teach us what to do.

Enter Scipio, Lelius, Varro, Guards.

Lel. Trebellius slain! and in a Woman's Cause!
 Come to our Arms, Disgrace to Honour's Laws.
 That Flames of Mischief from this Spark might rise?
 'Tis just with Rigour you his Fault chastise.

Scip. Yet Massinissa, thou shalt dearly buy
 thy ill-got Love, and fatal Gallantry.
 He on in wanton Ways, bask in her Charms,
Mars she is a Victim to our Arms.

King Massinissa meets him.

K. Mas. Your high Displeasure in your Face I spy:
 When the great *Scipio* frowns, great Danger's nigh.
 The Fact I must confess, done in Defence
 Of Beauty wrong'd, and helpless Innocence.

Scip. Where is that fair Incendiary fled?
 To extremest Rigour we proceed,
 Strictly charge thee bring her forth to bleed:
 On thy Person I will Vengeance take;
 And thou shalt perish for thy Mistress's Sake.

K. Mas. With greedy Joy I offer you my Life,
 By the Gods you'll swear to free my Wife.

Scip. You shall not for her Sake have leave to die,
 Nor will I give her Life or Liberty.

Rome, not for your Sake, this War was wag'd,
 And only as a Volunter engag'd:

Therefore whatever Towns, or Captives fall,
 By your Hands, they are the *Romans* all.

K. Mas. Then thus I draw; think it not Insolence,
 'Tis not meant, Sir, in my own Defence;
 To preserve a sacred Innocence.

In their bright Thrones perhaps the Gods will glide,
 And range themselves in Battel on my side: Be-

Beneath a Cause so just I cannot fall ;
I, and the Gods, will fight it with you all.

Scip. Thou deem'st thy Lust an Action great and good,
Death ought to cool this Fever in thy Blood.
With me contending, against fate you strive,
Yet I will Pity shew ; take him alive.

K. Mas. Ingloriously you have a Conquest made,
That Breast my tim'rous Arm durst not invade.
My Heart, though prompted by her powerful Charm
Fainted before the Master of my Arms.

Nor shall you yet my Soul's lov'd Treasure reach,
My Body thus dams up the narrow Breach :
And he who dares —————

Rashly on this forbidden Earth to tread,
I'll grasp his Soul, I'll spurn him to the Dead.

Trumpets within, enter Menander. (*Scip.*)

Scip. What means this mournful Noise, whose tragick
With solemn Horror does my Thoughts confound ?

Men. O, sacred Sir.

Scip. What, Soldier, all in Tears ?

Men. Sorrow her self close Mourner now appears.

The Prince *Massina* slain : see blasted there,
The Hopes you lov'd, the Darling of the War.
That beauteous Captive who with you did treat,
He to the *Carthaginian* Camp did wait :

Where *Hannibal* ot's Beauty jealous grown,
Cast him in Bands ; but when his Birth was known,
As soon unbound ; but then Despair did move,
Despair of Glory, and despair of Love :

Which when the Royal Youth had rashly weigh'd,
And Fate with murmuring Thoughts a while delay'd
A Ponyard from his Robe unmark'd he took,
And to his Heart the deadly Weapon strook.

Scip. Behold, of furious Love the dire Event !
Yet *Massinissa*, wilt thou not repent ?

Behold the Pledge you left, for your Default.
By Heavens high Justice to Perdition brought,

K. Mas. Was ever Man thus wretched, and durst
Yet will I not one Tear to Nature give ;

Bankrupt-like I lavish what's not mine,
 My Stock of Sorrow, Love, is thine.
Tip. Remove the Prince's Body from his Sight,
 Too much Grief should to Distraction fright.
 If thou'lt bring her forth we will forget
 All daring Rashness, which is Passion's heat;
 With Glory with Laurels we'll advance,
 With due Praise thy valiant Acts inhance:
 A Pile of Honour this Right hand shall build.
 Why dost thou weep?

Mas. Because I dare not yield:

Sir, my Love I never can betray,
 Though you have touch'd me in the noblest way.

Tip. Canst thou both Promises and Threats refuse?

Mas. Death, or what's worse, you only bid me choose.

Tip. Bring forth thy Love, and Life thou shalt enjoy.

Mas. Is that a Life? Your purpose act; destroy:

On all your Javelins Points against this Breast;

Let it not of Love be dispos'd.

Tip. Must I, who can command, thus vainly sue?

Mas. My stubborn Heart Death only can subdue.

Tip. Then take that Death which you so little dread.

Enter Sophonisba (dead;

Tip. Stay, Tyrant, hold; first thou shalt strike me

Dead on, with thy brave Sword rip up my Breast,

And fix my panting Heart on thy proud Crest;

Let it hang, thy Valour's Trophy grown,

That all the wondring World let it be shown:

None but Fools the Conquest may deplore,

That all the Brave admire the Conquerour.

Conquerour so great, with one sole Blow,

Thou'd even *Hercules* himself out-do,

Heavens! he durst attempt, (what shall I say?

For Words his Heart's fierce Grandeur can display?)

That of Blood he durst a Woman slay!

Tip. When Ladies rail, a Soldier should be mute:

For I have no leisure to dispute.

Which did to *Troy* Perdition bring,

When e'er you come, your Eyes Destruction fling.

When will your thirsty Charms with Blood be cloy'd?

For Kings you have like that fair *Greek* destroy'd;

Spight of your Pride, you shall to *Rome* be led;
And there, for all your Witchcrafts, lose your Head.

Soph. On with thy Threats, thy violent course pursue
Enjoy thy bloody Wishes, Tyger, do;

Barbarian, for in *Rome* thou wert not born;
By such a Wretch her Glories are not worn,
Unless when drest up to be Sacrific'd:

To thee, the *Moors* and *Goths* are civiliz'd.

Gorge thy self, *Saturn*, make my Flesh thy Food,
And laugh when thou art drunk with a Queens Blood.

K. Mas. All will be well; fair Excellence, retire,
Add not fresh Fuel to the dying Fire.

Soph. To you, and Heaven, my Heart must ever be
Consul, with thee I am not angry now.

Scip. Observe, ungovern'd Prince, with how much
This Royal Foe we, if we would, might seize;

Yet, on your promise that she shall not go,

'Till we the Fate of War at *Zama* know,

We will permit her in your Tent remain.

But oh, my Friend, break this inglorious Chain,

Contrive some means to keep your Faith with me;

And set your Heart from that curst Chamber free. [Exit]

K. Mas. O rigid Honour, must we separate then!
Lose all the Sweets of Life to Purchase Pain!

Men. If she were dead, your Glory were secure.

K. Mas. But could I then this wretched Life endure
Without her live? it's fatal to refuse,

And Glory ruins me if Love I chuse.

What help, *Menander*?

Men. 'Tis the Sport of Heav'n,

When Ships on Rocks are in the Harbour driv'n:

Having through thousand stormy Dangers past,

In prospect of your Bliss, you're wrack'd at last.

K. Mas. Like one, who having scap'd the Waves, and

To some lone Rock, and there more wretched lives;

Half famish'd, on the rugged Flint he stands;

Viewing with watry Eyes the distant Strands,

And past his call, Men walking on the Lands:

With Sighs he swells the Wind; and looking round,

Mourns his sad choice, or to be starv'd or drown'd. [Exit]

Hannibal's Overthrow.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hannibal and Scipio.

ART thou the Chief whom Men fam'd *Scipio* call?
Scip. Art thou the much more famous *Hannibal*?
Han. Since by our partial Fate it is ordain'd,
 I, who have such dreadful Battels gain'd,
 torrent like, which from some Mountain falls,
 from the Cloudy Alps, to *Rome's* proud Walls,
 should now at last for Peace inglorious sue?
 Think the Gods that they have chosen you
 reap that Honour by this Interview.
Scip. In civil Praise, and from so brave a Foe,
 Courage does a sense of Pleasure show:
 Words inspire me with such vast Delight;
 All scarce be more to vanquish thee in fight.
Han. 'Twas much the Gods to our Fore-fathers gave;
 you should *Italy*, we *Africk* have.
Africk Arms much *Roman* Blood have spilt;
Carthage has the *Roman* Fury Felt:
 say'st thou, *Scipio*, is it Peace or War?
 Invasion made by us we will repair:
 give you *Cicily*, *Sardinia*, *Spain*,
 all the Islands which our Arms did gain,
 at *Italy* and *Africk* on the Main.
 boyling Courage does to War Incline.
 Glory more than Profit you design,
 Fortune once did on our Genius shine:
 long Experience, and the Chance of War,
 as me at present certain Peace prefer:
 not at Scepters, which may turn to Rods.
 day is yours, to Morrow is the Gods.
 That your late Landing upon *Leptis* Coast,
 'd those Hopes which drooping *Carthage* lost,
 must confess; we know you are that Man,
 the Glory to the utmost *Thule* ran;
 in a Winters Camp, in Battels bred;
 yet a Stripling durst an Army head,

Whose very Name could make the Romans mourn,
 And forc'd dead Groans from every hollow Urn:
 The boldest Senators begun to droop;
 Yet when all fainted, I alone stood up,
 And fac'd that Storm which threaten'd from afar;
 Shot Warmth, and rose upon 'em like a Star:
 To *Africa* came, and in few Months retriev'd
 All that your Arms for many Years achiev'd.
 Peace I refuse, unless you offer more:
 You give nought yet but what was ours before.
 Since all the Neighbour Kings our Actions eye,
 It rests at last we should our Fortune try;
 Let one Victorious be, the other die.

Han. Gods, that the glorious *Hannibal* should be
 To be refus'd! It shall be Battel now.
 Forgetful *Hero*, could'st thou court the Son,
 Twice by whose Force his Father was o'erthrown?
Scipio, thou may'st too late repent thy Pride,
 And vainly in thy Death this Fury chide.
 On *Fabius* think, *Rome's* Shield, her Guard from *Han*
 Her Sword, *Marcellus*, broken by my Arms:
 Remember great *Emilius* slain by me;
 And then think last what may thy Fortune be,
 E're yet the Day be done,
 With Seas of Gore we'll drown the neighbouring *W*
 And yonder Sun shall set in *Roman* Blood.

Scip. Prepare to hear thy last Alarms.

Han. In Battel we shall meet: to Arms, to Arms.

Enter Rosalinda in Man's Apparel.

Ros. Thus dress'd, and with this Warlike Weapon
 What hinders but an Army I lead on:
 O cruel Nature, why didst thou disgrace
 So brave a Spirit with a Female Face?
 All Women wou'd, but sure no Woman can,
 Be chang'd into that Lordly Creature Man.
 However with this Garb I fit my Mind,
 Whose high Ambition has great Things design'd:
 I'll out, and chase, if *Hannibal* succeeds,
 And if he falls, then *Rosalinda* bleeds.

Hannibal's Overthrow:

B

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. Both Wings are lost, the *Carthaginians* yield,
Caius Lelius drives 'em through the Field:

Gauls and the *Ligurians* quit their Ground;
Massilian King does all confound:

With such swift Force his Arms our Troops assail,
 Hurricanes toss Showers, and scatter Hail.

Oh Wild as our Elephants, about heraves,
 He tramples on those mercenary Slaves,

So scouring through the Field avoid his Stroke,
 Fly like Flocks of Doves before a Hawk.

Mah. Your valiant old *Italian* Troops stand fast,
 Obliv'd to fight your Battel to the last.

Conquering Consul riding o'er the Plain,
 With all his Officers and bravest Men,

Hastati and *Triarii* this way comes,
 With Trumpets sounding, and with beat of Drums.

Han. Auspicious *Juno*, thou that didst e're while
 Support our Cause, and on our *Carthage* smile;

Support our Arms this bloody dreadful Day,
Hannibal shall the Foundation lay

Of such a Temple sacred to thy Name,
 Where was found in the Records of Fame. [Exeunt]

Enter King Massinissa, Lelius.

Mas. Their Flight has wing'd the Cowards; let 'em
 Be worthy by such conquering Swords to die. (fly,

Time we to the Consul should repair,
 To join our Forces, and conclude the War:

E N D of *Hannibal* and *Scipio* fighting, the Consul
 Ground: *Enter K. Mas. and Lel. and beat Hannibal off.*

Scip. Gods, what prodigious Valour have you sent,
 What rewards are worthy to present!

Massinissa! What impetuous Swiftness Fortune's Wheel
 Did with thy Strokes! how did the Valiant reel!

Lel. As when some distant Lab'rer hews an Oak,
We see his Arm rais'd for a second stroke,
E're the first blow's report can reach our Ear;
So flagg'd our Sense; nor could it reach him there.

Scip. Th' Italian Troops shrunk from his Martial Foe
But *Hannibal* himself did last retire:

All Lion like,
Whom a bold Band of Huntsmen having found,
And dar'd to rouse, he rouls his Eyes around,
Lashing his Sides, and tearing up the Ground,
With Trouble from th' unequal Skirmish goes,
Majestick stalks, and turns upon his Foes:
So from the Fight went the great General,
Proud in his Loss, and rising in his Fall.

Enter Soldiers skirmishing, Rosalinda falls.

Ros. Heav'n thou hast done thy worst, there needs no
Bold with my Overthrow, I brave thy Pow'r, (more)
And shake the Glass that holds my latest Hour.
O *Hannibal*! did I for this design
This Heart, this Youth and Beauty only thine?
Pride and Neglect on every Lover hurl'd,
Scorn'd him that conquers thee, and all the World?
From me, lost Heroe, learn, be great and die:
The Brave should bleed for Loss of Victory.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar:

Han. Carthage is lost, and *Hannibal* c'erthrown;
What is there left that we may call our own?
The bleeding World *Rome* does by Conquest claim,
And swells the Prize with our revolted Fame:
Yet spight of Fate our Length of Earth we have,
Thus vanquish'd, Glory shrowd thee in a Grave.

Bom. Hold, General; the Gods your Death forbid;
Vengeance is due, first let false *Hanno* bleed,
Who cut the wings of Conquest till she fell.

Mah. By me he shall be headlong sent to Hell:
Where Fiends for Treason kindle double fire:
Then let the famous *Hannibal* expire.

Hannibal's Overthrow;

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Ros. Sure I the Name of *Hannibal* did hear;
Herbal, tell me, is the General there?

Mab. Approach, my Lord, view well this wounded
 in your *Capuan* Mistress I have seen. (Fair:
 same Majestick Air, and charming Mien.

Man. Ha! thou hast rows'd a Thought that racks me
 in all the Losses I in Battle bore. (more
 er I dream, or in this closing Eye
 dazled Senses *Rosalinda* spie.

Ros. Where do th' Ambitious rest? O *Hannibal*;
Man. What art, that dost upon the Wretched call?

Ros. One that's more wretched, and more rash than
 would to *Fate*, and not to *Scipio* bow. (tho

Ext. guis'd, and dying *Rosalinda* see,
 mourns in Death thy Loss of Victory:
 last Disgrace.

Man. Dire Goddess, of this War
 true I find all thy Presages are.

Gods have given a double Overthrow,
 'd I had bravely perish'd by my Foe,
 ch'd in the Field, this Loss I had not known,
 should my tortur'd Soul thy Ruine moan.

Ros. Is it so hard our Wishes to obtain;
 Hearts with bleeding lose Love's burning Pain.

Man. O dying Fair, look up, revive a while;
 one short Joy eternal Care beguile:

setting Sun, all curtain'd round by Night,
 its Departure gives a larger Light.

Ros. Flow faster Blood; it will not be, I fear;
 Wound's to small, Death cannot enter here,
 shall I stay behind when Honour's fled?

Man. Live, and I'll raise that Honour from the Dead.

Ros. Renown runs on, like Time, but ne'er turns back.

Man. Then we that swift Renown will overtake:

haste where Glory baits, to every Hold,
 mount new Fame till we out-strip the old.

Ros. Dear *Hannibal*, alas! I wish I cou'd:

will not be; Life trembling takes the Flood,

well nigh swallowed in waves of Blood.

Woman Glory shines too fatal bright,

with its gathering Lustre dims my Sight:

Eternally adieu: my Body take,
Chaste and entire I kept it for your sake: }

'Tis the last Present that I now can make. }

Han. For ever gone; all her sweet stock of Breath
Spent in one Sigh; the Riot of Rich Death.

Now by my Arms the Gods too partial are,

Or else they envy'd my full Trade of War:

Which cou'd so vast a state of Beauty buy,

As far surpass'd the Manors of the Sky.

Dead *Rosalinda*—

Bom. Raise you from the Ground,

And let not Love your Virtue's Force confound;

Where is that Heat and haughty Courage gone,

Which against Nature's Lets, your Troops led on?

Mab. Think you for nought the Gods such Valour gave

You should prop Thrones, and falling Kingdoms save

Bury'd in Thought, and deaf to Honour's Call,

Your Soul beneath her mighty pitch does fall.

Han. *Maherbal*, no; astonish'd thou shalt be;

We dare be brave in spight of Destiny.

Though robb'd of all the Riches Love could give,

And stript of Glory too; yet we will we live:

Courage is form'd of the Etherial Mold,

And round it Bands of Adamant are roll'd.

To this still haughty Breast such Fire is given,

I could the Summons meet of Hell or Heaven:

Could, like the great Eternal Mover, sway

The World in Arms, and teach him to obey.

'Twas noble Grief that lately chang'd my Form,

But I am ruffled now into a Storm.

Bom. Your Mistress Body hence we will convey,

And in some hallow'd Vault her Relicks lay.

Mab. Like Pilgrims, once a Year we'll mourning

And on her Urn sad Yew with Cypress throw,

And all our Stock of Tears and Sighs bestow.

Han. For ever, brightest of thy kind, farewell,

Who wert too worthy, therefore early fell,

As the young *Phenix* does, in sacred Myrrh,

His Father's Dust to the Sun's Temple bear,

So in Fame's Houses shalt thou honour'd be,

And every God shall have a grain of thee.

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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Mab. Since Glory with her last Breath she profess,
My wish'd Dominion widen all your Breast.

[*Drum*] *Han.* Haste, haste, *Maherbal*, and fresh Levies make;
Honour that did but now calm Slumbers take,

All like the Ocean in a Tempest wake:

We'll pass new *Alpes*, new Consuls overthrow,

Rome with far more dreadful Armies go,

Forcing the *Appian* and *Emilian* way,

The *Suburra* we'll pursue the Fray;

Or stop till *Rosalinda's* Statue, Crown'd,

Sits in the Capitol with Gods enthron'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Scipio*, *K. Massinissa*, *Lelius*, &c.

Scip. I grieve, brave Prince, so often to deny;

We must a Captive be, or we must die.

K. Mas. I know she must, if you will have it so;

But Pardon may be granted to a Foe:

Spare her then; as you would be forgiven

At your last Hour, when you prepare for Heaven.

Scip. Learn to ask Blessings; those you shall not want:

This is a Curse, which I can never grant.

Take one, who in a burning Fever lies,

And begs for Water, if he drinks, he dies:

Like a wise Physician, thwart your Will,

And vanquish your Distemper with my Skill:

K. Mas. For the Gods Sake, for Friendship, Glory, Love,

For all that's good below, or blest above,

Let not at last my well-taught Courage droop;

Break not the Heart, which you have foster'd up.

On *Sophonisba*!—Give her to my Prayers,

To these fast rising Sighs, and falling Tears:

No other Crown I ask as Valour's due,

For all that I have done, or all that I shall do.

Go, at your Knees, behold a Monarch fall;

Yet more, your Friend, and then I have said all.

Scip. Let not your passion Royalty degrade;

Oh, Valiant Prince, I've thought of what you said.

And as your Friend my Temper cannot keep,

Shed your Misfortunes, and like you can weep.

Curse

Curse *Roman* Tyranny, and wish you were
For ever joyn'd with that unhappy Fair.

K. Mas. O you have blest me!

Scip. Massinissa, stay;

You only heard what Friendship bid me say:
But as *Rome's* Consul, and the Lord of Power,
I now command you never see her more,
Unless the View to her may fatal be;
This is my last immurable Decree.

K. Mas. Is your feign'd Pity come to this? your Tears
Falsely than those which *Egypt's* Monster wears?
Tyrannick *Rome*! Barb'rous are all thy Laws;
Have I for this, in thy accursed Cause,
Starv'd Life, by lavishing her precious Food,
My Spirits lost, emptied my dearest Blood,
Fought till I Rampiers made of Bodies round;
So mark'd with Fate, that I appear'd one Wound,
Yet rais'd thy bleeding Eagles from the Ground?

Scip. Think no more on't; her Memory forget.

K. Mas. Cut me to Atoms, tear my Soul out; yet
In every smallest Particle of me,
You shall the Form of *Sophonisba* see:
All like my Soul, and all in every Part;
Bath'd in my Eyes, and bleeding in my Heart.

Scip. Lelius, Secure the Queen.

K. Mas. Stay *Lelius,* stay;
I've done, my Lord, and will your Power obey:
The Queen shall die, on a King's Word she shall;
She must a Victim for the Empire fall.
How am I now?

Scip. For *Sophonisba's* Loss,
Your Arms *Numidia's* Empire shall engross.
For your late Gallantry at *Zama* shown,
Kind *Rome* presents you an Imperial Crown,
Salutes you King. Now all your Grievs desie;
Thus we embrace thee as our Brave Allie,
Give your Grief Truce: thus prais'd, and thus adorn'd
Let all the Beauties of the Earth be scorn'd, [Exit

K. Mas. Scorn'd be your Glory more, and *Roman* Pride
While I in Winding-Sheets embrace my Bride,

'tis decreed that we must never part,
 e'll be one Spirit, as we're now one Heart :
 averse the glittering Chambers of the Sky,
 rn in a Clowd, in view of Fate I'll lie ;
 d press her Soul, while Gods stand wishing by.

Men. My Lord, If you would hear.

K. Mas. What canst thou say ?

Men. Reason's a Rebel when high Passions sway.

K. Mas. And such art thou ; yet speak, what shall I do ?
 trust me to be greatly false, or true.

Men. The Queen must die.

K. Mas. Ha ! must ? no more.

Men. She to the Gods is given, or *Roman* Power.

K. Mas. Neither ; she shall not die ; nor shall she live
 e *Roman's* Slave ; I'll give her a Reprieve.

Men. But how ?

K. Mas. Why thus : I'll kill my self, kill thee,
 ne, *Carthage*, all the World ; and then she shall live free.

Men. Glory or Beauty 'tis ordain'd you lose.

K. Mas. O *Rome* ! O Heaven ! both equally my Foes !
 s ever Heart thus miserably torn ?

ere ever Woes like mine so calmly born ?

m the Contagion of my Troubles take
 much as might the Spring a Winter make,
 eze the hot Blood of a crown'd Conquerour,
 mp the wish'd Joys of a young Bridal Pair ;
 then I shall have more then Man can bear.

Men. When Virtue thus oppress'd, Mankind does see,
 at fearful dreaming Fool, will Pious be ?

tyrtyrs no more, shall Racks or Flames require,
 a dying wish ; but only Life desire,

murder Priests, and Temples set on Fire.

K. Mas. Why, ye immortal Gods, is all this Care ?

y do you drive your Creatures to despair ?

I upon my Throne sate King of Fears,
 Orphans wrong'd, or drunk the Widow's Tears :

I brav'd Heav'n by some Outragious Sin,
 these Afflictions there had reason been :

'tis all well, I no Injustice have ;

Gods but take the Being which they gave.

Menander.

Menander, haste, two Bowls with Poison fill;
And, when I call, like Fate, come forth and kill.

Men. 'Tis a dread Deed to which you urge my Hand.

K. Mas. It's glorious too, dispute not my Command.

Men. I'll not presume to fathom your deep Thoughts;
But straight your Will shall by your Slave be wrought.

K. Mas. Love and Ambition have their utmost done,
'Twas Love allur'd, Ambition led me on.
Like a rash Boy, who a steep mountain climbs,
Big with brave thoughts of reaching Heaven betimes,
He puffs and blows, and mighty pains he takes,
Plies all his Strength, and much ado he makes;
But having reach'd the Top, he views aloof,
The fancy'd Heav'n, and all the painted Roof,
So did Ambition draw me with a Wile,
And fleeting Love my tow'ring Hopes beguile. [Exit]

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. The Consul is return'd with Conquest crown'd,
Triumphant Voices rend the ecchoing Ground,
And to the Heav'ns the Trumpets Clangors sound;
Yet I no News of *Massinissa* hear:
Should he be slain, which I with reason fear,
Most lost of Women, desperate, undone,
What could'st thou do? what Gods could'st thou atone
Abhord, thou must to angry *Rome* repair,
And all the Cruelties of Bondage bear.
No, *Sophonisba*, think what thou hast been,
The Mistress of two Monarchs, twice a Queen.
If thou must fall, bravely resign thy Breath,
And be above the *Romans* in thy Death.

Enter King Massinissa.

Oh, my lov'd Lord! are you then come at last?
Are you alive? and do I hold you fast?

K. Mas. Best of thy Sex, and dearer than my Life,
The fairest Mistress, and the gentlest Wife!
So great and glorious, Emperours envy thee;
And art so good that the Gods envy me.
They sent thee here, but as an Angel Scout,
With a short Lightning view, to gaze and out:

Hannibal's Overthrow.

61

ments of Hell, and Racks of Destiny!
You must, oh that I live to speak it! die.

Soph. Blest Sound! we shall not then to Rome be lead;
Solemn Triumphs have in Honour's Bed.

his last Alarm my drooping Spirits cheers,
when the Warriour his lov'd Trumpet hears;

his Martial Blood begins to warm apace,
and boils, and flushes in his kindling Face,

and much he longs to strive in Glories Race.
Heak Death again, my Guard and sure Defence;

hears a mighty Sound, and mighty Sense.
K. Mas. O keep thee there, now, while thy Virtues

and dart Divinity, I'll give the Blow. (glow,
come forth, *Menander*, with those fatal Bowls,

whose Juice, tho' it the Body's Force controuls,
revives the Mind, and slacks the Thirst of Souls.

Enter Menander, with two Bowls.

Give me the Draught.

Soph. What means my Royal Love?

K. Mas. By your bright self, by all the Powers above,
An Angel's Eloquence my Soul shall move.

to die with thee, and thy dear Honour save;
What greater Glory could th' Ambitious have?

will build a Palace for me in the Grave.
Not but that in the Agonies of Breath,

tremble when I think upon thy Death.
Soph. Thou best of Men, whose Fame, where-e'er it

shall draw up bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes, (flies,
not your Soul tremble for me; for I

in fear no Torment, but to see you die.
K. Mas. Then cheerfully let's go; here's to my Love;

and to our Meeting with the Blest above. [*Drinks.*
Soph. Give me the Bowl, mark if my Hand does shake;

the fresh springing Blood my Lips forsake,
daunted to my Lips, the Draught I lift,

as to my Lord, this is his Nuptial Gift. [*Drinks.*
K. Mas. *Menander*, faithful Confident, farewell,

ste, and our Story to the Consul tell.

On

On thy Allegiance go without Reply,
 Thou should'st rejoice to see me bravely die. [Exit Me]
 How fares my only Love? my first, last Dear?
 The Sweets of thousands Springs are blowing here.
 All in thy Sighs;

Soph. Ah, give your kindness o'er,
 Or we shall live, and feel the *Roman* Power.
 Methought Death touch'd me with a chilling Pain;
 But your warm Kisses shot thro' every Vein
 A kinder Heat, and kindled Life again.

K. Mas. Thus let us launch into Eternity :
 Sink in Death's Bottomless and Boundless Sea :
 Like drowning Friends, link'd in imbraces fast,
 Our Arms, Love's Nets, about each other cast.

Soph. What could long Life, or Empire give like this

K. Mas. Thy Love is Empire, and Eternal Bliss.

Soph. I go, where shall we meet?

K. Mas. The Gods can tell.

Heaven's Peace, and golden Slumbers with thee dwell

Enter Scipio, Lelius, and Menander.

Men. See there, Great Sir, th' Effects of your rage
 The Victims you have offer'd up to *Rome*. (Door)

Lel. What cruel Eyes could Pity here refrain,
 Beholding two such Royal Lovers slain?

Scip. These unexpected Objects so amaze.
 My Reason, I could ever on 'em gaze.
 Since thou, most great and lovely Prince, art dead,
 War's Marches *Scipio* shall no longer tread :
 With *Carthage* Peace we'll instantly conclude,
 Which, hadst thou liv'd, our Arms might have subdu'd
 To *Rome*, our Drooping-Eagles then shall steer,
 Where after tiresome Honours, we'll repair
 To some small Village, *Lelius*, thou and I,
 And study not to live, but how to die.

PROLOGUE to the University of OXFORD.

Written by J. Dryden, Esquire.

THE SPIS the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes sung Ballads in a Cart :
Prove this true, if Latin be no Trespass,
Tur & Plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis,
Æschylus, says Horace, in some Page,
The first Mountebank e'er trod the Stage.
Athens never knew your Learned Sport,
Losing Poets in a Tennis-Court :
Tis the Talent of our English Nation,
To be plotting some new Reformation;
Some Years hence, if Anarchy go on,
Presbyter will here erect his Throne,
Hack out a Tub with Preaching once a Day,
Every Prayer be longer than a Play :
All you Heathen Wits shall go to Pot :
Disbelieving of a Popish Plot :
Shall we want the Sentence to depart,
In our first Original, a Cart.
Nam, Dun Scotus, must tho' Learn'd go down;
Chief Supporters of the Tripple-Crown:
Aristotle, for Destruction ripe,
Say he call'd the Soul an Organ-Pipe;
By some Little help of Derivation,
Thence be call'd a Pipe of Inspiration.
Wiser Judgments further penetrate,
Late found out one Tare amongst the Wheat.
Is our Comfort none e're cry'd us down,
Who dislik'd both Bishops, and a Crown.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE, Spoken by Sophonisba at
Playing at OXFORD.

TO this Learn'd Audience gladly we submit.
At once our Action and our Poet's Wit,
Whose shades well pleas'd to these fam'd Seats repair,
To hear the Muses breath their Native Air :
Free from the partial Censure of the Town,
Where senseless Faction runs the Poet down :
Where fluttering Hectors on the Vizard fall,
One half o'th' Play they spend in noise and brail,
Sleep out the rest, then wake, and damn it all.
To you the labour'd Scene is better known,
In which no Poets have excell'd your own :
When some fam'd Hero on the Stage is seen,
You straight reflect, such was his God-like mien ;
To such extent did his vast Conquests swell,
He Reign'd thus Glorious, thus untimely fell :
Knowing th' Original, you the Copy praise,
And crown the Artist with deserved Bays.
Thus to their Merits we our Poets leave,
But for our selves your milder Censure crave,
That all Defects i'th' Action you'd impute
To our straitned Stage, 'tis ours, the Womens suit.
The Gown to Beauty never was unkind,
But form'd by that th' Ideas of the Mind.
'Twas from the Schools our first Respects we gain'd,
Who of our Sex their Sciences have feign'd.
Thus were the Muses, thus the Graces dress'd,
And Plato thus his Vertue has exprest.
We know what's due to Sophonisba's Fame.
And more to Rosalinda's Chaster Name.
Nor can we wholly ignorant appear
Of those Learn'd Languages that flourish here.
Be not surprized if we invade your Right,
And Ovid's or Catullus Loves recite,
Or pass from Virgil's Labours of Æneas,
To Menin aeide thea Peleiae & Achilleos.

F I N I S.

at
hair,
suit.
ain'd,

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
NERO,

Emperour of
ROME;

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal,

His MAJESTY's Servants.

by NATHANIEL LEE, Gent.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.

My Lord,

POETS for the most part in their Dedications miss of their Design, which should be to please that Honourable Person, whose Protection they desire. For what Pleasure can a Noble Spirit (whose ingenuity equals its height) receive an exorbitant praise and ill tim'd Applause? Not that the severest Cynick would snarl at just Commendations and due Encomiums; 'twas the Epistle of Horace to Augustus, Plinie's Panegyrick to Trajan, which sort of ponder'd Eloquence ought to be as Grateful to a brave and elevated Mind as Sacrifices to the Deity. My Business waving Insinuation is to pray, not to praise: and I hope I shall appear less troublesome to your Lordship under the form of a Beggar, than that of a Flatterer. Your Protection and Favour is solicited by this humble Supplicant in the behalf of a Civil Servant, at least one whom I have so represented, and for which I have been sufficiently censur'd, perhaps unjustly enough; since 'tis not impossible for a Man to love and be brave and bad. From the Criticks, whose I dread those Killmen and more then Jews; I appeal to your Lordship as the Saint did to Cæsar. To you whose Judgment vies remark with your Grandeur, who are as absolutely Lord of Wit, as those prevaricators are its slaves.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

To you who by excellent Reading and Conversation with the pleasantly wise, have justly limited the mighty Sallies of an overflowing Fancy, whose sayings astonish the Censorious, and whose Writings are so exactly ingenious; Princes treasure them in their Memory, as things Divine. This is so far from flattery or untruth, that it appears rather an impertinent kind of asserting what every Man knows as if I should gravely tell the World 'tis day at noon; which I had rather another should be smil'd at for, than be told is in highest Truth and lowest Humility. My Lord,

Your Lordships

Most Humble,

and Obedient Servant,

Nat. Lee

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE;

Spoken by Mr. HAINES.

1000 Playes, and perfect Sense as scarce are grown;
I As civil Women in this damn'd lewd Town.

in Sense, is despicable as plain Cloaths,

English Hatts, Bone-lace, or woollen Hose;

is your brisk fool that is your Man of Note;

under he goes, in the Embroider'd Coat;

wh wenching Eyes, and Hands so prone to ruffle;

the gentile fling, the Trip and modish Shuffle;

at soul and flame, as gay as any Prince

as Taggs and Silks, make up your Men of Sense,

told that some are present here to Day,

we're they see, resolve to Damn this Play,

much wou'd Interest with ill Nature sway;

Ladies, you we hope, will prove more civil,

and charm these Wits that damn beyond the Devil,

let each Critick here, all Hell inherit,

have Attractions that can lay a Spirit.

bloody fatal Play you'll see to Night,

to Gad, 'thas put me in a fright.

meanest Waiter huffs, looks big, and struts,

his breast a blow, then hand on hilt he puts;

a fine Age, a tearing thundring Age,

Heav'n, this Thund'ring does not crack the Stage;

Play I like not now——

yet for ought I know, it may be good,

still I hate this fighting, wounds, and blood,

what the Devil have I to do with Honour,

Heroes court her, I cry, Pox upon her;

Tragedies i' Gad to me sound odly.

no more be serious, than you Godly.

The Persons.

Nero, Emperour of Rome,
 Britannicus, true Heir of the Empire
 Petronius, Nero's Favorite,
 Otho, Husband to Poppea,
 Piso, her Brother,
 Seneca, Nero's Tutor,
 Drusillus,
 Plautus,
 Silvius,
 Mirmilon,
 Flavius, friend to Britannicus,

Romans.

Mr. Hart,
 Mr. Mobun,
 Mr. Burt,
 Mr. Winterfa,
 Mr. Lydal,
 Mr. Cartwright,
 Mr. Clark,
 Mr. Coyle,
 Mr. Watson,
 Mr. Powell,
 Mr. Harris

Poppea, Otho's Wife married to Nero,
 Agrippina, The old Empress mother to Nero,
 Octavia, Nero's first Wife Sister of Britannicus.
 Cyara, Princess of Parthia, Mrs. of Britanicus.
 Syllana, Poppea's confident.
 Romans Gladiators.
 Caligula's Ghost.

Mrs. Marshall,
 Mrs. Cory,
 Mrs. Cor,
 Mrs. Bort,
 Mrs. Uptie,
 Mr. Griff

The Scene Rome.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
PENELOPE

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

Otho, Sylvius, Cyara, disguis'd.

SYLVIVS.

WHY dost thou droop, and hang thy Pensive Head?

As if there were no end of thy Distress?

His Sighs more frequent than the Minutes are;

Tears hang upon his Cheeks like Morning

Roses: Yet I cannot blame thy Grief. (Dews

Otho. Sir, You amaze me with your sad relation.

at fatal Night Prince *Alamander* fell,

and some more, were in our General's Tent.

(*Great Corbulus* he's call'd) who with success,

often led our gallant Roman Troops,

against your Parthian Horse; as I remember,

was Midnight when our Scouts, all pale with Fear,

came, flying with the news of your Approach:

Our General undisturb'd, straight gave Command

that every Captain should his Charge perform,

with as much Silence as was possible;

No Drums, No Trumpets sounded, all was hush'd,

Order in whispers, was by all receiv'd:

Your Surprise was answered with Surprise,

and gain'd us, without the Victory;

'tis our Custom frequently to sleep

whole Nights in Arms, never to rest secure.

Cyara. Our Loss, indeed, was great; but Oh! that Loss

Losses, our dear Prince, surpasses all!

For him, our Court now mourns; Sorrow, like Night
 Eternal Night, spreads Horror all around:
 All Noble Hearts are cover'd with despair;
 For our bright Sun must never shine again.
 Some dawn of Hope we had, he might be here
 A pris'ner, and unknown; but Fate decrees
 We shall not be so happy.

Orb. Sir, wherein
 My Service may prove beneficial,
 Or yield you any Comfort, pray command it.
 Captives, of every sort, as time permit.
 I'll bring before you: if your Eye can read
 A line, that's your Prince in any Face,
 Examin it to the full. Mean while, be pleas'd
 To take a strict Survey of all the Court,
 The greatest, and most flourishing on Earth.

Syl. So every Tongue reports it; a full Orb
 Of matchless Glory, where your Emperor
 Rules, like the Sun, and gives each Noble, warmth.

Orb. Nothing appears, alas, as heretofore;
 The darkness of his horrid Vices, have
 Eclips'd the glimmering rays of his frail Virtue.
 His cruelties. Like Birds of prey, have pick'd
 All Seeds of Nobleness from his false heart;
 And now it lies a sad dull lump of Earth,
 Impatient of wise Counsel, and Reproof,
 To day he dooms his Mother to be slain;
 Swears, that she plots against his Crown, and life:
 Sentence is past, and the poor Queen's betray'd.
 See where she comes:

[*Emperor, Octavia, Britannicus, Seneca, Drusillus, Plautus, Agrippina, led by two Virgins, all in white
 Dagger, and a bowl of Poyson carry'd before her: Com-
 tiers and Guards following. Britannicus kneels.*

Cya. O, *Sylvius*, I am lost! there, there he kneels
 My flames increase, my Soul new Passions feels.
 My Flight from *Parthia* I'll no more regard;
 All was too little, for so great Reward.

Ner. To me?

The Tragedy of Nero.

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Nigh Plau. Dread Sir, the Prince *Britanicus*: I have
 Ner. Say you?
 Plau. He kneels.
 Ner. Sir, would you ought with me?
 Brit. Not for my self, but for the *Queen*, thus low
 all, and beg you would some pity shew me:
 ft from your breast, this Rank and Poys'nous hate:
 s, how many do repent too late?
 fts of Love, *KINGS* are best understood
 l makes some great; 'tis *GOD*-like to be good:
 s your Mother ———
 that that Sacred name should not avert
 ar wrath! nor, with its softness, melt your heart!
 ar Mother 'tis, whom you command to bleed:
 at will the cens'ring World think of this deed?
 Ner. Why, let it think: if *Asses* bray, must I be
 ard? I say again, that she shall die.
 y is she not to Execution led?
 s plotting now. *Drusillus*, see her dead.
 ne. If, for the guilty, we to *Heaven* may pray,
 you the Innocent ———
 er. Old Fool, away.
 rit. Justice is robb'd, his Sword and Scales you
 et Mercy starts, and striking, flies above, (move;
 ere, to the *Gods*, such horrid tales of you
 does relate, as they can scarce think true:
 trembles, as she writes in her Book;
 Jove, with horror of this fact, is shook,
 y points his Thunder, brandishes i'th' Ayr
 d Lightning, and, with *Rome*, intends a War.
 er. Let him begin; my purpose I'll maintain,
 gh he should scorching showers of *Sulpher* rain:
 gh he stood near ———
 from some neighbouring Cloud, did hurl down fire,
 a fresh recruits of men, his arm I'd tire,
 he at last, should spight of him expire,
 ld he were here, to end the grand debate:
 why, with you do I capitulate?
 word's an Oracle, and stands her Fate.
 a. Ah, *Cesar*, if you can thus cruel prove
 Plau. er, and lay aside all filial Love, What

What must I then expect, who am your Wife,
But that you, shortly too, should take my Life?
By all the pleasures of our Marriage bed ———

Ner. I swear, speak one word more, and thou art dead.

Brit. Tyrant, this must not be, while I draw breath.

Ner. Then thou dy'st too.

Brit. Lo, thus I brave my death.

Ner. Ha! does he smile!

By all the Gods, I'll quickly change your mirth:
With my own hand, I'll cut thee from the earth.

Oth. Dread Sir —

Ner. Was ever such an insolence?

Brit. Sir, what I did was in my own defence.
When e're I rise against your Sacred head
In thought, may loads of Thunder strike me dead.
You are my Master, and Rome's Emperour;
May you live long, and make right use of pow'r.

Cya. Guard him, you Gods, and save his innocence.

Ner. So Sir: yet she shall dye. Go, take her hence.

Oth. Oh, how my tender heart does Sympathise!

Grief strikes me dumb, and pity fills my eyes.

Agr. Thou savage Monster, seed of Rocks, more wild
More wild than the fierce Tygress of her young beguile
Barbarian! who in some dark cave wert bred,
Made drunk with poyson, with corruption fed,
Offspring of Hell! But, oh, my lab'ring mind
Cannot get vent, nor fit expressions find,
Why was I made so strong? Oh my accurst!
Grief swells me up, and yet I cannot burst.

Ner. Why would she thus in torments here remain
I pity her: go put her out of pain.

Agr. Tyrant, wherein have I deserv'd this base
And barbarous usage? — Oh my foul disgrace!

Ha! shall I tell it to the World ordye,
And in my Urn, let all in silence lye?
My Soul doth struggle, with its load of woes;
Woes much more horrid than those painful throws
My body felt, when first I brought to light
This cursed Son, now Basilisk to fight.

Ner. Am I to be obey'd? how dare you stay?
Furies and Hell! be gone, take her away.

gr. Oh stay a while, ere I lose my breath
 my last words; more dreadful than my death.
 me some winged G O D, and fix me High
 some tall *Pyramid*, that hits the Sky;
 e all the World, on the vast rounds below,
 make my voice so loud, that all may know:
 Monster, under *Tyrian* purple hid,
 force a passage to his Mother's bed.
 ere are thy dreadful bolts; (to *Jove* I call)
 ke him, or me, amiss they cannot fall.
 horrid fact to tell! it wounds my ear:
 Day and Night together mingled were.
 ster of men, who alter'd Nature's course,
 stream ran backwards, and found out the Source.
 er. The Beldame raves; *Drusillus*, take her hence.
 this is forg'd; *Heaven* knows my innocence.
 oments respite I will not afford,
 when she's dead let *Otho* bring me word.

Exe. severally *Nero* & *Agrip.*

Manent *Piso*, *Plautus*, *Mirmilon*.

Piso. Very well. Hark ye, Gentlemen, may we talk?
Plau. Treason? No.
Pis. Then I'll hold my peace.
Sir. Faith, I know not, but there was a stranger here
 erday hang'd for looking suspiciously.
Pis. Very good; 'twas an excellent *memorandum*; there-
 I'll shut my Eyes, and not look at all, or hereafter
 ys in company wear a Masque.
Plau. Not so Sir, if you tender your safety; such re-
 ation argues thoughtfulness: now the Emperour can't
 re a man that's given to meditation; hates a Philo-
 er, as much as he loves a Fidler; *Seneca*, to my
 wledge, is burthen to him; in my hearing, he call'd
 crazy Caterpillar, and venerable Book-worm
Sir. Right, *Plautus*, Therefore, *Piso*, be not thought-
 'tis dangerous. A friend of mine (hark ye) this
 ning, by the Emperor's Order, had his throat cut,
 being thoughtful.

Pis.

Pis. The good *Empress* —

Plau. How *Sir*?

Pis. Well, the *Empress* then, Alas, how sudden, from
the top of Glory —

Mir. Alas! do you pity her then?

Pis. I, *Sir*. Greatness and Goodness are —

Plau. What, *Sir*?

Pis. I know not, nor where, unless in the other World.

Mir. You weep, *Piso*, have a care, a sort of Liqueur
(Treat)

Piso. 'Twas your hair hit my eye, and caused this Rheum.
I'll to the Country again. Farewel, Gentlemen.
Long live the Emperour; that's no Treason,

Mir. No, *Sir*, no: Adieu, good *Piso*. He wears
honest heart. [Exit]

SCENE, the Court.

Nero, Otho, Seneca, Drusillus, &c. Agrippina dead.

Oth. She is, as you would have her (*Sir*) no more.
See where she lyes, all stained with her own gore.
She said, an ancient Man bid her beware
Of ever seeing you made Emperor;
For you, at last, would cause her to be slain:
Then let me die, she said, so he may Reign.

Ner. How wisely then did I her Death decree!
For 'twould have been a great impiety
To let her live, and mar the Prophecy.

Oth. Choice of two Deaths, by your command we gave;
But she cry'd, both; a double death I'll have:
One poys'nous drop, for Heaven, I would not sell;
Each drop will sink his Soul more deep in Hell.
In her right Hand, the Dagger she did hold;
And with her left, she heav'd the Fatal Gold,
And drunk the venom off: that being done,
Deep, in her breast, the keen Stiletto run:
With many wounds she made her bosom gay;
Her wounds like flood-gates, did themselves display;
Through which, life ran, in Scarlet streams away.

er. Remove her hence. My Soul now free does walk,
shall no more be clogg'd with moral talk.

Statue shall be made of lasting steel:

ere it, Lords of Rome shall humbly kneel.

at Julius and Augustus you adore;

why not *me* who have their very Pow'r?

hem you daily offer Sacrifice:

a G O D; my self I canonize.

mongst Gods their Glory shines now they are gone.

use, with us, like Stars their Virtues shone.

er. Virtue's a name; Religion is a thing

to scare poor Priests, than daunt a K I N G.

as quick thought, through every art I range:

but a G O D, like me, could Sexes change?

[Exit] us be witness of my mighty Art;

us, now Lady, once Lord of my heart.

my command, the fragrant Winds do blow

willing floods in waves of Balsom flow:

hand does all the sweets of Nature sow.

lack Nature; all its treasures view;

gs annihilate, and make a-new;

this can I, your God-like Nero, do.

er. What Fiend is this, which in his Breast, unspy'd,

up his Soul on such large Wings of pride?

ne not dye for speaking what is true:

this you would, but (alas!) cannot do.

er. Ha!

er. If you do well, and noble Acts achieve,

ere you dye, all honest hearts will grieve;

Roman will to after Ages tell,

good, how great, how excellent you fell;

pity 'twas that you should die so young!

shall your Honour sound from every Tongue:

though your Fame survive, your Body must

and be crumbled into common dust.

grain of which, because you once did reign,

not turn Gold, nor any lustre gain:

and the Beggars dust alike must pass,

of Sand, to fill Times hour-glass.

Ner.

Ner. Gown-man, thou ly'st—

The World's eternal, and its *Monarch*, I :

Then how is't possible for me to dye,

Yet give me creature immortality ?

If when I leave this World, men shou'd debate

The manner; Say, I did my self translate.

The Glory of my *Godhead* I will throwd

Not in a Mantle, but in a perfum'd Cloud.

In smoak of Incense I will mount above,

And, in his Throne, take the right hand of *Jove*.

Sen. O murd'ring pride, thou dost all reason kill!
You will have Altars too ?

Ner. Yes, Slave, I will ;

Altars of Gold, in Chrystal Temples built :

No blood of Bulls, nor Goats, shall there be spilt ;

Such course rank smoak may soory *VULCAN* please,
Pluto, or horned *Pan* ; dull Deities !

The best of humane gore shall wash my Shrine ;

Neroes shall bleed, and they are half Divine.

In cases made of Diamond entire,

Stars shall instead of Lamps lend their bright fire.

Each common *God* shall, in his turn, be *Priest*.

And for your lower world make his request :

Then offer up a grateful Sacrifice,

Kings heads, *Queens* hearts, and charming *Virgins* :

Enter Petronius.

Sen. O Heaven ! his blasphemies no limit have ;
His brutish impudence our *Gods* does brave :

Without controul he does their pow'r defy,

And I, like midnight hush'd, stand trembling by.

I'll speak, although he blast me with his breath ;

Repentance too may win him for my death.

Dread *Sir*, if you would please——

Ner. Fond Preacher, hence:

Gods ! can I still endure his insolence ?

Guards, seize him ; go, let him in Prison howl,

And solace there his melancholy soul.

[*Ex. Oth. Sen. & Co.*]

But, dear *Petronus*, how shall I requite

Thee, who sole Author art of my delight ?

en my heart sickens, still thou bring'st me ease,
 dost my fancy with new Objects please.
 et. To sooth your soul, ruffl'd with this late storm,
 care found out so sweet, so rare a form,
 full of blooming graces in each part,
 well deserves the conquest of your heart.
 purple Violets, i'th' early spring,
 h graceful sweet, such tender beauties bring.
 Orient blush which does her cheeks adorn
 kes Coral pale, vies with the Rosy morn.
 Venus, sprung from the Seas snowy foam,
 tunes bright Seed, her whiteness can o're-come.
 d has took a surfeit from her eyes;
 en e're she smiles, in Lambent fire she fries:
 when she weeps, in pearls dissolv'd he dyes.
 er. Hold, hold; I am o'recharg'd with this excess:
 deeds are great, but make thy boasting less.
 at is her name, and where does she lie hid?
 et. She's the partner of Lord *Otho's* bed;
 pea nam'd: With gold I brib'd her maid,
 which the easie slave her trust betray'd.
 far from *Rome* this beauty does reside;
 st she is thought, because yet never try'd.
 quick black eye does wander with desire,
 if I judge aright, bears wanton fire.
 as *Syllana* told me, when to Court
 Lord was gone, eager of unknown sport,
 d sigh, and in her bosom hide her face,
 with fierce action would the wench embrace.
 s'd like *DIANA*, she in Woods is fear'd,
 gives swift chase to all the Savage herd:
 h vigour masculine she rides along,
 Quiver, full of shafts, behind her hung;
 right hand holds a Dart, her left a Bow;
 long black locks, on her fair shoulders flow,
 thickning clouds o're the *Sun's* brightness grow.
 er. Thou dear procurer of my most loved joys,
 fly; the least delay my life destroys.
 w thy thy skill; this is indeed a task:
 her, and thou hast more than thou canst ask.

Exit Petronius.

Let

Let phlegmatick dull KINGS, call Crowns their
 Mine is my wanton; and does Beauties share
 Above my Mistress Eyes. On, Nero, on;
 Spend thy vast stock, and riot in thy Throne.
 If there be pleasure yet I have not found,
 Name it, some GOD: 'Tis mine, though under ground
 No nook of Hell shall hide it from thy sight,
 But I will conjure't into open light.
 My Scepter, like a charming rod, shall raise
 Such sports, as would old *Epicures* amaze:
 Pleasures so rich, so various, and so new,
 As never yet the Gods, my great forefathers, knew.

[Exe.]

Finis Actus primi.

ACT II. SCENE. I.

Druſillus, and a Roman.

Druſil. **B**Arbarous and horrid! O, the raging Fiend,
 When will his black impieties have end
 The great, the wise, the worthy *Seneca*
 Is by this Bloody Monster made away.
 Poor City! whither are thy Founders fled,
 To what low distant Regions of the dead,
 That at their Country's call they will not rise,
 And this ungovern'd Tyrant's rage chastise?

Ro. I saw the best and wisest of Mankind,
 The Pilot of the Will, the guide o'th' Mind,
 Dying and pale; from every gen'rous Vein
 Base Executioners his Life did drein;
 By *Nero*, kill'd, by *Nero* whom he lov'd;
 Whose Youth by painful Studies he improv'd,
 And warm'd so long the Viper in her Breast,
 That the kind Host was poyson'd by the Guest.

Dru. In vain we mourn: Some noble Roman shou
 Care to be glorious, dangerously good,
 And kill this Tyrant; kill him gorg'd with Wine,
 Forcing a Day, and making black Night mine,
 Debauch'd, and sordidly ambitious grown,
 Midst all his Revels, would the deed were done.

Guilt, the mind's Wild-fire, lick his Spirit up;
 Press him good GODS, press him until he droop,
 And be damn'd, beneath the lowest Hell:
 For his death we may in safety dwell.
 But, while he lives, no honest Roman may
 Find rest, or view one peaceful day. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. The Country.

Orbo, Poppea, Petronius, Piso.

Why should such God-like forms inhabit here,
 And bless th' ignoble sort?

Pr'ythee, no more:

Tha' not go to Court; there's discord in't.

Now by your Lady's lovely Eyes I swear,

Country sounds not half so well to me.

More harmony to hear a Clown

Stille his dull Tunes, which you construe solemn;

See a Lady softly touch her Lute,

Breathe an Ayr to the melodious strings?

Beauty and her Voice so ravishing,

Each Spectator's Soul is left in doubt

Which first to mount, into the Eye or Ear.

Courts!

By my Honour, dearer than my Life;

As I action love, I think the Court

Well be termed the Noble Rendezvous

Of allant Spirits: 'tis a Circle, Sir.

More I'll allow, it is a Golden Circle;

Like the Carthaginian Hero's KING;

Whose poyson: 'Tis a fatal Circle;

Whose Majick skirts, a thousand Devils,

Crystal forms, sit tempting Innocence,

And becken early Virtue from its Center.

Now, by my Life, I think you counsel ill.

Thou, and o'th' sudden, something calls

Traitor:

But, I never lov'd this man; that's all.

F

[Exit.

Pet.]

Pet. Why should you lose me on a bare Suspicion
 The Gods ram curses on me, thick as Hail,
 If e're I harbour'd, in this Breast, a Thought
 But what was Noble, of your spotly Loves.
 I must be bold to say you've done me wrong;
 And, but I have my Oath inviolable
 Sworn you a Friendship firm as Destiny,
 Protecting you and yours, I should not thus
 Tamely put up your angry Brother's Terms.

Oth. You pardon, generous friend, he was to blame
 Let my Repentance set all right again :
 Indeed I am ashamed for what was past.

Pet. See, our Contention has disturb'd your Lady,
 And call'd the precious Dew into her Eyes.

Oth. No more, my dear; nay, if thou lov' me, cease.

Pet. I wonder that the Emperor's so long!
 I wrote to have him call *Otho* to Court,
 Employ him there, and come in person hither. [Exit]

S C E N E. III. The Court.

Octavia, Britannicus.

Octa. **A**H, dearest Brother, be not to secure;
 Syrens most dreadful are, when they allude
 I dread him most, since your last noble strife,
 And fear he is plotting 'gainst your precious life,
 Of which you ought to have a tender care,
 Because your Sister claims so deep a share;
 For, hear me, Gods, the doom which you decree
 This gallant Prince, shall prove my Destiny.

Brit. Fear not my Life, he cannot be so base.
 I have some Friends, that all his mischiefs trace:
 If ought against me move, their care will find
 Some means to let me know what is design'd.

Oct. HEAV'N ever shield you from his violence:
 His kindness, to you, is but meer Pretence,
 And if he smiles, 'tis at your Innocence.
 The Crystal of his Eye is clouded o're,
 That his dark thoughts my *Genius* can't explore.

while I met him,
 Fates sit working on his gather'd brows;
 steps he takes, and murmurs as he goes,
 and fixt looks upon the *Terras* throws.
 rit. Mild as calm Martyrs, I could death receive;
 reasons, only, make me wish to live:
 Debts remain to pay, most nobly due:
 claims the first, 't'other I owe to you.
 Within your Breast does Love, chief Regent stand?
 ought that Reason there had sole command.
 rit. Never was Heart so pitifully kind,
 capable of Love's impression made;
 me, all Beauties gentle usage find:
 humble, charm; the mighty to Invade,
 Year, unknown to *Parthia* I did go,
 view'd the Court; beheld the gallant foe.
 OME, Prince of *Alamander*, whose great Name
 is loud, and almost cracks the Cheeks of Fame,
 na then, as *Goddeſſes* of our Arms,
 adore; but soon felt softer Charms:
 curious Prince within my looks did find
 thing that wrought upon his Noble mind,
 ours'd me, call'd me Friend and did confess
 ever lov'd a Man to such excess.
 ay, (Oh day most fatal to my rest!)
 a thousand kindneſſes expreſt,
 ok me by the hand, and gently ſaid,
 Friend, there is a young and noble Maid
 ſhould ſee you. Bowing, I reply'd,
 am yours, and to your Service ty'd.
 Your Story yet has no great cauſe to fright.
 At length, we came; but ſuch a glorious ſight,
 bright Flux of Rays on tender Senſe,
 charming Softneſs, ſuch ſweet Excellence,
 may deſcribe, but never can define!
 un ne're ſaw an Object ſo Divine!
 can't reach it! above fiction fair!
 ſweet lines of Beauty center'd there.
 to *Cæſar's* was my amorous Doom,
 I ſaw, but was my ſelf o'recome.
 his Siſter,

Cyara nam'd, that Royal charming Maid;
 My Soul was rapt with Joy, though shook with dread
 So *Angels*, when they stoop to mortal sight,
 Strike us with awe, yet ravish with delight.

Off. Why did you not your noble Love declare?

Brit. I did; but first committed to her Ear
 The secret of my Birth, which he receiv'd
 With modest Joy and generously believ'd:
 Our Loves too happy were to flourish long,
 Frost-nipt i'th' bud, they wither'd as they hung,
 Some *Roman Slave*, I know not whom nor where,
 Gave the old KING private Intelligence;
 But the young Prince most watchful sent me word,
 Hastn'd my Flight, and would not time afford
 To hear my thanks: ungrateful so I came
 To *ROME*, but nourish'd still my former Flame.

*Enter Cyara, and Silvius, at one door; the Emperours
 Plantius at another.*

Cya. Yonder he stands, the GOD's great Master-pie
 Oh, I could ever on that Object gaze,
 And lose my Senses in that goodly maze!
 With gay and vig'rous Youth his Eyes are crown'd,
 Presence, and manly Graces, all around
 His Noble Form, do make their bright abode,
 Like Beams of Lustre circling in a GOD.

Ner. He dyes, that bold Controller of my Will
 He has oblig'd me so, that I must kill.
 Why, with dull Thoughts, do I my Fancy pall?
 When I look sad, whole *Hecatombs* should fall.
 Ha! who are they? my fretting Blood does rise:
 Hands, rest; I'll try to blast him with my Eyes.
 Make me *Basilisk*, but one short hour,
 Some GOD, that would be *Nero's* Emperour.

Plau. Oh you just Pow'rs! where is *Astrea* fled
 Foul Vice triumphs, trampling on Virtues head.
 Here fam'd *Democritus* his Teeth might show,
 And *Heracletus* might his Tears bestow.

Ner. I hate him deadly,
 As Poverty, Diseases, or old Age;
 For his wish'd death, my *Empire* I'll engage.

at Hell, nor Heav'n my fierce resolves shall daunt.

I will act; and then I'll think upon't.

Octavia, follow me.

[Exit *Andro.*]

Brit. What does he mean?

frowns on me, and smiles upon the Queen.

These ruddy drops some say ill Omens are:

Be my Guard; but 'tis not worth my care:

Deed within; there, there's the mortal Wound,

which no Cure, no Balsom can be found.

Dreams, Cyara, I behold thy Charms,

th fixt Imagination, of high Pleasure,

your beauteous Form shall flow into my Arms,

I embrace it as a real Treasure.

[Exit.

Oct. How dull this place appears, now he is gone!

That's Emblem, it bemoans the absent SUN.

Octavia. Madam 'tis fit you should discover now;

off the Cloud, and fair Cyara show.

Oct. Ere I reveal my self, his Love I'll try.

Oct. You doubt him.

Oct. No, it is Curiosity.

[Exit.

Nero, Octavia.

Nero. Your Sentence dooms me to be curst, or blest;

you deny me? 'tis my first Request:

Things are easie to a willing mind:

quickly done, if you will prove but kind.

Oct. My Soul doth with convulsive horror shake;

do it again, for sure I did mistake.

Nero. That you, the Prince, your Brothers blood would

matter how, so you but swear to kill.

(*Spill;*

with my Dagger let the Deed be done:

often find him sleeping, and alone.

Oct. Sleeping! Oh Gods, can you your Vengeance keep?

is your Thunder? No, 'tis you that sleep:

yourself, your Justice would his Vice confound,

drive this Monster quick into the Ground.

to his Soul such Impudence has giv'n,

he, in time, will storm your Fort of Heav'n:

his Phemies his Spirits do exhale;

F 3

Your

Your high bright Walls his Gyant Crimes will scale.
Oh, my heart's full.

[Stabs]

Ner. Here's that will give it vent.
So, now, go tell the Gods my black Intent.
Britannicus his death I will defer;
'Tis pretty well I've made an end of her.
Now I will haste to meet *Poppea's* Arms.
Oh, Love, assist me with thy mighty Charms,
And I will raise thy wanton *Altars* high'r;
Old men and Eunuchs, shall in heaps expire,
Because incapable of thy soft Fire.
This day my fatal Brow no Clouds shall wear
Till I return, *Rome* lay aside thy Fear:
I, and the *Gods* of Wit, smile once a Year. }

Oct. Oh my *Britannicus*, my Brother! — Oh,
Might I but see thee once, yet e're I go,
And wander in the wide dark dens of Death:
But, Oh! my Soul is almost out of Breath.

Enter Britannicus.

Brit. He sent me here; for what, I can't devise.

Oct. Ah me, look here, with Pity glut thy Eyes
Now I am well: for thy sake I would live.
My dear, my gentle Brother, do not grieve.

Brit. *Gods! Gods!* but they are deaf, or will not
No hopes of Life? Oh my prophetick fear;
Sigh Heart, weep Eyes; I draw each Crystal Spring
But 'tis my blood must be thy Offering.

Oct. Hold, hold; *Cyara*, 'tis *Cyara's* call:
My share I give to her, she claims you all.
Give me your Sword: So now I've lost my fears:
You weep to much, and yet I love those tears,
It was a gen'rous proffer, 'twas indeed:
Upon thy Bosom let me rest my Head;
'Tis a soft Pillow, sweetly now I rest,
And Sigh my Soul into thy gentle Breast.

Brit. Oh stay, my dear, my most lov'd Sister stay
But one word more. Her Soul is on its way:

The Tragedy of Nero.

87

's gone, she's gone; thou flowry sweet farewell.
where, to whom shall I my Sorrows tell!
every Grove and melancholly Bow're
sad untimely Loss I will deplore;
name's dear Character each Tree shall bear;
every letter I will drop a Tear.
quickly Fate our fairest Hopes beguiles!
thou short solace of my many ills,
Adieu my Star, my dearest Light!
thou art gone, I am all dark, all Night:
lump I grow, and know not how I move;
sad, and gloomy, as the Eyes of Love.
st me, thy sweetness I shall ne're forget;
with my Sorrows, on thy Tomb I'll sit,
I, at last, into cold Marble turn,
with my Pious figure, grace thy Urn. [Exit.

Finis Actus II.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britannicus with a Boy.

What is the Earth to me? why do I stay,
Since thou, my Joy, my dear *Octavia*,
ravish'd hence? To *Parthia* I will,
in thy presence, fair *Cyara*, dye:
only Comforts on thy Truth depend;
thou art chang'd, my Grief shall have an end.
Go Sing the Song without.

S O N G.

Weep, weep, you *Muses*, drain the Springs,
Such Notes go warble to the strings,
Such Dirges as the Ravens sound
When Ghosts run trembling through the Ground:
The fairest of her Sex is ded,
Her tender Limbs are wrapt in lead;
Her Eyes, Stars envy, the Earth's pride,
The broad black hand of Death does hide;
In Death's dark chamber now she lies,
Pale as the Snow, and cold as Ice. F 4 Chorus.

Chorus.

The Grave, the lovely Grave will bring us ease,
 There we shall sleep in downy peace;
 There no distractions nor jealousies be,
 But all from inord'nate passions are free:
 The cold Tomb is free from hot Love and desire;
 It has ashes good store, but admits of no fire:
 There men do never groan, nor women cry,
 But all things hush'd, in solemn silence lie.

Brit. Enough, enough. Oh, my sick heart, not yet
 Break, break, for shame, let Nature have her debt.

Cyara, Sylvius.

Cya. Withdraw good *Sylvius*. How sad he looks!
 Was ever man so goodly? Oh my heart;
 Bear up! and yet I dare not speak to him.
 If there be any charms in Womens Tongues,
 If there be any words that can infuse
 Soft love into a Bosom, and create
 A gentle passion, good *Heav'n* grant it me.
Sir, may I interrupt, without offence,
 Your serious Thoughts? I've something to relate
 Which is your near Concern.

Brit. Mine, pretty *Sir*?

Say on, I here you. What would his Business be?

Cya. 'Tis from a Lady who made me her Agent,
 A sorry one, I fear, and much unable
 To tell what she commanded me; a Story
 So lamentable, that I cannot think on't,
 But straight my Eyes o'reflow with Tears: Pardon
 Only a little respite, I'll go on.

Brit. Thou raisest something in me, which as yet
 I cannot give a name to. What can this mean?

Cya. *CLARA*, *SIR*, the *Parthian* Princess.

Brit. Ha!

Com'st thou from her? a thousand Blessings on thee

Cya. A thousand curses, rather; for my News.
 My Name's *Coralbo*, her unhappy Kinsman,

my poor faith she did the mighty Honour
telling the sad Stories of your Loves.
was her chance, a dismal chance indeed,
at Day you fled, as she was sitting at
the Palace Window, striking of her Lute,
thoughtful, and Virgin like, alone, to cast
her Eye upon your Person; straight she blush'd,
wondering to see you in that Equipage;
soon her brother did unriddle all:
amazement seiz'd her first; but when the Prince
is gone, she loos'd the reins, Grief had full stoop:
she trembled, fetch'd heart-breaking sighs,
if her Eyes were Springs; she made Complaints
anguishing, and with so sad an accent,
wonder that it kill'd her not till now.

Brit. I hope you come not to abuse me.

Heav'n. if you do——

Cyara. Indeed I do not:

that convince you, if you know her hand.

and he's Noble, his looks are chang'd o'th' sudden;
for I've gone too far. How do you, Sir? (*Earth!*)

Brit. Well, Boy. O Gods! Devils! Hell, *Heaven*, and

Heav'n. If in the other World, I can behold ought here,

it'll be you, pray love my memory: 'Twill be a Satis-

faction above the thoughts of *Paradise*, to you dying *Cyara*,

and a mortal trembling shoot a long

Arteries! I'm cold! *Octavia!* *Cyara!* Oh!

[*Falls.*]

Octavia. Help, help; my Lord, *Cyara* lives; return.

What have I done? upon thy dying lips

print my Soul, but I'll bring back thy Life.

that I was, for a fancy, thus

play away that Pearl, for which I would

fold my Breath, my vital Spirits, my all.

He returns. *Cyara* is not dead:

Up, my Lord; do you not know this face?

Brit. *Cyara!* *Heav'n's,* 'tis she! Thou charming fair,

am I ravish'd with thy Glorious presence!

who would live on Earth, sultry and hot,

for a Load of care, did he once taste

pleasures of these cool immortal shades?

O

The Tragedy of Nero.

O the refreshing sweets which the Winds blow
From ever-budding flowers eternal Spring!

Cya. Where, *Sir*?

Brit. Why, here in blest *Elizium*.

Cya. O he is lost, distracted!

Brit. Look, look, my dear, pry thee let's walk along

The Grass does shine with more Emerald green,

Each purling Brook like liquid Plate appears,

And every pebble seems a *Diamond*;

Tall burnish'd trees with Fruit of Massy Gold!

Upon whose boughs all fair and *Heav'nly* forms

Sit sweetly warbling to their Loves below.

See yonder's *Octavia*, my Sister, look,

Pale and forlorn, in a close gloomy,

Her *Airy* substance thus I will condense,

And to squeeze water 'cause I cannot weep.

Cya. Ah *Prince*, *Cyara* lives, and I am she.

Brit. Thou art a lying Boy: O Gods my Head!

Cya. Do you not know me, *Sir*? look wistly on

Brit. *Cyara's* Picture! just such charming eyes!

Such snowy hands, such lips, such winning smiles

Such tenderness! such was her every Grace!

But Oh! you told a false, a fatal tale,

The accent of thy voice is different,

She could not lye, for she was all perfection:

All beauty sickned when she left the World.

Cyara, Oh thou fair one! Glorious Saint,

Thou could'st not dye for me, desertless me.

Cya. She is not dead, but lives, and loves you,

Brit. Thou dost associate with Lawyers sure,
And Travellers.

Cya. Who I, *Sir*? why?

Brit. Because

Thou ly'st extremely, Boy: No, she is dead;

The Canopy of *Heav'n* is hung with Sable:

The *Sun*, like a great Mourner, drives her Hearse

Wrap'd round with Clouds; each Star withdraws

His Golden head, and burns within his Socker.

The whole cope is dark, black, dismal,

And mourns the sudden loss of fair *Cyara*.

Ha! though; yonder flies a Night-Raven,

The Tragedy of Nero.

Each black eye there rowls a pound of Jet.
How he fans with his huge wicker Wings
dusky *Ayr*. Come, Boy ; be gone,
Save thee, though I dye me self : go in :
run, I say, Ple fetch my Bow and shoot him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, The Country.

Petronius, Poppea. Piso, over-hearing.

I must not hear you, *Sir*.

Petr. Can you dispise

me, whose matchless splendor drowns the Stars,

lustre vies with the great Eye of Day?

Stupulous Virtue art thou grown so cold,

the reflected Beams of doubled Honours,

ing upon thee with incessant Glories,

not approach thee, through thy walls of Ice?

All their fiery points, cannot once pierce thee?

High minds should not be tempted with appearance,

drawn to dangerous courses from homely Cells,

where honest pleasures with safe plenty dwells.

P. But what converse, what Nobleness is here

beck your thoughts, that claim a vaster Sphere;

though all the *Heav'n* they should, like Eagles, roam,

stay in such a solitary home.

What unknown Guests are these that tear my Breast?

Slaves, in Golden Mines, they dig their way :

down they shew, which my frail heart adores ;

where my thoughts a Royal Scepter flies,

which, my Fancy grasps ; but when it comes,

the bright Glories offer to my hand,

they would reach, and yet refuse to hold.

P. *Madam*, consider 'tis a mighty proffer ;

not this Province, or that Colony ;

gives you all : All is a gift so great,

that but *Jove* to *Caesar* can bestow.

What deters you from your Happiness

Oh, I am lost in Honours *Labyrinth*;

No

No clew to guide me, but my own desire,
And that would lead me out, but knows not how.

Piso. Oh Heaven, what will this Earth come to!
it for this my Noble Brother was sent for in so much haste
and is it for this, he harbours that Viper in our House
to tear his Darling hence, and eat his heart out? O
of Hospitality, why are you Sacred? Why is my House
backward to punish that ravisher of our Honour?

Methinks I see that *Genius* of our House
Start from his Monument, and stalk along
Shaking with Panick Fears, and with an Eye
That darts its poyson'd Beams of Indignation
At me: methinks I see him chide my slow
Revenge.

Pop. My Brother has lost his Senses.

Piso. I would I had, and with them lost my Life.
So thou could'st find thy Honour: Oh thy Honour!
More worth than all that Golden Pageantry,
High tops of Fortune, Glorious *Pinacles*,
And *Heav'n* knows what, that swim in thy fond Fancies.
Those wanton Sepulchres have swallowed it;
Thy Eyes, those graves of Nobleness and Glory,
I've known the time, when, had I look'd but thus,
Thus curiously upon thee, straight a blush
Would mount into thy cheek: there's nothing now
But pale Dishonour. Prithee do not speak,
Thy words are pestilent, the blasting issue
Of a corrupted Heart, diseas'd, and deadly.

Pop. How should he know this? sure he over-hears
Petronius talking with me: 't must be so.

But pray why is't a sin to go to Court?
I am not guilty of one wicked thought,
And yet you make me a most wretched Creature;

Piso. Indeed thou art a sinful wretched Creature.
Thou art the wretched'st thing I ever saw:
Thy Blood is all o'fire; the Emperour,
That *Dog-star* has inflam'd it; I pity thee.
O that my Tears could make thy Heart relent,
Or quench those Fires that will devour thee;
Then I would drain those Crystal Sources dry:

rs I'de weep, and long luxuriant streams,
 Eyes should play the Wantons, not thy way.
 thou hast any sense of Shame, look back;
 Feet upon the Brink of Ruin stand;
 one step more, and thou art lost for ever:
 ous destruction, glitt'ring miseries.
 keep thee waking till Death close thy eyes. *[Weeps.]*

Petr. Fie, fie, my Lord; were your surmises true,
 is too much: it shews unmanly.

iso. Ha!

ill not be: rather than suffer this,
 me be ever branded, base, and barbarous.
 rage is kindled, and I'll bear no more,
 one, thou Monster, fly, thou Harpy, fly;
 on thy Wings of Horror, and be gone.
 by my Honour, were this house a Temple,
 base black blood should stain the sacred Floor.

[Exc. Petro. and Poppea smiling on him.]

iso. I am troubled; yet there is one way left:
 enge, revenge! O thou art sweet and lovely!
 go to ROME, and with wrong'd *Otho* joyn.

[Trumpet sounds.]

at means this noise?

ants running over the Stage. { *Within. The Emperour;*
the Emperour!

lau. The Emperour, my Lord, is come in person hither:

iso. Ha! is it so? then all fond Hopes farewell:

ases be his welcome. O, I am mad.

night he whore's my Sister. Hell, hear my Pray'r!

pair, Revenge, and Murder, come along:

g you all your cursed crew and come along:

tal Business I'll employ you all;

h this sole Arm *Heav'n's* Vengeance I'll forestall:

et of great, pale *Brutus* shall desire

ee, *Cato* and *Cassius* shall admire.

not, my Soul, but do't; *Poppea* dyes,

Anger's Victim, Honour's Sacrifice.

Beauties, so ador'd, so much admir'd,

h Pride and sensual pleasure so inspir'd,

l in a moment sicken, fade, and fall;

e the North-wind, I'll rush, and blast you all. *Ne.*

Nero, prepare; for, when so'ere I come,
Immortal as thou art, I bring thy doom.
Ple make that Cedar tremble like a reed:
Nero shall dye; that vaunting *God* shall bleed.

*The Scene changes. After a Song, the Emperour comes
Royally attended, bowing to Poppea, &c. Petronius*

Ner. Model of *Heav'n*, thou Ornament of Earth,
Propitious Star that smiles on humane Birth!
Or art thou *Goddeſs* of the ſilver Floods?
Or the fair *Heav'nly* Huntreſs of theſe Woods?
Or art thou *Venus*? *Venus* wants ſuch fire,
When by the Graces, dreſt in bright Attire,
She haſts to meet her Noble warrior's Arms:
Venus, in height of dalliance, wants ſuch charms.
Such Beauty never was by *Pairs* ſeen;
Such conquering Ayr, and ſuch Maſtick meen.
O, Moſt Divine! with Pity bleſs my Flame.

Pop. Be not deluded, *Sir*; I mortal am.

Ner. If thou of mortal ſeed art born, be mine,
And I will make thee
More happy, than thoſe pow'rs we call Divine.
To pleaſe thy ſenſe, and raviſh thy ſoft pow'rs,
Ple make ſuch *Grotto's*, *Springs*, and *Royal Bow'rs*,
As ſhall tranſcend the bleſt *Elizian* ſhade,
Tempe's fair grave, and *Ida's* flow'ry head,
Where the *Gods* meet, and dance in Maſquerade.
For Baths, we will *Hydaſpes* current lave,
Lie cloſe incircled in a Golden Wave:
Thou *Queen* Triumphant; I thy humble ſlave.
Lo, at thy feet, *Nero* himſelf does lie.
He that commands the Earth, the Sea, the Skie;
For love of thee, does languish, ſigh, and die.

Pop. Is all this true? can you do all theſe things?
Good *Heav'n* what happy Creatures are you *KING*

Ner. If thy Heart bears ſuch ſoftneſs as thy Breath
Then I am happy, then I'm truly bleſt.
All my dear Joys are treaſur'd in thoſe eyes,
Thoſe kinder Stars, thoſe *Suns* of *Paradiſe*;

The Tragedy of Nero.

hout thy smiles, alas, I nothing am,
the poor shadow of a mighty name.

Op. How my Soul's rack'd, with Joy and anxious Fear!

I would go, and yet would tarry here.

Hence do these new Desires and Wishes come?

I would see I know not what, nor whom.

rarely this KING talks! how far above

Lord's grave rules of Duty and of Love!

Er. About thy knees; O, let me ever grow.

Op. Why do you weep?

Er. My Eyes shall ever flow:

if these tender Sources should decay,

thawing Soul shall melt it self away.

Op. I'll follow thus, if you remove,

hold thee fast with all the force of Love

Op. Why is my Heart in its Resolves so slow?

a fond Child, when two gay things you show,

wandering Eyes it looks, does leap, and quake

both; yet, doubtful, neither can partake.

Er. How he pants! how his Lips warm my Hand!

Er. They draw their heat from this warm firebrand.

Er. She yields, she yields! her looks her thoughts

tness is enter'd, and her Soul gives way. (betray,

ow her still, and let her take no rest:

thinks it Pleasure to be so oppress'd.

Op. What must the price of all these Pleasures be?

re's choice offering, Art's variety

loisy Shows, and mighty Gallantry!

Er. The price of all, is but thy gentle Love.

e, in *Heav'n*, as *Juno* keeps her *Jove*,

thalt keep me, fetter'd in Golden Chains;

oft sad story of my pleasing pains,

hs upon thy Bosom I'll relate;

Beauty's creature, thou my Glories fate.

n in a Chair of Gold, emboss'd all o're

their great Images whom we adore,

velvet floors Triumphant thou shalt ride,

es shall run like Pages, by thy side:

un shall, from his flaming Seat, look down,

f the Thunderer ask a brighter Throne,

all the Gods do blush

To

To see their Art by mortal Wit out-done.

Pop. And will you do all this for love of me?
Are there such Charms in my Society?

Ner. But one short night let me your Love enjoy,
And I, next morning, will my Life destroy.

Pop. Indeed you shall not; that were too severe.
Nay, if you love me, pray live all the Year.
For Fancy, I substantial Pleasures reap

Is that all? 'Tis very cheap.

Tell me not what my duty does require;
Love mans me now, and shows his sacred fire:
To Crowns those mighty objects I aspire.

If you dare do, as you have said, lead on:

Pale Piety, *Adieu*; live here alone,

While I go taste the pleasures of a *Throne*.

Nero. Our Chariots haste: yet stay, I will not go
Thou abstract of all sweets, thou melter, Oh
Gods! 'tis too much Joy has my Soul distressed,
Weary'd with raptures, take it to thy breast,
On those soft Globes of Beauty let it rest.

Kind *God* of Love, O bring thy mother's Doves,

And waft us through the calm Celestial groves,

Surfeiting on each others Breast we'll stray;

When we want Words, and know not what to say;

With eyes thus languishing we'll look all day:

Now sigh, now smile, or thus infolded lie,

And all along the Milky way we'll die.

Exit

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Nero, Poppea, sitting in State.

Nero. **L**Et not my Crown and self thy wish confirm
Ask what thou wilt; by all the *Gods*, 'tis to
Be studied in't, and I'll applaud thee for't:
Meanwhile, behold the pleasures of our Court. [*Dance*]

Enter Britannicus, mad: and Cyara.

Pop. O, my dread Lord, for these let me implore;
Live, wretches, and this excellence adore.
Brit. Stay me not? by the Gods, I'll break your hold.
Tad a Story, *Orpheus* never told,
When his harmonious sighs pierc'd *Pluto's* Gate,
I ban *Heav'n*, curse the great Gods, and Fate
yet I will not speak, the Theam's too stern;
The Hell it self might witty horror learn.
The whirl-wind snatch me headlong through the *Ayr*;
Spr round with Clouds envelop'd in Despair,
That I from Earth may hide this dismal deed:
Your is stabb'd, and all the Virtues bleed.
The's fall'n, *Octavia* too is gone;
Death's damp Vaults she wanders all alone:
Her Soul dive strangely through the Ground,
Her own Blood that spark of *Heav'n* was drown'd:
For against the Gods he did conspire;
Traytor, worse than he that stole their fire!
Brit. Who was that Traytor, Prince:
Brit. I know not, Sir,
That Dog that was her Murderer.
Nero. Who was that Dog:
Brit. Why, *Cerberus* I guess;
Savage else could hurt such Gentleness.
Meekness would wild *Panthers* Fury charm,
Hungry Lyons of their Rage disarm;
Were their prey, it would the Conquest get,
Their swoln Hearts, and cool their bloody Heat:
Brit. Madman begone.
Brit. This Madman is a Prince.
Brit. I say again, forbear this Insolence,
Thou shalt wish thou wert a Beggar born:
Nay, thou mov'st my Pity and my Scorn.
Brit. 'Twas you that kill'd my Sister.
Brit. Ha! thou ly'st:
Brit. Not my rage; for, if thou dost, thou dy'st:
Brit. Then I will sit, and hear your Thunder roar;
The humble Shrubs it hurts not, but flies o're.

Ner. But you shall find, for once, 'twill condescend
I pity thee, and will thy Sorrows end.

Cya. Hold; by the *Gods*, I do conjure you, first
First through my Bosom force your bloody way.
In policy you ought his Life to spare;
For, if you let him live, *Heav'n* will forbear
To punish you, nor will due Vengeance take;
The just good *Gods* will spare you, for his sake.

Brit. How the Boy prattles! 'tis a pretty Boy!
Cyara's Image! how that damps my joy!
What mean these two, by such an antick form?
Here's a soft calm, and there a blust'ring Storm.
My Painter so shall draw me Day and Night:
Here horrid Darkness stands; there, guady Light:
There, Cruelty, like the Red Sea appears;
Here melting Mercy flows in pitying Tears.
Exquisite Emblems! perfect good and evil:
A *Heav'n*, a Hell, an *Angel*, and a Devil.

Ner. If I gaze long, I shall my Nature lose:
Midst of my full Career I stopt and muse.
Whence does this unworthy pause proceed?
Can I repent my Rage? no, he shall bleed.

Cya. Hold, *Sir*, you cannot strike.

Ner. How? cannot, Boy?

Cya. Alas, I ly'd; I know you can destroy:
You can do all things, *Sir*, both drown and burn;
Nay, the whole World to its first Chaos turn.
You are a *God* to damn, a *King* to kill:
You can do all things, if you had the Will.
But you are kind, and soft, I know you are;
Your Eyes are Noble, and delight to spare.
O *Heav'n*! how men will lye! nay, now I find
You have a gentle, great, and GOD-like mind.
The Prince is Mad, and you are pleas'd to see't,
Nay, pardon all, — O let me kiss your feet.
You'll win all hearts, by such kind Acts as these;
With my warm Tears I'll bathe your sacred knees.

Ner. Shall I be branded with the name of Good?
Begone, thou soft invader of my Blood;

ercy and I, no correspondence have;
y's a whining tender-hearted slave:
ry I love, because she's bold and brave:
I scan things, Virtue's the greatest Crime:
nd off; or I will pass through thee, to him. [*Kill her.*]

Pop. Hold, *Cesar*, now I take you at your word;
you will keep your promise, sheath your Sward.

Ner. 'Twere less to give the World, than let him live;
your Commands with Joy I do receive.

Brit. What barbarous hand has done this horrid deed?
my dear Boy, look up; thou dost not bleed.

Pop. Stop, thou bloody Spring; my hair perforce
will bind thee, and damn up the Scarlet Source:

Will my self thy kind Physician be;
when I was sick thou still wert so to me:

my Bedside, strict watch all night he'd keep,
with his Songs, rock my dull cares asleep.

My cheeks are pale! Roses, look forth again,
and smile for Joy your pretty Rival's slain.

He wove thy thread of life too fine to last.
Is lost at once! O sad! O desp'rate cast!

Now, in my Arms, I'll bear thy Beauties hence;
thy guilty hand shall touch thy Innocence:

Now, arm in arm, we in one grave will lye;
wretched we liv'd, but happy we will dye.

[*Exit with Cyara.*]

Pop. What means my trembling Heart by this surprise?
why do I sigh? why do these Blushes rise?

Now my Soul, a mournful Troop appears;
stifled in their Birth, starts, sudden Fears,

gushing Joys, and solitary tears!

Now he him, 'tis too plain Just Heav'n has sent

my Inconstancy this punishment

gone to far to think of a return;

Must enjoy him: O my heart does burn!

My blood boils high, and beats with strange desires:

Just that madness mingled with such fires. [*Exit.*]

Ner. Thou hast a Wit; some sudden means contrive.

Believe me, Sir, this night he shan't survive.

[*Exit Nero, &c.*]

Solus.

Solus. Contrivance gives a mischief gloss — 'tis fine:
 I ha't — my kinsman *Burrhus* fills his Wine;
 By nature bloody — then the pow'rful charm
 Of Gold, a present gain, no future harm,
 Safe in the Emp'rор's favour he shall live:
 All this well weig'd, my black design must thrive.
 Nature has not been overkind to me:
 Her *limber* Sons and I cannot agree:
 She is my Stepdame; but my comfort is,
 To pay her home, this night her darling dyes. [Ex]

S C E N E. II.

Otho, Piso.

Piso. **Y**ET be advis'd, and let us end this strife. [Ex]
Otho. Deny thy words and I will spare thee.

Piso. Deny my words? what didst thou ever see
 In all my life, to raise this thought in thee?
 My nature's hot, provoke me, *Sir*, no more:
 I do pronounce again she is a whore.

Oth. Blasphemer, peace; rage does my heart-strife
 Wert thou my Father, I could not forbear. [Ex]

Piso. *Sir*, I dare Fight

Otho. Guard well thy life.

Piso. I do.

This sport was ne'er unwelcome untill now. [Ex]

You bleed.

Otho. No matter, *Sir*, the wound's but slight.

Piso. O, Brother, hear me for I will not Fight.

Otho. You must.

Piso. I cannot. *Heav'ns!* what have I done?

Otho. Thou art a Coward: pr'ythee, Boy, begone.

Piso. Curse on my hand that drew your precious Blood.

Poppea is an *Angel* chaste and good:

Ple flatter you; I care not what I say,

Rather than still pursue this fatal fray.

Otho. Now I believe what thou hast said is true;

has done what Anger could not do :
 he is false, forsworn, and I am lost,
 Soul is ship-wrack'd on its most lov'd coast ;
 thy Victorious Mercy I'm undone.

Noble Brother, leave this wretch alone ;
 my Heart's sick ! your pardon, pray no more ;
 I will lie, and my hard Hap deplore.

Then I will sit for ever by your side,
 't is not ill, if I this tameness chide,

[Enter] Rise up your wrath, let Anger chase away
 these fullen Clouds ; Revenge will bring the day
 in, and make your honour shine more bright,
 't is but to damn her to shades of death and night.

Ho. Ha ! thou hast wak'd my Soul from its dull rest ?
 O, thou gen'rous fire, enrich my breast.

Poppea passes over the Stage.

Orion Whore ! I'll sink her with a Blow,
 so rotten ripe for ruin ; let me go.

No. You see her Guards will your Revenge oppose,
 thus, for nothing, we our lives shall lose.

Ho. Down, down, my swelling heart ! O, I am sad :
 my weak Eyes ; this sight has made me mad.

No. Blinded with Rage, our Reason's apt to stray :
 I'd by me ; I'll shew the safest way.

SCENE III.

Britannicus reading, Poppea enters.

Musing, and all alone ? *Syllana*, go,
 to know of my Fate I'll quickly know :

My Virtues are dethron'd, and Passions rule ;
 my crimes you have reveng'd at full.

Is it a Truth ? or does Fame tell us lyes,
 't reports that the soul never dyes,

that sits, and acts in gloomy shrouds,
Synthia, when she's hemm'd with circling Clouds ?

When the soft partner of our griefs and joys,
 With trembling hands shall close our dying Eyes,
 When in sad sort our friends shall stand and morn,
 To see the fatal Torch those reliëts burn,
 Is there an end of thought? no farther care?
 No Throne of Blifs, nor Caverns of despair?
 No dens of Darkness, nor no seats of Glory:
 Then all our grave discourse is but a story.
 Some full-gorg'd Priest, nodding beneath a shade,
 Tales of *Elizium*, and the dull pool, made.
 Whither, O whither, go we, when we dye?
 Why, there were Babes not yet conceiv'd do lie?
 Death's nothing; nothing after Death will fall;
 Time, and dark *Chaos*, will devour us all.

Pop. I come to kill thee, Prince.

Brit. My Boy is dead;

To *Heav'n's* bright Throne his brighter Soul is fled:
 Yonder he mounts on silver burnish'd Wings;
 Each *God*, immortal sweets round him flings.
 Now, like a ship, he cuts the liquid Sky;
 His Rigging's Glorious, and his Mast is high,
 Fann'd with cool winds his Golden Colours fly.
 Ha! wilt thou follow him? begin: strike home.

Pop. I say, to kill thee (*Prince*) I hither come
 Thy Eyes sharp Beams have run quite through my heart
 And I, on thine, will thus Revenge the smart.

Brit. Strike, and by *Heav'n* Ple kiss thee for the Blow
 Be quick: my blood is black and full of woe:
 Do me this welcome dangerous Cruelty,
 Fair Murtheress, if thou art my Enemy.

Pop. Nay, sure you flatter'd when you term'd me

Brit. If Lyllies, Snow, and Light, be such, you

Pop. If I am so, this deed would make me foul,
 And cast eternal spots upon my Soul;
 Therefore, thou horrid Instrument, be gone:
 Without thy help, alas, I am undone.
 I faint.

Brit. Within my Arms I'll hold thee till
 Thy Soul return, and greedy Death beguile.
 In Rosy Gales Life through her Lips does stream.

Op. Why did you wake me from this golden dream?
I am sick!

rit. I am contagious sure;
all that touch me dye.

Op. You are my cure:

only in your power to make me live.

in those lov'd Eyes let me this Balm receive,

in this Circle let me ever grow. (me do?)

rit. Thou Charmer, speak; what wouldst thou have

Something—why, thus to press your hand, that's all.

'n how he shakes! why do you tremble, Prince?

Cyara's Ghost.

rit. Ha! what art thou, thou airy phantasm, hence;

Gods! it is my Boy: what wouldst thou have?

cold he looks, just ris'n from the Grave!

Go not to be bed, but fly that Sorceress arms;

tempts, like Circe, and has deadly Charms.

on Cyara, for she lov'd thee well:

heed, beware; thou'rt in the Rode to Hell: [Exit.]

rit. Stay, I conjure thee stay, leave me not thus,

you didst ever love *Britannicus*.

follow thee along thy Ayry track,

mount above the clouds to fetch thee back. [Exit.]

Enter Sylvano with a Taper.

Op. O Heav'ns! How do you, Madam? what success?

Op. I'll tell thee, Killing woe, and deep distress.

arm my Guirl; I'll shew thee e're we part

things: a troubled mind, and wounded heart.

for my former peace, what would I give?

Comfort is, this Shame I sha'nt survive.

final change nothing is constant found;

Gods, with *whirl-winds*, drive our Fortunes round,

[Exeunt]

S C E N E IV.

Nero, sleeping in a Couch, Caligula's Ghost appears.

Ghost. **F**ROM the infernal cave, the wide, the low,
 Abyſs, the direful pit of endless woe,
 On which each God that looks ſcarce keeps his State,
 But, giddy grown, turns and takes hold of Fate.
Caligula, in vapours wrapt, does come,
Nero, thy friend and the ſworn foe of *R O M E*.
 Not Hell's more dreadful than theſe hated walls;
 The Stygian waves, and *Terrhene* water's falls,
 Alike with fear confound my troubled Soul,
 And ſprinkle equal horrors as they rowl,
 By Traytors hands I fell: O that I could,
 For every drop they ſhed, ſpill Seas of Blood,
 Oh *Heav'n*, I'de do what cannot be expreſt!
 With raging Plagues I'de fill each *Roman* Breſt:
 Burn Palaces: like Thunder, I would rave,
 Tear the tall Woods, and rend each Secred Grove.
 But oh! by pow'rful Fate I am confin'd,
 And muſt not reak the madneſs of my mind.
Nero, Act thou, what can't be done by me,
 The Genius, I, will aid thy cruelty:
 With my pale hand I ſtroak the troubled ſenſe;
 All poyſon Hell contains I do diſpence;
 The ſcum of *Lethe*, with *Aleſto's* gall,
Magera's ſweat, ſhall on thy vitals fall;
Errinnis ſhall about thy heart-ſtrings twine;
 Yet all's too little for our great deſign.
 Lo, I am warn'd; ſee where fierce envy ſtands,
 And ſummons me, by *Pluto's* dread commands.
 Go on, be mad; no more, I muſt be gone,
 And vaniſh, like the Light when Day is done.

Nero Solus.

Where have I been? thou Dæmon of the Night
 Return; I'm rack'd with this appalling fight.

The Tragedy of Nero.

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forked tongues of Furies can't express
the rage that burns within me: Sulphur's less;
not Hell it self so full of dread appears;
not Night, nor darker Death, such horror wears;
not the destructive force of Wind, and fire,
when some great City's ruin they conspire;
not the devouring Sea, when *Neptune* makes
the Sea-Gods drunk, and draughts of ruin takes
long'd Womens hate, Sword, Famine, Plagues combine;
our madness trebled cannot equal mine:
your faint emblems of my fury are:
tender Sex, nor Age, my wrath shall spare.

Enter Drusillus bloody.

What News? thy looks declare it to be good,
hasty Joy appears, though drest in blood.
Drus. The rabble, *Sir*, with Wine and Rage inspir'd
with Tray'trous hands your Palace would have fir'd:
but Guards they did assault; but we withstood
their heat, and soon allay'd it with their Blood.
Strokes were giv'n ere the base Cowards fled,
the pris'ners are, some scap'd, and some are dead.
Nero. Ha? do they bid me Battle? they shall die;
their own Weapon I the Slaves defy.
Nothing but flames can quench my kindled Ire.
That's not enough; Fire I'll revenge with Fire.
As young *Phaeton* I will return:
Rome, the World's Metropolis, shall burn.
Cyber's flood new beams I will display,
turn black Night into a Golden Day.
molten GODS shan't save their Capital,
temples shall tumble down, guilt Roofs shall fall:
Ruin, with a noise shall swallow all.

Finis Actus quarti.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Britannicus, Flavine, Attendants.

Brit. **F**ire, fire, I'm all one flame; fly, my Friends, fly
 Or I shall blast you; O my Breath is Brimston
 My Lungs are Sulphur, my hot Brains boile o're;
 Or you that needs will stay, let your eyes run,
 If you did ever Love this wretched Prince,
 Now mourn, now weep. O, I will catch your Tears
 And drink the precious drops: I burn, I burn;
 Fall, fall, you gentle Rills, you melting show'rs;
 Call all the Winds to fan my furious fires;
 Bring the cold North, I'll kiss his out-blown cheeks,
 Upon my flaming breast I'll lay his head,
 And hug him in my heart, for he is cold;
 With my hot Arms I'll clasp his frosty limbs,
 And twine about him like a wanton Girl.
 Oh! oh!

Fla. Can there be Gods, and not revenge?

* Can they behold this Noble Copy of
 Their own bright Excellence polluted thus,
 Thus rent and torn by Sacrilegious hands,
 Yet idle sit, and sleep upon their Thrones?
 The voice of Murder's loud as their own Thunder.
 Awake, awake, you drowsie Deities!
 Here is a sight so pitifully strange,
 'Twould melt the *Syrian's* Soul, who stands unmov'd
 And sullen at his Mothers Funeral.

When Fame reports this deed, the rugged Moor
 Will stand abash'd, and groan to hear it told.
 Break, break, my heart: Oh you great GODS of ROME
 Where are you all? is this my welcome home?

Brit. Ha! he does weep! nay, pry'thee do not hide
 By Heaven, thou art my Friend: lend me thy store,
 My eyes shall pay the use, trust me they shall;
 Here, in my Bosom, lay thy pearly stock;

Hea

o'ns, how he weeps! thou art a Virgin sure,
you dear drops; Oh let me hug thee close:
Spirits are quite parch'd up, my palate's dry;
Elizian shades are cool: oh, let me dye.

Flav. Sir, I am *Flavius* have you quite forgot me?

Brit. I do remember thee; I lov'd thee well:

you art a Noble Youth, the Child of Honour.

Fla. From *France* I come, and bring important News.

Brit. Ha! hold I'll tell thee news: *Octavia's* dead;

's cold, alas, but I am hot as fire?

amiable floods, when do you stray?

come, and quench me, quench my raging flames.

Fla. O hear me, *Heav'ns*! hear me, you Just great

fill your Ears are open to our Pray'rs,

let you hold commence with mortal Sighs,

let the Vows of humble Souls are heard,

now look down and hear my short address:

sort of Sustenance will I receive,

shall the sparkling bowl salute my lips,

drowny Sleep visit my weary Eyes,

I the Author of this Murder know.

Brit. 'Tis like thee; thou wert always a true freind

bright flaming Chariot I'll ascend.

Fla. Oh *Octavia*, my dear loves,

Queens of Innocence, you spotless Doves,

et me, I come. *Flavius*? nay, pry'thee nigher;

s, in thy Arms, let me, kind youth, expire. [*Dies.*

Fla. Farewel, bright Soul! thou Royal Excellence!

Union! Grandeur join'd with Innocence!

Fates of wicked Men are gross and slow;

he mov'd apace.—but I forgot my vow.

Enter *Perronius*, *Burrhus*, with *Guards*.

Brit. 'Tis done, my Lord, ne'r doubt it.

Brit. What is he?

Brit. 'Tis *Flavius*, new returned from *France*, he came

as the Prince had drunk the poyson'd Wine:

Brit. That was not quite so well, for he is honest;

take no Notice: where's the Prince——give way.

came he dead? charge you speak, answer me.

Lay

Lay hold of all, in the name of the Emperour.

Fla. Hands off, I will declare the Author of
This horrid Murder. Speak, who fill'd his Wine?

Bur. That, *Sir*, did I.

Fla. Then thou art his Murderer:

Start not, base villain, black as thou art, the Prince
With his last noble breath did pardon thee,

Bur. *Sir*, I was order'd——

Fla. Ha! is it then a Truth?

Bur. I know not; but——

Fla. Thou ly'st: it is too true.

Guilt and Distraction, sit upon thy Brow?

And 'tis as true that thou shalt die for't, Villain. [*Drum*]

Petr. Hold, *Sir*: by what authority dare you do this?

Fla. Why, by the *Gods*, by Friendship, Justice, all
I'll answer thee no farther.

Petr. Ha! forbear.

Take him or kill him, Guards, I do command you.

{ *Flavius beats down Petronius,*
{ *kills Burrhus: the Guards disperse*

Fla. Pardon you *Gods*, my former blasphemy;
O you are Just, and I adore your Powers:
Now lead me where you please, to life or death,
Let me but pay my last Observance here,
My vow I have perform'd; and thou dear Prince,
Art in some part reveng'd: what my poor power
Could possibly effect, is done; the rest
Belongs unto the *Gods*.

Petr. Remove the Bodies,
And bring him away.

[*Exit*]

SCENE II.

Plautus, Mirmilon.

Plau. **H**ear you the news?

Mir. **H** Not I: you seem amaz'd.

Plau. A *Currier* from beyond the *Alps* arriv'd
Reports the *French* are all in Arms, resolv'd

bring the War ev'n to the Gates of R O M E,
 ce *Vindex* heads the Rebels, and all *France*
 tributes largely: this the Emperour hears,
 laughs; slights them, and swears he'll hang 'em all!
 People mutiny in every street.
 Tongues are lawless: nay, they murmur loud:
 he modestly retire to corners, where
 curse and damn him, call him paricide,
 corner of their Houses, Friends and *Gods*,
 where he comes; the Lion's rous'd, his Eyes
 red with anger, Lightning flashes in them:
 Thunder follows? Let's stand by and hear.

Nero, Flavius, Guards.

Was't not well done? I did his Murd'rer kill.
 Know, hardy fool, he suffer'd by my will.
 him, and did his Death contrive.
 Villain, think how long thou hast to live.
 To live? Oh who would live, thy humour's slave?
 ment worse than blackest Devils have.
 parasites, the Moths of Grandeur, fawn,
 guil'd canker-worms, Ambition's spawn:
 despise thee Tyrant as thou art;
 's nothing great, nor manly in thy heart.
 Are you so hot? I'll alter your fierce Tone.
 go burn the villain; see it done.
 Mid'st of devouring flames, I will despise
 at the Master Devil thou,
 black crew of lesser Fiends devise:
 shall not hear a groan till I expire;
 when I'll shout defiance from the fire,
 at the shock of death, and to the *Gods* retire.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Petronius.

Dread Sir, two Messengers who come from *Spain*,
 that *Galba* does new Wars maintain;
 the revolted Troops, and joyns with *France*,
 Germans too come in, and all advance

Your Majesty.

I'll hear no more.

false?

Pari

Petr. They call him Emperour.

Ner. They do: but what's the name, without
Let him come on; this Arm shall strike him dead,
And snatch his borrowed Laurels from his head.

Petr. Your Treasures are consum'd with late Expend.

Ner. His gather'd Sums shall help that Indigence.

Petr. Time flies; 'tis fit your wisdom had design'd.

Ner. Do you consult, while I my pleasures mind,
Oh my *Poppea*, where art thou retir'd?

Never was blessing

So oft enjoy'd; yet still so much desir'd.

[Exit]

S C E N E III.

Poppea, *Piso*, and *Otho* listening.

Pop. Are they both dead? *Piso* and *Otho* too?

Piso. I saw 'em first appose the Pyrat's rage
With numbers, scorning death, they did engage;
The GOD of Battles blush'd as he look'd on,
Envyng the just applause these *Heroes* won.

Pop. Virtue is still by violence oppress'd.
How his eyes sparkle! Pray relate the rest.

Piso. I have my self the doubtful hazard stood
Of fifteen battles, plung'd in waves of Blood,
The dreadful cast on Fortune's bank I threw,
Life was my lot; yet still in all my view
Of Wounds, of War, and Death I never saw
Such pleasing horror, such delightful awe,
Such mighty force and art together laid;
Never was game of death so bravely play'd:
At last, O that I live such news to tell!

With conqu'ring tir'd, these Sons of valour fell.

Pop. Oh pow'r of Love! his words my Soul invade
Sure 'tis some GOD, delighting in a shade:
The Glories of his Eyes, like Stars in Night,
Or mourning Beauties, charm my wounded sight.
Since Honours are by *Cesar*, round me hurld,
Since I am made the Empress of the World,
Since all's my choice, why do I doubtful stand,
And with a pleasure which I may command:

The Tragedy of Nero.

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when I die, I must to Torments go,
is fit no time be lost; let pleasures flow.
my eager Appetite shall cloy;
my Resolution holy qualms destroy;
henceforth, what e're I like, I will enjoy.

[Exit beckoning Piso.

Otho, Solus.

O Hell! her crimes thy horror cannot match:
my swift, my Sword, her lust and life dispatch.
This Key unlocks all doors throughout the Court.
Will you so wanton? Yes you shall have sport.
How am I rob'd of all I ever lov'd!
My Soul is heavy, and would be remov'd.
Once she was fair, the softest, sweetest wife,
My heart's lov'd Joy, the Jewel of my Life;
And she stood so, how happy had I been!
Now she's fallen, and glories in her Sin.
The whole Sex is naught, false, and unkind;
Worse than flatt'ring Seas, or fleeting Wind:
With panting hopes and fears they rack our Breast,
They snatch our soft sleeps, and ravish downy rest:
They are skill'd, practis'd in paint and art;
They smile in our face, and stab us to the heart.
We see all, think nothing is unspy'd
While they like Serpents on their bellies glide,
And leave no Print behind, our search to guide.

[Exit.

Poppaea, Piso.

Piso. War is my Mistress; here I am unfit:
My chaplet misbecomes a War-rior's head;
I cannot cringe, my nerves too firm are knit;
My Limbs ne're lay upon a filken bed.
You, that are the World's great Empress, take
Your right in the Embraces of a Slave?
Popp. The Sun, for thy lov'd cheek, did Heav'n forsake;
Should not I the like advantage have?
In a bright Orb of Glory I'll descend,
In thy gloomy Cell make my abode:
I'm more a slave; henceforth thou art my Friend:
My outrage has, ere now, receiv'd a GOD.

Piso.

Piso. Who ever knew Night mingle with the Day?

Pop. Nothing agrees with Love so well as Night;
Hush'd, and in darkness hid, the bashful play,
And, happy as the bold, ravish delight:
The most obdurate are by kindness won.

Your touches charm; nay, why do you withdraw?
Grow thus, like a soft cloud upon the Sun;
My pow'rful flame thy Icy Fears will thaw.

Piso. Your Grandeur awes me; yet, why should I fear
Something there is which my blood strangely moves;
I am your slave; but are we private here?

Pop. As Hermits in their Cells, or Gods in groves.

Piso. Why did you name the Gods, that Sacred Son
The force of Thunder bears, and turns my Blood;
My Spirits fly low, yet with your touch rebound,
Like wanton Swallows, when they kiss the flood.

Pop. Such fears unworthy are my Blood or Throne
Give me a Fancy fixt to its delight:
Tremblings and starts the fearful well may own;
The valiant still refuse a distant fight.

Enter Otho.

Otho. Here's one that fain would try your mighty Arm
What mean you? ere the Fight's begun, you start.

Pop. Night, Horror, Death! Ah, whither shall I?

Otho. Can you be valiant, and yet fear to dye?

Pop. Thus, at your feet, let me one moment grow
A little respite for my Soul allow,
Repentance seizes on each vital part,
And serious grief clings about my heart;
Yet, e're I dye, let me my thoughts declare,
O you are wrong; my still lov'd Lord, you are:
Your bed's defil'd, and I am all one stain;
But yet my Blood may wash me white again.
By killing me, you only can forgive;
I am so wicked, that I would not live.
In pity say this of me, when I'm dead,
She was not easily to ruin led;
'Twas not a common Crown her Virtue bought;
But mighty Glory with great Courtship wrought;
Then she was young:
This, Sir, perhaps, may mitigate my fault.

Orb. Her cunning tongue retains its wanted Charms.
 ce, Syren, and hold off thy guilty arms.
 el a gentle load drop on my feet.
 k, Piso, I suspect but dare not see't.
 ifo. Oh, do not, Sir: my eyes, by chance, did stray
 half my resolutions ta'en away.
 weeps, she weeps! Gods! who would not admire
 ee such Floods rise from a Spring of Fire?
 rbo. Yes I will see her: O thou false one speak;
 thou shalt die,
 ough, will the fatal Stroke, my own heart break.
 up, seek not to hide thy known disgrace.
 hew thy fair, thy false, thy once lov'd Face.
 nswer me, what have I ever done
 thou shouldst use me thus? cease thy vain moan;
 speak, or practice o're thy mournful art,
 ob an answer. Oh my troubled heart!
 p. Yes, I will speak, my noble Lord, I will;
 ut a short Request, be kind, and kill.
 words, like Daggers, through my Breast make way;
 usand Deaths you give me by delay.
 one last look. — Oh put me out of pain;
 eak no more;
 hall my eyes e're look forth again.
 o. A mortal Agony invades my blood;
 hing now whispers me, she may be good;
 hall we blast young Virtue in the bud?
 rth-quake's here, all in confusion tost,
 disorder too, Revenge is lost.
 Here you shall find it; let me give the blow.
 . Thou art so hasty still.
 And you as slow.
 . She ne'r offended thee? I charge you hold.
 . His old Love burns again.
 Alas, I'm cold.
 fion this last ardency did move;
 the effect of pity, not of Love.

Enter Nero.

The Empress dying? hold thy bloody hand.
 If thou would'st save her life I charge thee stand;
 H The

The bond of thy Progression there shall be:
When e'er thou stir'st,

She takes a step to immortality.

Ner. Shall I be brav'd by a black Dog, a Slave?
Hold, hold: my Pardon, on my knees, humbly thus I crave
Stiff as an *Elephant*, I cannot bend;
My little fault, let this Submission mend.

Piso. You stir'd an Inch; 'tis vain to weep or pray

Ner. Thou Son of Night, pernicious Creature that
P'rh' name of all the Gods, Oh, let her live;
Let me this bounty, on my Knees, receive,
And thou, in all my Glories, shalt have share;
Thy looty hand shall the World's Scepter bear.
And *Diamond* wreaths shall round thy Temples move
And *Pearly* Threads thy Jetty neck adorn.

Piso. Just as you move, my Justice shall proceed.
She shall not dye this time, though she must bleed

[Stabs her in the

Ner. What hast thou done?

Piso. Not much: your posture keep,
And stir not, lest I make a Wound more deep.

Ner. Beheld I'm fix'd: thou art not humane
O, mighty Love!

'Tis for thy sake, I this disgrace endure:
Had'st thou a Generous Soul, thou couldst not see
The Lord o'th' World thus long upon his Knee.

Piso. Like a tall Tree to dull Earth thou shalt grow
You were a mighty God a while ago,
And 'tis my Pride to make your Godhead bow.

Ner. I cannot suffer this. Awake, my Soul,
Let haughty rage all thoughts of Love controul.

Piso. Nay, then 'tis time: Brother strike home.

Otho. I have.

May all her faults be buried in her Grave.

Ner. Hence, from my sight; the slaves to Torment
Mark me, let 'em be dying all the Year.

Tortures in this small Book you may explore,
The Rack, the Wheel, *Phalaris* Bull; nay more
With care, turn all the bloody pages o're:

On fiery brazen pavements let 'em run,
Their eye-lids snatch, let them face the Sun.

The Tragedy of Nero.

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Death, dare you stay? begone, I will not hear
word;—what need I thus my Spirits tear?

looks hereafter shall my mind declare.

Where is the Empress? bring her to my bed.

Plau. The Empress, said you, Sir? Alas she is dead.

Ner. Villain, thou ly'st; go pull his tongue out, haste;

see the roots on't; fly, h'has spoke his last.

no answers now? Statues, by *Heav'n*! All dull?

Mir. If she were dead——

Ner. What then, Sententious fool?

he were dead, I would restore her Breath,

she should live

ght of her self, spight of the Gods, and Death.

Pow's unlimited, as is their own:

smile brings Life, and Death attends my frown.

Empires bounds, Nature alone does make;

Sun his lodging in my Sea does take,

grateful God too owns the mighty debt,

ws me down Clouds, and pays me gen'rous heat.

he were dead?

le of your cringing and base Flattery;

re Lyars all: hence, from my presence fly.

Enter Messenger.

Ner. Lost, and undone: Hy sacred Sir, you'r lost:

is just arriv'd upon our Coast;

four-score thousand strong he beats the way,

treacherous Senate too their Trust betray;

ugh all the Streets Proclaim him Emperour;

call you Tyrant, curse your Name and Pow'r. [*Ex.*

Ner. Flie, flie, dread Sir; flie from this fatal ground,

base *Plebeians* have beset you round:

Senius, who a while sustain'd their heat,

all bloody, from the Walls retreat:

and *Piso*, from your Guards are freed,

ROME applauds them for this last great Deed. *Exit.*

Enter Petronius staggering.

Ner. Speak, my true Friend; Ple be advis'd by you?

more remains, in these extreems, to do?

Ner. With faithful truth, Sir, I have serv'd you long:

was the right, I did my self the wrong;

But now it matters not, 'twas Loyalty,
 And, as I liv'd, I in your service dye.
 My counsel is, you by your own hand bleed ;
 The *Senate* has some poor base Death decreed:
 Death's but a name ; by my example fall :
 I fear no Lakes, nor *Stigian* Frogs : that's all.

Ner. O Gods ! but wherefore name I these feign'd pow
 The Elements, the Seasons, Days, and Hours,
 Were always as they are, and will be so,
 And Nature her eternal round will go.
 The Gods when we're awake their *Demons* keep
 At home, and only fright us when we sleep.
 I would the utmost know of Destiny,
 And therefore, dying, do their Powers defy.
 If they have any Thunder, let it come ;
 I'll stand the heavy shock, and brave my doom.
 Down all at once---Ha ! whence proceeds this noi

[Thun

If there be Gods, sure this must be their Voice.
 Speak on, talk louder yet, what shapes are these ?
 O dismal Scene of Death ! my Arteries.
 Tremble and Nature sinks beneath her weight.
 I know you all : smile on, Thou art my fate.
 What God was't hung thee there ? He is my friend :
 By rhee, he points me out a noble end.

Othe, Piso, Attendants.

Otho. 'Tis he, and as it seems by himself slain.
 R O M E's sacred *Genius*, now look forth again ;
 Come from thy shroud, show thy Majestick head ;
 Direct our Joys, the dreadful Tyrants dead,

Piso. Let's to the F O R U M haste and there pro
 A mighty donative in *Galba's* name.

With all the Pomp o'th' Court his Camp we'll mee
 And his approach with Joyful shoutings greet :
 Proclaim him Emperour with Trumpets sound
 While he, now made a God, shall scorn the Groun
 And, on our shoulders ride, with Lawrels Crown

PILOGUE, Spoken by Mr. Harris.

HOW dull, how grave, and how precise ye sit,
As if ye had acted Love, not tasted Wit.
When the Tricks done, like Wine unstopt ye pall
After enjoyment, thus it's with you all.
Your modish Playes like jaunty Misses shew'd,
Be bravely drest, high flown, more fine than good
For Cloaths attract ye more than flesh and blood
Like cover'd Viands Beauties hid from sight,
Raise drooping fancy up to new delight,
For you Gallants, ye gay brisk witty Men,
He knows your killing trade, your damning strain;
Ye can as well Wenches and Drink refrain.
Yet faith for my sweet sake be kind to night,
Or may this heavy curse upon you light;
May each Gallant that has an assignation,
Be jilted after four hours expectation;
Or if the masked Gentlewoman come
Spight of long Scarf, may she be dogg'd from home.
May ye ———
In height of Titilation hear a rappin,
And then the jealous Cuckold take ye napping.

GLORIANA,

OR THE

Court of *Augustus Caesar.*

A

TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

By

Their Majesties Servants.

— *Quibus hæc, sint qualiacunque*
Arridere velim, doliturus si placeant spe
Deterius nostra. Hor. Sat. 10.

By NAT. LEE, Gent.

Dramatis Personæ.

Augustus Cæsar.

Mr. Mohun.

Cæsar.

Mr. Hart.

Marcellus.

Mr. Kenaston.

Tiberius.

Mr. Lydall.

Agrippa.

Mr. Cartwright.

Mecænas.

Mr. Griffon.

Ovid.

Mr. Clarke.

Leander.

Mr. Powell.

Araspes.

Mr. Harris.

Gloriana.

Mrs. Marshall.

Julia.

Mrs. James.

Narcissa.

Mrs. Corbet.

SCENE, *The Palace*
Augustus Cæsar.

To Her GRACE

The Dutcheſs of Portſmouth.

Madam,

Here is nothing more difficult, even to the Valiant or the Witty, than making Approaches to the Fair: Nay, I am confident the moſt renowned Conquerour, even *Alexander* himſelf if he now liv'd, would rather ſtand expoſ'd a- gainſt the Javalins of an enrag'd Multitude, than make his Addreſs to a Beauty ſo powerfully arm'd by Your Grace. The moſt lofty Wit that ever by conſtant Succeſs and popular Applauſe made content, would tremble to ſpeak before you: I ſee then how unfit I am, blaſted in my hopes, and preſs'd in my growth by a moſt ſevere, if not cruel Fortune. 'Tis greatly done to raiſe the preſs'd, which makes me apply my ſelf to your Grace, who, as you are the Brighteſt, are like the Nobleſt Object in the World; You enſhine like the Sun, with Universal Influence, which induces me to hope that a Beam from your Grace may reach,

The Humbleſt of

Your Servants,

NAT. LEE.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Roche.

HE whose attempts is shown this Night to please,

Beheld me entering and my arm did seize,
Cry'd, Madam, stay, stay but one minute more;
But I your Servant left him at the doer,

How dear, and yet how dreadful is the Night,
That makes a Poet, or undoes him quite?

Such is the Night when a kind-hearted Maid
Becomes a Sacrifice to Bridal-bed:

She fears to give what yet she wishes past,
Cries fie, no, and drives it to the last.

If to be brought oth' Stage so much can fright,
What Devil makes you all so mad to write?

But hold, let me consider—

Wit which was so merly but Recreation,
Is now become the Business of the Nation;

Prentices write Lampoons, your Justices
Have quirks for Courtiers late debaucheries,

And Constables with quibbles break the peace;
Your formal Citizen turns Man of Sense,

And has to Ingenuity pretence:

Treats Miss in Box, which was but Punk with you,
Gripes her crax'd knee, and treads upon her toe,

And cries, I sack, my dear, this Play will do.
With Beard precise his Verdict dares pronounce

Who by predestination is a Duncè:

All will be censoring, a man that writes;
And praise or damn him like a Man that fights.

With boldness therefore both should be inspir'd,
The Stout and Witty should alike be fir'd:

Poets, like Men of Courage, that begin,
Should still push forward when they're enter'd in,

Till certain of Applause they write with ease,
And with just forces are resolv'd to please:

The little Wits of Course will then obey,
And briskly swear the fashionable way,

To all that those insipidly can say:

So a young sharp-set Bully—

With famine pinch'd, and much given to think,

Who thirst for fame, but thirsts much more for drink,
Resolves to perish, or inhance his Name,

And gives not o're till he proves Cock oth' Game;
Then he who lately seem'd like Winter bare,

Comes forth like Summer loosely clad and clear;
He drives the Squires with breath of Pantaloon,

And the least words he speaks is Blood and Wounds.

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GLORIANA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Banquet. Enter Augustus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Ovid following with Musick, and sings while the Emperour sits melancholy.

SONG.

ET *Business no longer usurp your High Mind,
But to Dalliance give way, and to Pleasures be kind;
Let Business to morrow, to morrow employ,
To day the short Blessing let's closely enjoy;
To frolick below, till they bear us above;
Caesar we'll sing, to Caesar and Jove.*

2.

*Business we'll ramble, like Bridegrooms unbrac'd
And surfeit on Pleasures which others but tast:
We'll laugh till we weep on the breast of the Fair,
The Tears that we shed, shall the Trespass repair.
We'll vow that below we but Act those above,
We never repent, yet are always in Love.*

*3. Vast are the Glories, Caesar, thou hast won,
To make whose Triumphs up, the World's undone:
The Indians from the Eastern parts remote,
Thee the Treasure of their Shrines devote:
The Trees of Coral, which they div'd for low,
In the walks of Neptune's Palace grow,
The Tritons trumpeting on ev'ry bough;
Which the mourning eyes of Thetis pay,
When her cool'd Lover bolts through waves away;
The Diamonds that the Sun each morning sheds,
In his Chariot o're their sooty heads.
The Scythians from their Northern Climate come,
In their Waggon-houses pensive roam;*

For

For thee they seek: 'Tis at thy Name they shake,
And far off prostrate Adorations make.

They who the great *Pelleas* Victor's Arms
Repell'd, seem Thunder-strook at thy alarms.

Ag. The *Parthians* dreading *Cæsar*, Peace proclaim
Whose haughty minds no Force could ever tame,
Who the renown'd *Mark Anthony* o'recame.
And *Crassus*, who like some large Oak had stood
The brush of warring winds, and showers of blood,
His Army round him like an under-wood;
These Martial Rangers root and branches tore,
And on their Crests his trickling heart-strings wore.

Oth. The World shou'd stretch to hold an Emperor
So tall in Vertue, and so wide in Pow'r.

Where e're on Nature's peaceful face he treads,
Her foremost rank of Sons submit their heads;
With smiles they all this God-like walkings greet,
While Crowns and Scepters play about his feet.

Aug. Cease this unwelcome noise; I say, give o're
Ye must not speak, since I can here no more:
Take wing like Angels, fly to Heav'n's abodes,
Though ye have tongues might charm the ears of Gods
They please not me, for I am discord all,
Broke by my own that triumph in my fall.
Barns and Out-houses, or some rotten Hold,
Please the dark Birds better then rooms of Gold.
Why tell ye me of circumvested pride,
Of Purpl'd Fame, and thousand cares beside?
Give me but one or two soft happy hours,
And all the greatneses of State be yours.

Mec. What lifted troubles your high thoughts mo
And shake the frame of your Majestick breast?

Oth. If some portentous darkness at Noon-day,
Should o're the Heav'n deep dreadful blacks display,
Without offence to Altars we might come,
To know the cause of such a horrid gloom.
'Tis Loyal kindness urges our desire;
Speak, *Cæsar*, lest we sin while we enquire.

Mec. So huge and dark your Sorrow's Chaos grow
No glimm'ring streak of Joy can interpose.

Ov. Your mighty care no interval allows,
 musings, starts, and sad contracted brows;
 your Spirit like old Night, e're Day was made,
 one substantial darkness, solid shade.

Ag. Last night as at your feet I waking lay,
 viewing the Golden Taper's watchful Ray,
 heard your deeds with horror wrap'd unfold,
 Sacred things, and never to be told.

Now you arm'd from your toss'd Bed arise,
 as useful as *Jove*, call'd by a Virgin cries,

starts with his Thunder to the curtain'd Skies:

hour you cry'd, then stalk'd about the Room,

once call'd, *Scribonia*, curse upon thy womb;

striking the Air you made three empty blows,

then lay down, seeking with groans repose.

Mar. Ev'n now strong sighs your Royal fabrick tear,

with their violent curse torment the Air:

now from your eyes conflicting sorrows pass,

you in vain the struggling tears suppress.

Ag. O my lov'd Friends, 'tis a harsh truth; but stay,

will not out till Tears have smooch'd its way;

let it in one worst word, my actions stain,

the Canker of my Laurels Valour's bane;

all great evil *Julia* be the name,

who from the womb of curst *Scribonia* came;

nothing in War I got the wanton brood,

the scum of boiling Youth, froth of my blood!

Ag. Some busie person with Officious tongue; [Ovid

offer'd to th' Imperial Princess wrong.

goes out

your choice *Marcellus* dearly she approves,

whom you have adopt'd, highly loves:

being boundless born, and mark'd for sway,

not by passion check'd nice rules obey.

Mar. Vainly her thoughts they guess by outward form;

she may be calm within, without a Storm:

her heart from common view remov'd lies deep,

in Mines of Gold in Nature's bosom sleep.

Ag. Rightly her virtue by a Mine you lay,

ere ev'ry lusty Slave may hew his way.

Now from those that wou'd not forge, she is

she, vain, a mocker of our Deities.

Now

Now by yon' Heav'n she has my fury rais'd,
 And he's my Foe by whom she dares be prais'd.
 A Mine! of what? she is all counterfeit,
 I've weigh'd her in the ballance, found her light;
 But from my heart the glitt'ring dross I'll tear,
 Like glass to dust I'll pound the brittle fair,
 Then blow her to her Element the Fair.

Enter Julia attended.

Ful. That Roofs to low, and all the Figures old,
 I'll have it new wrought up in fretted Gold;
 Nor shall those Dorick Pillars long remain,
 But the vast Cieling shall it self sustain.

Aug. Not *Venus* in the proudest Robes she wears,
 With thousand Crowns and Trains of dragging Stars
 Thoughts so high flown, e're knew, or e're could stretch
 Expanded pride like this ambitious wretch.

Ful. *Cesar* to *Jove* may claim the second place,
 But I with *Juno* will have equal grace,
 And when she dares match for the better face.
 Henceforth I'll have all first unmixt, entire,
 My Meats prepar'd with Elemental fire;
 The Palace walks with common feet are worn,
 Raise flying Gardens on vast Columns born,
 So near to Heav'n, that scorning *Tiber's* wave,
 In Chrystal Buckets we the Clouds may lave,
 To wash the pendant Soil; so strange to view.
 It shall *Semiramis* fam'd Groves outdo.

Aug. Be Judges both, and then my wrath forgive
 Just *Livia*! But 'tis past, she shall not live.

Ful. Methinks already I am walking there
 Thread the fring'd Banks, and breath the Vernal air
 And Purple clusters round my Temple shine,
 And flowrie mantling Amarant divine,
 And Sense grows wanton as the lusty Vine.
 Now cloy'd methinks with the mellifluous Grove,
 From Sunny Meads, to cool recess I move,
 With tall young men that make immortal love.

Aug. Since 'tis well known how kind you are to S
 Why should you talk of a Removal hence?

Heav'n's feasts too thin for your quaint Palate are,
The talk of Nectar, but how comes it there? [*scornfully*]
Provoking Banquets, rich Ambrosial Meat,
When Clouds they drink indeed, and Air they eat?
Not your fancy from its Sphere be driv'n,
You'll never like the slender fare of Heav'n.

Ful. Mistake me not, 'tis for variety
That I Elysium's Argent Fields would see:
Think you that from your Throne I would remove,
To be the gaudiest Starry Queen above?

Was not my purpose, Sir, to tarry there,
Only go to Heaven to take the air.

Aug. Come thou'rt not fit to live.

Ful. Dread Father, why?

Aug. Thou art all ill.

Ful. Then I'm not fit to dye.

Will the hopes of Vertue's growth prevent,
If you grant me life I may repent.

Aug. I here pronounce her Stranger to my blood,
Not revenge that must not be withstood.

[*Agrippa and Mecænas hold him.*]

Not *Virginus* his Daughter call.

Death, and did she not the voice extoll?

Kiss'd his feet, and blest him in her fall.

His Sons gave up to angry power,
With stern visage said, They are no more.

Were just Victims to the shrines of fame,
Got their Authors an Eternal name.

Gr. Great Princess kneel, and his sworn rage attone.

To ask him pardon, were a crime to own.

Aug. No, in her Obstinacy let her sink,

Curse pursue to the Infernal brink;

Hell, to Hell Ple drive thy spotted soul,

In Eternal tortures she shall roul,

Round, and shriek with pain in livid fires;

When for ease the weary wretch aspires

To those bright Thrones which she did once Blaspheme,

New Hell Heav'n shall the Fiend condemn.

beds of Flames where thou didst lye and roar,

Winds shall bear thee hot all reeking o're,

And

And sweetening drops of blood, and round the blow,
Then plunge thee in th' Abyſs of Ice and Snow.

Jul. All that is Earth of me is in your hand,
But, Sir, my Spirit's not at your command.
I have a Soul that when my body dies,
Shall mix with the immortal Deities.
Nor can the awful puff of *Cæſar's* name,
Blow out this ſpark of the ætherial flame:
Spight of the clouds your fury's Tempelt wears,
I'll up and ſcorn your anger from the Stars.

Aug. She's all o're woman——Abstract of her kind
And all the Sex is crouded in one mind:
Her very Thoughts——

Are women in the bud, though yet unblown,
But all her words are pregnant woman grown.

Jul. Why was I deſtin'd to be born above,
By Midwife Honour to the Light convey'd,
Fame's Darling, the bright Infant of high Love,
Crown'd and in Empire's golden Cradle laid?
Rock'd by the hand of Empreſſes, that yield
Their Scepters form'd to Rattles for my hand,
Born to the wealth of the green floating Field,
And the rich duſt of all the yellow Land.
And why did Fate ſo vaſt a Dowry give,
As renders me a Conſort fit for *Jove*,
Unleſs ſhe meant that I ſhould looſely live,
And free from cares below, as Gods above?

(home-bred)

Aug. Quench, quench, y' immortal powers!
Though all the Earth revolt, and wage fresh Wars:
Raiſe from the Dead *Mark Anthony* again,
Once more let's try our fortunes on the Main.
To *Ægypt* back let all the Spoils be brought,
And let 'em with fresh blood more wounds be brought
Lean *Cæſius*, God-like *Brutus*, riſe, combine,
Nay with the *Memphian* black Armado join;
Dip (ev'n yours heels) all o're in Stygian Lake,
And more than *Achillean* hardneſs take;
Hire all winds, immortal as you are
Again to *Aſium* I your Ghoſts will dare,
And into Atomes drive the gather'd Air.

r. Stop not the Torrent of his rising rage;
 it full course and it will soon assuage.
 g. Thus *Pyrrhus*, whom no manly force could quell,
 it inglorious, by a Woman fell.
 piter! dread King of Heav'n and *Rome*; [kneels:
 death, but no dishonour, be my doom;
 Julia's name no more may cleave my head;
 me for ever deaf, deaf as the dead.
 lia! but for thee my fame had past,
 d like a Chrystal Rock to Ages last;
 lust of thine like an envenom'd dart,
 drunk the life-blood of thy Father's heart:
 . That I am innocent —
 g. I know thou art;
 take no words on't: go, with life depart. [Exit: Ju.
 r. Your Wars in *Spain* a glorious period have,
 all applaud *Marcellus* as most brave,
 in his first essay your Foes o'rethrow;
 ould such Wonders in his Non-age do:
 c. Equal to him the valiant brave unknown
 us so fam'd, rush'd through all hazards on;
 th unknown, but of high blood in War,
 with *Marcellus* did the Triumph share:
 ellus who adopted *Cesar* stands,
 nder you the Conquer'd Earth Commands.
 r. Fame loudly speaks the deeds which he has done;
 hews the Father, and then draws the Son.
 g. Ev'n he has guilty been, and as 'tis said,
 o whom we thought in *Egypt* dead,
 V
 Wars: brave *Marcellus* harbour'd in his Tent;
 hews was to my Empress *Livia* sent.
 nce more by my Father's Soul I swear,
 t young King of Kings in *Rome* appear,
 bough Arabian Empire shall not save his head,
 ve ten thousand Talents for him dead:
 c. Dispell those clouds that thicken on your brow;
 will speak:
 g. Full freedom we allow:
 c. Against *Cesar* be not thus severe,
 st not openly your wrath set are:
 I

By

By private Instruments his hopes abate,
Which more agrees with your own rules of State.

Agr. 'Tis nois'd (for sure such secrets cannot sleep)
That you in private *Gloriana* keep,
Th' Illustrious *Pompey's* Daughter; I advise,
That your white Age wou'd Beauty's gloss despise
Let not the Nations blame your being old,
Nor think of loving now your blood is cold.

Aug. Furies! and Hell! I am become their sport.
They flout me——How! ye elder slaves oth' Court
Come feel my Arms, and learn to be more bold,
Am I not fit to love? Ha! am I old?

Ye Apes of fame, ye Sparks to my full day!
Ye Gnats that in my Ev'ning glory play! [*Leander*]
But with my Sword I'll punish your Offence [*Haraspes*]
And make ye know what 'tis t'affront a Prince. [*his Son*]

Agr. Our deaths are in your hands, act as you please.

Mec. Your frowns not death our Souls with terror

Aug. No, ye regard me not, nor love, nor fear;
I know your hearts——you wish *Casario* here,
Here——in my Throne, ungrateful as ye are,
By me prefer'd in Peace, advanc'd in War.

Agr. You are the best of Kings.

Aug. No, I'm the worst,
Stupid, morose, tyrannical, accurst.
I, like old *Saturn*, must forgo my Sphere,
You're for a mad young fiery *Jupiter*.
Yet this remember in your Thund'ers reign,
The Golden days will never come again. [*Exit*]

ACT II. SCENE, Palace-Hall.

Casario, Araspes, Leander.

Cas. Proscrib'd!

Aras. So rumour spreads it.

Cas. Ha!

Aras. 'Tis true;

His fears the old Proscription now renew.

is the Man, he said, that brings him dead,
 five ten thousand Talents for his head!
 dreadful noise from *Cæsar's* fury broke,
 Guilt like Wild-fire thrill'd him as he spoke.
 He thought you long ago in *Egypt* slain,
 with late tremblings heard you liv'd again:
 tore his hair, and mad with choler said,
 Thus lives not till *Cæsario's* dead.

Then *Cæsar's* lost; and shall in Chaos lye,
 'Tis not to be thought that I should dye,
 Iate from the loins of *Julius* sprung,
Hercules from *Jove*, for ever young,
 as big as *Mars*, and full as strong.

Yet you're a Man.

Said you of me? Twas poor:

Araspes, I was always more.

me in Swadling-bands the Nurses rock'd;

al was full with God-like Courage stock'd;

ounds which first my wondrous voice did move;

Father *Julius*, and Granfire *Jove*:

my Childhood I was more than Man,

on my Non-age flew, and Stags out-ran,

er, thou remembrest who are old,

yet nine Winters I had scarcely told,

star'd Lion in our chase I brav'd,

om his jaws my panting Mother sav'd.

I saw him by your early valour fall.

Fall! — by my valour! — saw him! is that all

peak'ft, *Leander*, as thou didst repine;

ould't have said, it was an act Divine,

like act, to see a ruddy Boy

ilk on's Lips, the Royal beast destroy.

my gay Sword, brandish'd above my Crest,

ead with Plumes, and with Queens favours dress'd,

the Savage, eager for his prey,

unted with my aspect thun'd the fray.

at-run him, though he got the start,

hid my little Rapiet in his heart.

dread Thunderer, from whom I came,

and casts forked bolts, and leaping flame,

I'll tumble head-long this Usurper down,
And from his head tear the Imperial Crown:

Araf. Stay, Son of *Cesar*, whither wou'd you run
Sorrow shall end what your blind Wrath begun.
Forgive me if your death I dare prevent,
And force your Courage take another bent.

Lea. Both you shall send to everlasting rest,
And ride to ruine o're this Loyal breast:
For think not we can stay to see you dye;
We'll usher you to immortality.

Let wit contrive, and leisure give to Time,
While we instruct you this steep Throne to climb.

Caf. Plots are the dark and back way to a Throne,
Miss but one step, we roul with ruine down:
Then let's away to quell with open strife
This base Usurper that proscribes my life.

Lea. Perhaps the rumour's false, your rage sudden
Or reek it here on us for being true.

Caf. Was I for this in *Alexandria* fam'd
The King of Kings, and Heir oth' World proclaim
While Vassal Princes did about me croud,
And *Asia's* Chiefs of my Commands grew proud!
Did not our Mother perish by his Arms,
That source of Love, and ever-flowing Charms,
Great *Cleopatra*, who now drowns the Stars,
And shews to Goddesses her glorious Scars,
Yet have I question'd him for what was done?

Lea. We know you ne're molested what he would

Caf. Nay have I not of late his Foes o'rethrow
His Standards fix'd ith' heart of stubborn *Spain*,
And bow'd her neck to the old yoke again!
And dares he thus my Services reward!
Stand back, I'll kill him midst of all his Guard:
Though at the Altar in the Capitol,
The purple Brute a Sacrifice shall fall.

Marcellus meets him.

Mar. What prodigal of Life your wrath has rais'd
And fann'd the flame with which your cheeks are
Ne're did I see that Scabbard empty made,

drunken slaughter hung upon the Blade.

Of Blood! my *Marcellus*, blood! the great must dye!

Eagle-like I'll strike my Quarry high.

from the Earth rebound him to the skie.

ar. Name me the man too lavish of his tongue,

blows cou'd ne're the brave *Cæsario* wrong:

name him aloud, but name me one that's Great!

and with such Troops as never knew defeat!

if he 'scape, let me no more be thought— [draws]

Hold, hold *Marcellus*: Heav'n! I had forgot

my great Foe is Father to my Friend;

my Revenge: Thus all my swellings end. [sheaths

What means this change? his Sword.

Nothing, *Marcellus*, now.

are the Sums I to your friendship owe:

thoughts no more about Revenge debate,

gh slaves *Augustus* hires to work my Fate;

all my Titles, Scepters, fills my Thrones,

lunder me of all my Father's Crowns:

ing kind to you, long may he live,

I learn patience, and my wrongs forgive.

How! my united powers of Rage disband;

word at *Cæsar*'s name falls from my hand.

Cæsario, can you for my sake

the sweets of just Revenge to take?

ou for me call back your sallying Soul,

ewrath not *Cæsars*'s Guards cou'd else controul?

a Point too subtle for Mankind,

which no future vertue e're shall find.

Believe me, Friend, believe me for I swear

high Father's soul, 'twere easier far

the revolted Universe to win,

but our passions Conquest to begin.

ge and friendship in my Bosom clash'd,

Mountain billows, each the other dash'd,

my uncertain Soul each Tempest blinds,

dark Vessel driv'n by Polar Winds:

ou like a propitious God arise,

blue Ocean shine the Azure Skies,

ow the beaten mind at Anchor lies,

Mar. Methinks I wish that I had never known
 Vertue like yours; so high that mine is none:
 You as some vast Hill touching Heav'n appear;
 But your Feet like a poor Valley near:
 Down from your Cloudy top refreshings flow,
 Fast bounteous rills that water me below:
 Valleys; but Vapours can to Heav'n return,
 And I with sighs your falling favours mourn.

Ces. Darling of *Romans*, Vertue's fairest Child,
 At whose blest Birth the kinder Planets smil'd,
 Trust me thy Mother, when with Infant charms
 The Matrons gave thee crying to her Arms,
 Not lov'd thee more; my Soul thou hast subdu'd,
 And damn'd the torrent of my rising blood.

Mar. Bow, ye bright dwellers, bow all your Heav'ns
 Impale his brows with an Immortal Crown;
 Though *Julius* whose high name in living Gold
 Is in Fate's Book above the Sun's enroll'd,
 With Starry Robes the Worlds great Heir enfold:
 For all Earths Glories he transcends as far,
 As Gods above their humblest Victims are.

Ces. Ev'n while thou flatter'est me, thou lovely
 'By Heav'n young Man, thou hast thy Souldiers he
 And while I hold thee to my faithful breast,
Cesar with Empire is not half so blest.
 On thy hearts throbs so I triumphant ride,
 Farewell Ovations and the Victors pride;
 No more shall big Ambition bend my brow,
 Love me but ever as thou lov'st me now.

Enter Narcissa.

Nar. Swift as chac'd Harts before the Hunters
 Swift as their panting weariness they throw.
 Into some stream, my dearest Brother, I
 Run to thy breast, and melt in Tears that flow.
 Dost thou not view joys peeping from my eyes?
 The Casement's open'd wide to gaze on thee;
 As *Rome's* glad Citizens to windows rise,
 When they some young Triumpher fain would see

The Court of Augustus Cæsar.

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ar. Dearest *Narcissa*, softest of thy kind kind,
ouland thousand welcomes; but alas,
ing'rous Courts I much lament to find
Innocence which cannot safely pass.

c. She is the brightest that my eyes e're saw,
if soft passion could my fierceness move,
Spring-Complexion wou'd my wonder draw,
unmixt sweets of Nature I should love.

ar. With looks untaught thou wilt too rude appear
s'd to ev'ry haughty Princess scorn;
to thy Country Palaces repair,
tempt not Courts for which thou wert not born.

Great ones here will quickly make thee fine,
to thy Virtue for refreshings run;
Summer days too hot our Beauties shine,
thee they'll follow like a Winter Sun.

c. Why, beauteous Virgin, dost thou plant thy eyes
ou wou'dst drive me hence who ne're cou'd run?
not us'd to Beautie's batteries,
rather than offend I will be gone.

ar. No longer in my arms, lov'd Sister, stay,
kindest thanks to my preserver pay;
ousand deaths he in my cause has brav'd,
twice my life in our last battle sav'd.

Enter Tiberius to Marcellus, they embrace.

ar. Welcome, my gallant Friend—Thy looks are sad.
re be ought wherewith thou art dismay'd,
it, though at the News both shou'd expire:

lia ———
c. 'Twere convenient you'd retire;
ll you, dear *Marcellus*, as we go,
Secrets as no heart but yours shou'd know. [*Exeunt.*

ar. My Brother charg'd me; but what can I say,
you all pow'r of speech have ta'ne away?
heart beat thus, just thus against my side,
cruel day when my lov'd Turtle dy'd.

c. A heart like mine Love in his walk ne're found,
Prettiness, nor Majesty can wound;

'Tis sure the coldest Beauty ever felt,
Not Ice, but Chrystal, which no Sun can melt.

Nar. O fatal sight! have I with frequent scorn
Seen at my Garden gates great Princess mourn,
And can I now submit to one unknown?
Can this be true? Poor heart, art thou o'rethrown?
Vanquish'd at last? ith' name of Goodness speak,
What art that dost my gentle quiet break?

Ces. A Souldier, Fair one, bred to blood, in Arms
In Winter Camps which mighty Action warms;
I know not Courts, unskill'd in the soft Trade
By which address is to high Beauty made:
Yet I to yours can bow as lowly down,
As Eastern Princes to the rising Sun.

Nar. Bow to my beauty, to this Rural Face?
I know no Charms, nor any practis'd Grace:
Planted far off by *Cesar's* jealous Care,
Not bred in Court perfumes, but Country Air.
Me from his Daughter he divided young,
And told me Courts my Innocence wou'd wrong;
But sure my eyes can nothing see in you
To make me think what *Cesar* said was true.

Enter Mecenas.

Mec. Madam, the Empress does your coming
With half the Court attended at her gate;
And gazing Eyes expect your presence there,
As if some Constellation would appear.

Ces. I'll wait you to the Empress—Tyrant
Whom all the charms of Nature cannot move. [E]

Re-enter Marcellus, Tiberius,

Mar. Since Love proves false, in vain does Valour
To ashes turn my Arms, my ev'ry Spoil,
Burn all my Laurels in one Fun'ral Pile.
Alas, *Tiberius*, had another said
Julia is false, her honour has betray'd,
I could not have believ'd; but thou art true,

wou'd thou wert not ; wou'd all thar Hell er'e knew
 darkest mischiefs harbour'd in thy mind,
 by thy fraud I might her Vertue find.
 Tib. While you abroad fought in *Rome's* cause so well,
 to the lowest, leudest courses fell ;
 Palaces with late debauches rung,
 old Eunuchs wanton Odes before her sung :
 all young Monarchs' shoulders lifted high
 acted Triumphs, *Io* was her cry,
 crown'd Supporters *Io* did reply.
 Car. Loose *Julia* ! what strong philters did unman
Augustus, from whose loins thy Spirit ran !
 Tib. At midnight dress'd like *Venus*, all Divine,
 wher by the blaze of Diamonds shine,
 on a Throne of Gold, with God-like port,
 bow'd with clamour of the reeling Court.
 she the doors of *Janus* Temple burst,
 once *Jove's* house the Capitol she forc'd ;
 his Gold Statue polish'd Thunder took,
 at his face the brandish'd weapon shook :
 her left hand the Silver Lightning clash'd,
 which blindly hurl'd the Sacred windows dash'd.
 Car. Love I conjure thee, though with mortal smart,
 w back thy Arrows that infect my heart.
 Tib. Of all the Scepter'd throng that did adore
 none refus'd, but wish'd they had been more.
 it was in private acted we but think,
 ere all her Maids are Mutes, and Eunuchs wink ;
 Monarch dalliance was not prov'd, but guess'd,
 Love to Wit did open all her breast,
 she so foul a knot with *Ovid* drew,
 blood can never loose, nor death undoe :
 Car. With *Ovid* ! Dares his haughty Muse aspire
 practice on his Prince ? I'll mount it higher,
 in his rude wit a flight she never had,
 send her post to the Elysian shade.
 Tib. One solemn Night, when the pale conscious Moon
 high and clear, at melancholy Noon
 with Dreams abash'd of true event,
 to the Princess Bower my musings bent.

To the crown'd Arbours as I nearer drew,
 Methought I heard two voices that I knew;
 Parting the Leaves, I saw by Lunar light
 Love's guilty joyes, a sinful pleasing sight;
 On Flow'rs and all the sweets of Nature spread,
 In *Ovids* arms the smiling Princess laid.

Mar. What mortal patience can the news abide!

Tib. Pow'r circling Wit, and Pleasures pressing Pri
 Her glowing breast joyn'd to his kindling side.
 She catch'd his sighs that panted in their flight,
 With eyes, hands, lips, all trembling with delight
 Long did her naked beauty stay my sight.
 Fair as the blushing bed her body prest,
 As a *May*-morning rising from the East,
 Or day dismounting in the golden West.

Mar. Wheels, Stones, and all the subtlest pains of
 With burnings reddest plagues about 'em dwell.
 About 'em! In 'em, through 'em let 'em run,
 And flames with flames invol'd be swallow'd down.

Tib. With tendrest words her busie love she grac
 And having kindly touch'd his yielding waist,
 She said, Ah wou'd *Marcellus* were in Heav'n,
 And wou'd *Corinna* were to *Ovid* giv'n;
 For Wit to me is more than Empires charms,
 Or all the surfeits of a Monarchs arms.

Mar. No more, thou'st put my soul upon the rack
 Both lives revenging glory bids me take:
 But the remains of passion bid me spare
 This beautiful ingrate perfidious fair?
 Since he was ne're with gallant ardour mov'd,
 That cou'd be urg'd to harm what once he lov'd:
 And how I lov'd, how wonderfully well,
 None but the Author of her flame can tell.
 Thy beauty, *Julia*, did my reason blind,
 For e're our hands unlucky *Hymen* joyn'd,
 I guess'd thee false, yet swore I wou'd be kind.

Enter Ovid with Julia reading.

Jul. Such a companion ne're did *Julia* bless;
 To have a menial Monarch wait were less:

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whose fame above high *Virgil* grows,
whose labour sure must Nature discompose,
Ovid with familiar greatness flows;
when he pleases to command our eyes,
what charming Tales does his soft muse devise?
Thus to be grac'd by her whom all admire,
again whose love Gods wou'd, Kings do expire —
Mar. Amongst the rest fall thou a Sacrifice,
as to be offer'd to your Goddess eyes.
Jul. Marcellus, hold! fly, *Ovid*, hast away.
Pr. Madam, I know what duty I shou'd pay;
the Prince resolves to take my life which none
will do without the hazard of their own.
Mar. Tiberius, give me way, by Heav'n he dies,
tried upon the worm which I despise.
Jul. Help: Treason! Murder! help.

Enter Cæsario,

Pr. Come all, for were you more I cou'd not fear.
Jul. What about one is all this trouble here?
Up, for shame, I'll blow him from your sight,
our disdains the Quarry in her flight,
commands in Fields we should our Standards raise,
make this Writer but our drudge to praise.

Enter Augustus, Agrippa, Mecænas, and Guards.

Aug. Where are the Authors of this Treason gone?
Tyrants to pow'r! disarm 'em ev'ry one.

*The Captain of the Guards takes Marcellus, Ovids,
and Tiberius Swords; goes last to Cæsario.)*

Jul. Captain, stand off, I did no cause afford
quarrel here, and will not yield my Sword.

Aug. What, a new Traytor? in my presence too?
How obstinate thy death thou dost pursue.

Jul. or dye —

Aug. Have you so soon forgot
wonders which his Sword so lately wrought?
Noble *Plangus* who preserv'd your Son,
three pitch'd Battles by his valour won.

Aug. What shall he stand and brave me to my face?
He my orders? bid him take my place.

By

By the *Cæsarian* Majesty ador'd,
He is a Traytor that denies his Sword.

Cæs. I say, my Sword's my own, and shall—

Aug. So fond of fate!

Then that thou mayst not want for Arms, take that.

(*Hurles his Dagger at him, the Guards rush on Cæsario, and hold him.*)

Mar. Thus! is it thus his Services you pay! [*Kn*]

Aug. If thou wouldst have him live, take him away.

Mar. Guards, force him hence.

Cæs. Yes, *Cæsar*, I will go,

Conqu'ring my self, I quell thy mighty foe. [*Ex*]

Aug. And you, Sir, you who durst your weapon draw

Against that Prince whom I ordain'd to awe

The greatest Kings, to banishment be gone,

I'll teach your saucy Muse to dare a Throne.

Ov. If I in thought to you less Rev'rence gave

Than what the Deities from Altars have;

If that the Royal *Julia* I adore

In other manner than we worship Pow'r,

Add to the Punishment that you have laid

Unjustly on me, and pronounce me dead.

Jul. O *Cæsar*! Father!

Aug. Dare not intercede;

Speak but another word and he shall bleed.

Ov. For ever then thou glorious *Rome* farewell:

To the Earth's limits, *Cæsar*, I will go,

Where if thou hast a yet unconquer'd Foe.

My Sword, for I have fought, shall take his head,

And with my Pen I'll damn him when he's dead. [*Ex*]

Aug. Still homebred jarrs! But I these feuds will end

By Heav'n I'll break your hearts if you'll not bend,

My *Hydra* Rebels vanquish'd, rise up more,

Was ever Monarch thus perplex'd before?

O that *Pythagoras* his dream were true!

I would not govern such a cursed crew

One moment longer; Now, ev'n now I'de dye,

And into some more Kingly Lion fly,

Where with full Empire I the Woods might sway,

And All the Nobler Beasts my Laws obey. [*Ex*]

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ACT III. SCENE I. *The Palace Garden.*

Caesario, Araspes, Leander.

BY all the Torphies of the Conquer'd Field,
By ev'ry vanquish'd Sword, and batter'd Shield,
dyes, though the Auxiliar Fates shou'd stand
fence the lifted forces of my hand;
ough bulwark'd with *Rome's* Hills in Tow'rs of Brass,
like *Laocoon's* Lance my Sword shall pass
ough all — By Heav'n to Hell he shall be thrown,
Universal mightiness shall down.

Aras. Your ruine must inevitable be.

Caes. It matters not what shall become of me:

ough all the Winds from their black corners rush,
ough Seas dash Clouds, old Rocks young Thunder crush,
empt from fear th' event we will attend,
with big rays in Ports of Glory end.

must fall, I'll tumble with a Crown,

grasp this Giant with me when I drown,

Aras. But, Royal Sir, can you your friend forget?

an abuse so vast, a wrong so great

offer'd, that your Vows you shou'd recall?

Caes. Smoak, vanish air — be they forgotten all.

dear *Marcellus*, you must not pardon me;

Aras. Ooak! a stab! 'tis such an injury,

Aras. *Jove* in flesh and thunder'd with a blow,

shou'd retort it like a God below.

Aras. E're ruine swallows you take one look more,

while yet you stand upon the beaten shore.

Aras. Yet e're you launch behold the rolling deep,

ere danger groans, and death it self does weep.

Caes. Hence with thy Coward Counsels! fly to Caves

climb these tow'ring dangers bark the waves:

as I ride to the kick'd Flouds I'll cry,

Aras. *Caesar* with his Fathers fortune high.

[Exit] do ye ask me then, and vainly mourn?

A Can words move death, or Time carrying turn? Can

Can human eloquence the Stars controul,
Or when their doom has damn'd it, save a Soul?
Pray to descending Storms, of mounting Fire;
Them ye may weary, me ye shall not tire.

Araf. Since then no pray'rs can your wild fury tame
The way least dang'rous to Revenge we'll name;
Though *Cesar* from Heav'n's partial hand receive
Immediate pow'r, small vertue she did give.

Lea. When fierce Embassadors from *Parthia's* King
Shew'd their huge Bows, and did long Arrows bring
He to their threats in scornful answer laug'd;
Yet this great Scoffer shrinks at *Cupid's* shaft:
Still may his glutt'd hands more Empire have,
So he continues Love's inglorious slave.

Ces. What is his Mightiness by Beauty aw'd?
Is this th' *Augustus* so renown'd abroad,
The World's first man, and new created God;
The bright *Narcissa* with her spring of charms,
'Tis true, has warm'd my heart half froze in Arms;
Her melting language strook my Winter back,
Loos'd my Nerves, and made my heart-string slack:
Yet were it possible that she cou'd weep
As long as I have practis'd toilsom War.
She shou'd not in her Lap my Honour keep,
Nor from its Trade my burning spirit bar.
When Conquests call my Sword to fetch the prize,
And I stand listning to a Ladies cries,
Sighing to see the Roses pale — O Heav'n!
O glorious War! let me ne're be forgiven.

Araf. Their is a Bower, the mystick feat of Love,
Where death stands Centinel before the Grove;
Guards ever waking at the threshold lye,
And suffer none but *Cesar* to pass by:
There his loose heart does in full Pastures graze,
And various Shes with awe upon him gaze.

Lea. Like Heav'n's proud King follow'd by Deities
The Tyrant walks with shinings through the Trees;
His brow delates, and his purs'd lips a while
Forget their angry use, and gravely smile,
To see officious Beauties charm his cares,
Like Nights black locks all powderd o're with Stars.

raf. There your revenge, if vengeance urge you still,
 glut your appetite, and drink her fill.
 ve observ'd, and can your fury guide,
 slight-guarded Gate oth' *Tiber* side,
 ch'd by some drowsie Slaves, not more than we,
 om having kill'd, you may have a passage free.
 f. Methinks already thou hast talk'd him dead,
 I am o're the fatal Barriers fled,
Perseus mounted on a steed of Air,
 ing the Lifts to find the Monster there.
 ra. There you may take him swoln with drunken joy,
 the Crown'd Brute with a full stroak destroy.
 old him sporting on spread *Memphian* spoils,
 antle wrap'd that breath rich od'rous oils,
 a gay Snake basking in Sunny fields,
 rac'd by her who ripest pleasure yields.
 f. Be gone, now instantly let's post away,
 black revenging minutes will not stay;
 ese half-god *Augean* Stables clear'd,
 urge these Gardens with his bloud besmear'd.
 till the deed be done move the wing'd hours,
 o't, though Dragons guard the golden Bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The Bower of Gloriana:

SONG.

I.

H the Charms of a Beauty disdainful and fair;
 How she blasts all my Joys when she bids me despair;
 ting my State, when I sigh and lye down,
 cast at her feet both Scepter and Crown,
 esses regardless, and says a young Swain,
 her old Monarch, her Love should obtain.

2. Re-

2.

*Remember, Fair Nymph, my Grandfather Jove,
That rev'rend old God always made the best Love:
So fiercely he mov'd with a Manner Divine;
That he melted his way, or blew up the Mine.
Your scorn of my Age therefore cease to pursue,
And think what a loving old Cæsar can do.*

Augustus, Gloriana.

Aug. From golden weights, high cares, Imperial
From Storms of State, and Hurricans of life,
To the green palace of the peaceful Grove
Of Gloriana's Bower, the Throne of Love,
I come with all the violence of mind,
The philters of Court-witchcraft to unbind:
Thy heav'nly voice is sure the noblest Spell,
And thy eyes charms all Magick else excel.

Glor. Ye Authors of all sway, for what dark end
To one so frail did you such pow'r commend?
He reels on such excessive height, he stands
And drops his Scepter from his shaking hands.

Aug. No matter, Gloriana, let it be,
Who wou'd not leave a Diadem for thee?
Are not thy touches than all Scepters more?
Thy lips approach'd, where is the tast of pow'r?
Love is all tast, relish, and vital good,
Spirits it gives that o're life's channel brood,
And like Wine-sparks dance through the brimming blood,
Each smile of thine drives from my age a day,
One balmy kiss wou'd take a year away;
But oh the rest wou'd give me Youth again,
Like an old Snake wou'd cause me cast my skin:
Slacken my sinues, make me swiftly move,
As Mercury descending from above,
Boldly as Mars, and lustily as Jove.

Glor. Is this the man of such renown in Wars;
First upon Earth, and numbred with the Stars?
Wake from thy sleep of death, dread Father, wake;
Pompey arise, the reins of Empire take;

The Court of Augustus Cæsar.

Aug.

Let this driver from his Throne be hurl'd,
Place me on the brow of the steep World,
Nations driv'n by me may thunder on,
At my nod millions of Swords be drawn,
Dissh'd with flashing death by mighty men,
When I give the word be sheath'd again.
They shall, they shall, ambitious lovely Maid!
Teach thy gentle arms the Warriour's trade,
Thy soft body fast with bands of Steel,
Double-darted death thy foes shall kill.
Warts that shall the old in Arms surprize,
See thy Lance as fatal as thy eyes.
I shall guard thee all the day in fight,
Compass thee about with lifted Shields,
I'll vouchsafe to dress those wounds at night
Which he receiv'd for thee in fighting Fields.
O. Much you depend upon Tyrannick pride,
Think this breast incapable of scorn,
That I never heard you had a Bride,
You forget I am of *Pompey* born:
Is your guilty mind consider'd, how
You approach me in my Brother's gore.
How worse horror with a brazen brow,
In your hot lust the Sister wou'd devour?
O. Talk not of that high blood from which you came,
How your Brothers wrongs your scorn enflame;
In the young *Pompey's* honours did disperse,
Now alone I sway the Universe:
Consider this, and with the Time comply.
I have consider'd and resolve to dye.
Plead your crimes, for what can I expect
Rage which through the heart of *Tully* past,
Who did with God-like wit protect
Curs'd youth, to be betray'd at last.
O thou black Usurper! stop more breath,
Fill thy purples, fill thy Throne with death;
May new falshood add to former guilt,
The dear blood of *Rome's* best Sons be spilt;
May thy cruelties alone do more,
All the curs'd Triumvirate before.

K

Aug.

Aug. Hold, Princess, hold! provoke me not too far,
 None ever said thus much and liv'd; beware,
 Thou'rt in my reach, no more my fetters shake,
 My rage yet sleeps, which Lion like may wake.
 My heart which as some stubborn fiery Steed,
 Grew up unback'd, and did at random feed,
 When Love approach'd like you, did not disdain
 So fair a Rider, yielding to the rein,
 Now gently moves, except his freedom's barr'd;
 But if you spur him much, and curb him hard,
 Angry to be so indiscreetly rode,
 He springs and bounds beneath the mounted God.

Glo. If thy low fawning Love I scorn'd before,
 I now disdain thy menac'd Fury more;
 Death is the utmost that thy rage can do,
 And that I'll ev'ry day provoke thee to.

Aug. Wilt thou? Ha! dar'st thou! sharp provoking
 Once more let me intreat thee do not dare,
 Dare like a foolish Fly, whose vexing wings
 Urge the slow Flame to burn her as she sings.
 Not as thy Slave before thee now I stand,
 But as thy Lord, and one that will command;
 As I am Master of the World, I'll be,
 Spight of thy scorn, the Master too of thee.

Glo. Master oth' World! Indeed your Title's clear
 When you amongst the *Syrian* Boyes appear,
 Contending as for Triumphs all the day,
 To win their Nutts and Bounding stones at play.
 Such Conquest with such honourable pain
 Who but the Master of the World could gain?
 Was it for this you did all Nations quell,
 And by thy Arms the noble *Brutus* tell?
 You the Earth's God? This your *Casarian* pride?
 Fly, fly, the shame from human knowledge hide;
 To some By-path from all observance stray,
 And far from Roads of Glory take your way.

Aug. Now Rider Love! my life on't down a' goes
 Look to't; I say, thy trembling knees keep close;
 Close to my side like destiny now sit,
 Fixt in my heart-strings firmly plant thy feet,
 For in my Teeth I have got the ungrateful bit.

there, there, with that last heave I threw him down,
and now I thank my Stars my hearts my own.

Beauty, thou once in m' enlightner bright and kind,
or ever set, I'll scourge thee from my mind
like day, nor shalt thou leave on streak behind:

thy lips, thy tongue, thy eyes have now no charms;
thy soul b' ambition wak'd to old alarms,
starts up, and listens to the clank of Arms.

Glo. Without this circumstance my death ordain.

Aug. No, that wou'd be to put thee out of pain:

thy haughty Vertue's sharpest punishment,

thou shalt live still, but not live innocent.

Glo. Not innocent! I scorn thy impious breath,

to open ten thousand doors to let in death.

Aug. Not one, I'll shut up all, and set strict guard,

where's not a Wicket shall be left unbarr'd;

no chink through which kind Fate may draw thy thread,

death with his least finger touch thee dead.

Glo. Still rack thy cruel heart and cursed brain,

after all thy wish thou shalt not gain;

with thy malice, for I will not live,

my life shall starve that honour may survive.

Aug. Nor that, for e're to morrow's Sun appear,

thy Virgin-pride shall vanish into air.

Live, *Gloriana*, in a Monarch's bed!

Heav'n thou shalt to surfeiting be fed.

Glo. Still perjur'd, since it shall not, cannot be

rich a purchase shou'd be reap'd by thee;

though I shou'd consent to have it sold,

thou couldst not buy, thou art so wretched old.

Aug. If bliss anon wou'd not less fiercely flow,

all my hopes I wou'd enjoy thee now:

more deliberate pleasures is decreed,

come by Moon-light which my flame shall feed,

thy *Tarquin* pale resolv'd upon the deed.

Gloriana! e're the Lark has sung

the morning Anthem, thou shalt say I'm young;

through my life an equal pace has run,

thou art near the Goal as where it first begun:

I keep my course like the old Lord of Day,
On my red cheeks the silver Tresses play,
I shout and drive and never feel decay.

Glo. I thank thee, Heav'n, that thou dost me ordain
For woes no other woman cou'd sustain.

Woman! what man such Tempests cou'd outwear?
Yet like a rock both Sea and Winds I'll dare.

Enter Cæsario, driving in the Captain.

Cæs. So sturdy, Sir, you that wou'd take my Sword
'Tis for you, there; now bear it to your Lord. [*The Captain falls*]
Cæsar come forth, thou Female god appear,
Not *Plangus* but *Cæsario* waits thee here,
The Son of *Julius*, and the wide World's heir;
Thou hear'st, but to approach me dost not dare.
In what dark covert are thy Glories laid,
Or do they sleep beneath some Laurel shade?
Rock'd on thy Mistress lap, whose knitting hands,
Lock up thy Captive cares in downy bands.

Wake, wake, by Heav'n my wrath thou shalt not shun,
Though thou beneath her Robes for shelter run.

Glo. What art that wander'st in this fatal Wood,
Whose thirsty Sword seeks for Majestick blood?
Was it a borrow'd Title or true name
Thou didst assume, whose eyes quick rouling flame?
Glows with Ambition, Pride, Revenge and Fame?

Cæs. Ha! — what I was you heard me speak but now
I was I know not what, and am I know not how.
But speak and I'll consider what to say,
I've hunted hard, and now my hearts at Bay.

Glo. If you the Son of Divine *Julius* are,
How durst you in *Augustus* Court appear?
No breast but yours such rashness ever knew,
But to approach him here, and singly too.
Nought but distraction or despair would do.
'Tis certain death.

Cæs. That certain death is past,
And I upon the Blessed Shore am cast:
I track'd a Fiend I thought by Furies driv'n,
I fought for Hell, but stumbled upon Heav'n.
You are —

Glo. A woman.

Cef. Angels shou'd speak true,
 But sure so bright a flow'r on Earth ne're grew:
 Her lips, her cheeks must more than Roses be;
 What Stars her eyes, what moving Majesty?
 So sweet and so imperious too they move,
 Sparkling with beauty, glitt'ring all with Love.

Enter Leander.

Lea. Hasten, or the Emp'rour will evade the toil;
 He's almost out of sight, hasten to the spoil.

Cef. Not *Julia's* such when all her gemms she wears,
 Nor sad *Narcissa* more adorn'd with tears;
 Would Beauties yield, or shun this dazzling eye,
 Since those that stay will soon her Victims lye,
 Like Autumn leaves, turn yellow all and dye.

Glo. Just Heav'n does sure this God-like man provide,
 To bear me from the Tyrants lust and pride.

Beauty, if thou didst ever, aid me now,
 That I may make this haughty gazer bow,
 To his heav'nly Youth; Oh force him to adore,
 And love me only. I'll ne're ask thee more.

Cef. Why beats my heart as I had poyson ta'en
 That means my burning breast and giddy brain?
 A shivering thrilling cold with panick terror flies,
 And an unusual thaw dissolves my eyes;
 Love thou art, I will not take the wound,
 My Armour shall thy pointed darts confound;
 I draw 'em, If they cannot be withstood,
 Though to the Feathers drinking in my blood;
 I'll shake 'em at her eyes with fix'd disdain,
 And hurl 'em to thy Godhead back again.

Enter Araspes.

Aras. Your vengeance must another season take.

Cef. Love is low play, which Warriours shou'd forsake,
 What a stir does this blind Gamester make?
 It makes my heart rebound about my breast,
 And laughs to see me tire, and cries no rest;

From side to side strikes the tormented Ball,
And with each stroke he dints the very wall.

Glo. If you in Fields have purchas'd high renown,
Have with persisting Vertue wonders done,
And Wreath rewards of toiling Valour won;
Now in a Princess quarrel lift up your Sword,
Fate never did a nobler cause afford.

By all the mighty Battles you have fought,
By all the Trophies you with blood have bought,
A Royal suff'ring Virgins wrongs redress,
And kill the Giant vice that wou'd oppress.

Ces. I meet the summons swift, and snatch the joy,
Kindling at death, and panting to destroy;
Another Sword like mine you'l ne're employ.
War was my Mistress, and I lov'd her long;
She lov'd my Musick, shoutings were my Song,
And clashing Arms that eccho'd through the Plain,
Neighings of Horses, groans of dying men:
Notes which the Trump and hoarser Drum affords.
And dying sounds risings from falls of Swords.
Command dispatch, and bid your Lightning fly,
I'll flash, I'll kill, I'll conquer in your eye,
And after all here yield my breath and dye.

——— O cou'd you love!

Glo. Let Love be mention'd last,
But first to free me hence you shou'd forecast.

Ces. By all my Love you are already past:
You are, O Heav'n! wherever you wou'd be,
And I am with you all o're extasie.
High walls and Tow'rs are levell'd where you go;
You tread on pants, and sighs about you blow,
And hearts in their own bleedings round you flow.

Araf. If you wou'd bear her safe, hast Sir away.

Lea. The minute's critical and will not stay.

Ces. Move on, and bravely let us meet our dooms,
But give me warning ere the Tyrant comes;
I'll follow slowly, and while Love is by,
The swiftest deaths and rushing fates defie.

Glo. In all your acts such God-like manners shine,
I doubt not but your Parents are Divine;

There

The Court of Augustus Caesar.

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Therefore to match you with a stock of fame,
Know from a race as high as yours I came,
Pompey the Great, and fair *Cornelia* gave
The life which you so gen'rally would save.
Ces. Ha! now I find the cause I ne're could love;
Long, long ago our hearts were pair'd above;
And my ambition joyn'd with destiny,
At times suggesting it cou'd never be,
That *Caesar's* Son who all the World had aw'd;
Shou'd wed beneath the daughter of a God. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV. SCENE, *The Palace of Marcellus.*

Marcellus with his Sword drawn against Julia.

Mar. BY Heav'n I'll be here no more, 'tis publick now,
Disgrace so bold is grav'd upon thy brow,
That e'en old age, whose eyes are seldom clear,
Can read thy falshood there:
All *Rome* with thy proclaim'd dishonour rings,
And ev'ry Infant *Julia's* lewdness sings.
What can thy crimes expect from my just rage?
Jul. Death, let my blood your violent wrath assuage;
Is better we shou'd both for ever sleep
In calms, than wake in storms, and always weep.
Mar. Weep! If the Ocean from thy eyes were spilt,
The Ocean cou'd not wash away thy guilt.
Nor think that when thy Beauties shall be laid
In Earth, thy peace is then for ever made;
No, faithless Fair! still shalt thou haunted be,
By a long row of pale Adult'ers see,
And me at last pursuing them and thee.
Jul. Not haunting Furies there can rack me more,
Than Jealousies on earth that louder roar;
Though I shou'd make account for ev'ry thought,
While false relations are by Traytors wrought,
And you believe those most that most abuse,
Were vain for me my honour to excuse.

Mar. How well your pride an innocence can feign
Excuse your honour! That indeed's most vain;
Thy purpose vain as thy past actions foul,
Vain all thy thoughts which with wild fancies roul,
And one immortal Vanity's thy soul.

Ful. I cannot stay to hear your vain debate.

Mar. Pass not this, 'tis guarded with thy fate.

Ful. Strike then, and free me from a world of care
Better dye once then always live in fears:
Loud clamours all the day my peace molest,
With perjur'd, false, I hate, renounce, detest;
Still am I wak'd by day with these alarms:
At night you start, and throw me from your arms.
Last night your head upon my breast repos'd,
Just as sweet balmy sleep my eyes had clos'd,
Hearing me sigh, you cry'd aloud, By Heav'n
Those sighs are to your dear lov'd *Ovid* giv'n;
But I will conjure him from *Pontus* back,
And his curs'd life by thousand torments take.

Mar. O *Julia*, is there not a cause for this?
Thou sayst I rob thy days and nights of peace,
Hast thou not robb'd my life of all its bliss?
Heav'n witness what I am, and what have been;
What thou hast done, how gloried in thy sin,
How triumph'd in thy ills —

Ful. What have I done
Shall to no mortal, not to you be known.

Mar. I'll know.

Ful. Ye shall not.

Mar. With this sure I shall;
I'll open ev'ry vein and know thee all.

Ful. Strike — to thy vengeance summon all thy powers
Which false *Tiberius* malice cou'd devise.

Mar. I've summon'd, all he told with loyal breath
And all those truths doom him to sudden death.

Ful. Why then dost thou not strike, revenging Lord
Behold my breast prepar'd to meet thy Sword;
Thy cruel kindness thus it shall approve,
Naked to Anger, as it was to Love.
Why shrinks thy arm as if it fear'd to wound,
And drops thy coward weapon to the ground?

Mar. I know thee false, yet have no power to harm;
 Hence passion my arm'd vengeance does disarm:
 Duty which through thy vice I cou'd not spy,

And like a dang'rous foe in Ambush lye.

Re, *Julia*, execute thy bloody will,

Now thy purpose is at last to kill:

But thus kind life freely I resign;

You'ret born to break all hearts, and must break mine.

Ful. No, my *Marcellus*, trust me from this hour

You shall be ever my Lord Conquerour;

You ever wert the dearest of mankind,

Now my heart is to thy looks confin'd.

And all our Loves you never were betray'd,

Henceforth be absolute, my breast invade,

Be like a gentle Monarch thou shalt sway,

And I with gentler Mind thy Laws obey.

Mar. Prove but thy heart as heav'nly as thy Tongue,

But thus good, and I had never wrong.

*Enter Casario bloody, leading Gloriana veil'd,
 follow'd by Leander, Araspes.*

Mar. My noble brother! what can friendship say

Which from my arms absented half a day?

Together still in Battle we did ride,

And cou'd united Troops the link divide;

All Peace disjoyn what was not broke by War,

And Crowds in Courts do more than Armies there?

Cas. Now I shall try the friendship which you boast;

Now not found, let it be ever lost,

As Beauty with some blood and danger bought,

Great deeds for Beauty by young blood are wrought)

From the den of an old Beast of prey

Search'd, while abroad he did for forage stray.

Now this he is return'd and finds her gone;

Now this the Groves resound, and Forests groan.

Mar. Thus in your cause advancing thus I'll face

And of Blood-hound Furies in their chase.

Cas. First let us lodge where they shall never find

Hart whose death those Hunters have design'd;

Then

Then with Relays each to his station go,
And bravely fall upon the Savage foe :
Our Bugle breath shall wind Recheats, and tell
'Tis not the Deers but the rouz'd Hunter's knell.

Ful. While you that Vertue might not be undone
Look'd fierce, methought my brows too catch'd a frown
I burn'd and grew ambitious to be one.
Whoe're she be, as sure she is most fair,
For whom the sound of Fame so busie are,
I promise her a covert where she shall,
Safe as in Clouds, look down upon 'em all

Cas. O bounty which my blood can never pay
I wou'd do all, yet I must something say;
What Hell-born envy, curs'd Infernal spight,
So us'd to darkness that it hates the light,
Shall dare though silence she with pain endures,
Traduce a Virtue so renown'd as yours ?
By Heav'n I swear, and by this faithful Steel,
So deep in Beautie's conq'ring quarrel dy'd,
I stand your Champion to your cause ally'd,
To damn those Slaves that have your fame belyd

Enter Narcissa running.

Nar. Fly, fly, you're lost, the Empire's overthrow
Fly *Plangus*, fly Sir, murder'd *Cesar's* Son !
Not stir ! By all my fears, most cruel Prince,
Thou shalt not stay and dye, I'll drag thee hence.
The Captain whom your valour left for dead,
Heard your discourse, and has relation made.
All's out, thou art betray'd, O Heav'n ! undone,
What shall I say ? thy name, thy birth is known ;
Destruction gallops to thy murder Post,
And *Cesar* looks as if the World were lost.

Cas. Though driv'n by whirl-winds he shou'd rouse
I wou'd not from this Earth one inch retire ;
Let destiny about my death consult,
All thoughts of safety from my side revolt,
I'll stand him though he were a Thunderbolt.

Nar. Perhaps my pray'rs and low submission may
 avert his wrath, or his revenge delay.
 Glo. With yours my mingled Tears and Sighs shall joyn,
 may resist yours, but he shall not mine.
 Nar. But if inflexibly he will deny,
 whether let us all resolve to dye.
 Glo. Since this secures my honour, can I fear?
 Martyrs with more joy their summons hear,
 thinks I long in those dark walks to tread,
 to wrap my self about with honour'd Lead,
 where all the Worthies of the Earth lye dead.
 Shall my Spirit in that pond'rous Case
 be kept, but shoot as rays through Chrystal pass;
 through doors of death, with Mountains pil'd on Rocks,
 with thousand Bars, and with ten thousand Locks,
 the Lightning she shall cut her sacred way
 through all, and rise to everlasting day.
 Nar. What Spirit's this more fierce than boldest Men,
 that with such hautiness does life disdain?
 Glo. O death! thou ever dry-blood thirsty Slave,
 Hell-hound, all art thou resolv'd to have?
 dost my heart, 'tis Royal, rich and good,
 a drop's more worth than Tuns of Vulgar blood.
 not th' exhausted shore for once suffice,
 make it up with Rivers from their eyes;
 will not make him drunk the Slave replies.
 Glo. Can this be true, *Cæsario*, dost thou droop?
 thou at last beneath death's burden stoop?
 is the Hero, this the God-like man
 whose rage the stout *Iberians* over-ran?
 who me redeem'd this day from rav'nous pow'r,
 from the pounces of the Vulture tore?
 Glo. O *Gloriana*! with Confusion I
 confess 'tis now a dreadful thing to dye:
 this fatal purpose does to pieces tear
 the courage which all dangers else can dare.
 I retire and those blest Beauties hide,
 from the reach of *Cæsar*'s cruel pride,
 I shall easily death's yoke put on,
 as calm as those that fall asleep lye down.

Glo.

Glo. Casario, No, unjust is thy request, [*puts up her*
 Why shou'd I wake when thou art gone to rest? *Narcissus*
 And since I love thee, which I now may own, *2 serves*
 The fastest secrets are by death undone?
 What will life signifie when thou art gone?
 Grant that I 'scape the Tyrant's rage, and fly
 To some strange Land, and leave you here to dye,
 Shall I survive to blot thee from my mind?
 Forget thee? Or to one less brave be kind?
 Is this thy wish? or would'st thou I shou'd live,
 And thy eternal loss for ever grieve;

Cas. Live, dye, be free, or yield your self again,
 I will no more of you, but Heav'n complain;
 Heav'n that can see such Vertue in distress,
 And with exceeding power a Tyrant bless;
 Heav'n that cou'd smile when noblest *Romans* fell,
 As if enormous cruelties were well;
 Heav'n that allows this paracide a name
 As great and good as the first Sons of Fame.

Nar. Love sparkles through her shade:
 His eyes to her, and hers to him are mov'd,
 She loves, she loves and is again belov'd
 She sighs and weeps, and rouls her subtle eyes,
 And all the charms of knowing Beauty tries:
 She looks as if her very eyes wou'd speak,
 As if (ah wou'd it might) her heart wou'd break.
 But *Casario* comes, some other time I'll take
 To tell my wrongs, his life is now at stake:

Enter Augustus, Captain, Agrippa, Mecenas, Guards

Capt. Hither I follow'd 'em with cautious view.

Aug. Mecenas, let him have the Talents due.

Lo where the Ravisher undaunted stands,
 As if encompass'd with a thousand Bands;
 Bold as *Briareus* warring in Heav'n's Field
 When fifty flaming Swords his arms did weild,
 And fifty Shields expos'd to Thunder held.
 O my *Agrippa*! shou'd I view him long,
 I shou'd forget, forgive the mighty wrong;
 In that Majestick glance and fiery ayr,
 Methinks our awful Father does appear.

er. Something less fierce his visage does renew,
 beams from beauteous *Cleopatra* flew,
 en fighting Kings to *Egypt*'s Court she drew.
 es. Yes, my renawn'd extraction I declare,
 by birth what you adopted are.
 King of Kings, and the World's lawful Heir.
 ug. Such you were nam'd by *Anthony* indeed,
 the great *Cæsar* otherwise decreed.
 y. What he intended who but Heav'n can tell?
 ce seated from th' Imperial Throne he fell:
 ood on *Atlas* shoulders unaffraid
 e minutes, and the trampled Globe survey'd;
 l with vast business, and with thoughts profound,
 ad no leisure for a prospect round,
 ere to *Egypt*'s Queen he could be just,
 head which Stars encompass'd, kiss'd the dust.
 g. Yet to make void whatever you can say,
 dash your boldest hopes that fly at sway,
 is last Will, which was to *Romans* shewn,
 s ordain'd to mount and fill his Throne,
 scourge the World, and awe mankind alone.
 I. No Imperial Herald am, to find
 ource of pow'r, nor how its riv'lets wind;
 his I know, your latter boast was vain,
 had ne're adopted you to reign,
 e known me, who from the womb was past,
 first saw light when he beheld it last.
 g. When conqu'ring *Cæsar*, *Pompey* did pursue,
 n his cause the *Memphian* Tyrant flew,
 ought your Mothers love with *Egypt*'s Crown,
 with her at a Kingdoms price lay down.
 aving surfeited with Beauties Joys,
 eauty much possess'd extreamely cloyes,
 with his shame he wak'd to Wars Alarms,
 t her pregnant, and he rush'd to Arms.
 God-like, and he imitated *Jove*,
 with excessive thundring tir'd above,
 s down for ease, enjoys a Nymph and then
 s dreadful, and to thundring goes again.

Cas. Talkst thou of her basely that gave me birth,
The most illustrious Empress of the Earth,
Whose smiles Kings did with adorations crave?
By Heav'n she wou'd have scorn'd thee for her Slave.
Name not thy humbler blood, nor let it be
Compar'd to mine, nor more than I to thee;
Who am to thee, nor will I me commend,
A God all o're, and thou all o're a Fiend.

Aug. You speak, *Casario*, with as little dread,
As if you were at some vast Armies head;
Were it not that I reverence *Casario's* blood,
Thus long you had not disrepectful stood.

Cas. O counterfeit! O Crocodile of Pow'r!
Not woman e're dissembled thus before.
Thou reverence *Casario's* blood——
Thou who didst never ought that's generous do,
Who never didst forgive a noble Foe,
Me wouldst thou make believe thou canst be kind?
I know th' hypocrisie, thy dev'lish mind,
Which holds thy Angel-colours high to shew,
But art all ruine, blood and Hell below.

Aug. Who e're was thus provok'd and cou'd forbear
Be witness all, himself he will not spare:

Cas. No, Tyrant, no, I will in publick dye,
And once at last expose thy cruelty;
The murders which thou hitherto hast done
Were acted close, their Authors rarely known;
But I will perish in the view of all,
And to my last gasp Tyrant, Tyrant call.

Aug. Pardon me, Father, and just rage forgive,
I offer life which he cannot receive,
He's so Heroick that he will not live.
'Tis his desire, and for this one last hour
I have decreed he shall be Emperour;
His Majesty's resolv'd, you heard him say,
Guards go and his Imperial Will obey.

Cas. Let 'em come on, 'tis sport that I have try'd }
In hundred Battles, thousand deaths defy'd, }
And now in all their horrors can deride.

(As the Guards prepare to fall on, Marcellus draws)

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Mar. Restrain your fury, barb'rous men ! take heed.

Caesar he that goes not back shall bleed.

Aug. What now ? *Marcellus* ! Darst thou Traytor draw

Sword against thy Father ? where's the awe,

Majesty this face was wont to bear ?

Mar. 'Twere Cowardice in such a cause to fear :

Caesar, either grant my Friend his life,

or see me perish in the noble strife.

Aug. Do, perish, dye ; is't possible that thou

wouldst call him Friend, who is thy Father's Foe ?

who thy only Rival is in power,

thou not know he wou'd thy life devour ?

As a Serpent-like does to thy bosom spring,

with warm foldings does about thee cling,

choosing his Time when he may shew his sting,

Oh ! This such a baseness is, so black a guilt,

that all the Seas of blood which thou hast spilt,

shall all thy clouds of Lusts can't parallel,

thou dost in falshood now thy self excel :

Shou'd *Marcellus* harbour such a thought,

to something worse than ruine brought.

Mar. Tax not my loyalty, you are too just

in firmness of my Friendship to mistrust ;

all yours, and you stand here as fair

as e're you stood in shining War ;

I have seen you in bright Steel sustain

the shock of Troops that made assaults in vain.

Aug. Ungrateful wretch ! unworthy of a Throne !

Heav'n I will adopt another Son :

thou thy right to Kingdoms give away,

thy self and him who rais'd thee thus betray ?

What sweating pains, what bloody toils

adorn'd our Arms with Nations spoils ;

with our utmost reach scarce grasp'd a Crown,

more than Empire is much easier won ;

there's like Heav'n, which who wou'd bravely win,

like a Giant-like with high assault begin,

to lay Hills on Mountains, Project add to Plot,

to lay a huge foundation for the work be wrought :

as he climbs, at Stars that cross him frown,

to tear 'em fast as petty Princes down.

Thus

Thus through all opposition must he pass
O're Walls of Chrystal, battlements of Brass
Till Majesty cries out, This, This alone
Is he who Heav'n becomes, and sits a Throne.

Cæs. Thou talkest of cruelty, of blood and toil,
Yet having hunted me into the toil;
My Lion rage with words far off you brave,
But come not nigh for fear you find a Grave.

Aug. Disarm *Marcellus*, and *Cæsario* slay;
Kill him, hast, kill him without more delay.

(*Julia and Narcissa interpose and kneel.*)

Ful. Hold Father.

Nar. Hold.

Ful. Let me your wrath atone.

Nar. O hear the Sister of your once lov'd Son.

Ful. Your daughter hear.

[*They come forward*

Nar. As you are great be good.

on their knees

Ful. And hear the voice of your crying blood.

Aug. Treason! Conspiracy! they have combin'd
With knit disloyalty to break my mind,
To wast my Spirits, and to bow will;
Yet like an old tough Oak I'll hold out still:
Spight of the sighs that blow, and show'rs that weep
My soul to death shall her vow'd purpose keep.
Speak, break your hearts, the Gusts of grief I'll tire,
Like hammer'd Anvile I'll more blow require,
That at each stroke my Eyes may scatter fire.

Nar. By all the God-like honours you have won.

Ful. By all the Nations that you have undone.

Nar. Stop here, the tempest of your fury lay,
Do not the Earth with lasting storms dismay.

Ful. Or to your rousing Thunder give a check,
Or let the Cloud upon your daughter break.

Aug. Yes, Vipers! yes, by *Jupiter* it shall!
I'll lighten, thunder and consume ye all.

Kill 'em, Guards, kill my Neece, my Daughter, Son
'Tis glorious death they see, hast, push 'em on.

Ha! Villains——Traytors, dare ye thus give back?
My self in my own cause Revenge will take.

[*Agrippa and Mecænas hold him.*

Thou

ough blood's below an Emperour to spill,
first disarm 'em, and then you shall kill.

[Strives to get from Agrippa.]

as an old Lion struggles with his prey,
which when all torn his flaming Eyes survey,
the Royal Savage scorns the easie prize,
calls his young ones forth with dreadful cries;
gathers round him all the cruel brood,
calls 'em on, and fleshes 'em in blood.
[Speaks from their Arms, Gloriana unveils and meets him.]

lo, Augustus, hold, and Cæsar's Son retire,
just that I for all shou'd once expire;
Cæsar but for me you ne're had known,
to sav'd my life by hazarding his own.
Cæsar has my honour freed,
doom has sentenc'd him and these to bleed;
to avoid, and set all right again,
I yield to wear my former Chain.

Ah cruel Princess! what, what have you done?
whither wou'd you from Cæsar run?
lost for which I thought life worth regard;
have your self transferr'd that dear reward
which I with thousand dangers wou'd have bought,
have your self my sharpest torments wrought.
I cou'd meet in Its most hideous forms,
seven Bulls, in racks, wheels, fires, and storms;
cannot see you his—Here Tyrant, take [renders his
that does its own disquiets make. Sword]

or vexation, terrour 'tis to thee,
of all torments 'tis the worst to me.
I take thy Sword, and when I think it fit,
I'll leave her melancholly house shall quit.
By all Heroick proofs of your high fame,
yours I cease to be I nothing am:
I shou'd exalted projects fill my mind,
not else to Cæsar thus resign'd
is all yours.

By Heav'n you are all his;
he is hastning to his bliss.

L

How

Thou

How to your self unkind, to me unjust,
 That wou'd to one so known a Tyrant trust ?
 I see his eyes red with Triumphant lust.
 I see him from your sacred body tear
 The scatter'd Robes in your deshriv'd hair;
 I see his bloody hand, I hear his Tongue
 Cry yield, and now I see you thrown along;
 Hands tir'd, speech lost, no Rhet'rick now appears,
 But speaking sighs, and more perswading tears:
 Now grasping thee my fancy shews him nigher,
 Pale as thy cheeks, and shaking with desire,
 I see him on thy vanquish'd Honour tread,
 I see the Rape and with the sight am dead.

Aug. Death!—I'll endure no more, hast lead her hence
 And Guards, upon your lives secure the Prince.
 How darst thou gaze thus now thy doom is past?

Cas. I'll look my soul out.

Aug. Do, this look's thy last.
 To rack thee more, thou shalt look once again,
 And pass by Heav'n to Hell; 'tis wirty pain,
 And worthy of a King's Revengeful brain.
 As obscene Birds snatch the remains of light,
 Rise late in Summer-Eves, and set in Night;
 So like a Bat thou shalt her Eyes survey,
 Then in death's deepest darkness dive away.

(*He goes out, follow'd by Marcellus, Julia, Narcissa
 who seem to intreat him; Guards stay.*)

Cas. O Gloriana!

Glo. O Casario!

Cas. Cease;

Let's seal our lips with everlasting peace.
 Grievs so unutterable who can speak?

Glo. Have we Hearts still?

Cas. Grant Heav'n that mine may break

Glo. Casario, we must part.

Cas. Gods! she's in haste,

The time the Tyrant gave she wishes past.

Glo. Casar's commands will instantly be sent,
 'Tis better to divide than to be rent.

How much I love——

Cæs. That I wou'd dying hear.

And to the shades the sweet expression bear.

Glo. Why shou'd you wish what cannot be express'd,
I guess my Flame by that which warms your Breast?

My Love's magnitude is harder to declare,

Than 'tis to tell the bigness of a Star.

As I can say, if that can Passion shew,

With you I had rather to a Cottage go,

Than with *Augustus* live and wear a Crown;

My death to part — and yet I must be gone.

As though I know, I cannot but look back,

And sigh Adieus, and thousand Farewells take:

Never after you, and wish your flight,

Like Birds that languish for the morning light :

Like Babes unkindly wean'd, that take no rest,

So bath'd in Tears lye pining for the Breast;

Break your heart, and when I find it gone,

Break and as I wou'd break my own.

Cæs. 'Tis Love, 'tis Love the great dear extasie,

With Raptures find you equal me.

That such Loves shou'd have so quick a doom!

Like lives of Lillies, blasted in their bloom :

Yet we'll appear In this last minute strong,

And talk as if our joys shou'd flourish long :

Like protesting Swains, will plight our faith,

And wish that when we break our perjur'd breath

It straight be stop't by the cold hand of Death.

Glo. If not to death my passion I preserve,

Still the Love which you can give deserve,

Though from their Seats the Rival Gods came down,

Each shou'd wooe me with a Starry Crown;

Though the fine Sun, or finer God of Love,

Should swear they priz'd me more than Joys above;

Yet to them in all the Beams they wear,

I not thee in humble weeds prefer,

Like Lions bolting from the nearest Wood,

And their hot thirst in *Gloriana's* blood.

Cæs. If thou more fair than the red mornings dawn,

More than Pearly dewes that scent the lawn;

Than blew-ey'd Violets, or the damask Rose,
 When in her hottest fragrancy she glows,
 And the cool West her wasted adours blows;
 If thou art not the darling of my soul,
 May Mountains big with curses on me roul.

Glor. On me may Lightnings fall, and Mildews rain
 And may I dye at last of Mother's pain.

Ces. May *Jove* show'r all his Thunders on my head,
 And may I be despis'd when I am dead;
 Then as I lye all pale upon the ground,
 May ev'ry Virgin give my breast a wound;
 May no eye pity me, nor heart deplore
 That faithless wretch who his first Love foreswore.

[Exit

ACT. V. SCENE, The Imperial Chamber

Augustus, Narcissa.

Aug. **W**Hat! shall I never rest till I am dead?

Nar. I'll wake you in your everlasting bed
 I'll banish silence from your ears, your eyes
 Affright with forms of ghastly miseries:
 Yet hear me. —

Aug. Thou shalt be a Monarch's wife,
 Ask me no more to spare *Cesar*'s life,
 A vagabond thou shouldst disdain to own,
 I swear I'll match thee to a Prince; be gone.

Nar. A Prince! what Prince, what King, what God
 Equal to him, to my Divinity?
 He is a Prince, a King, a God to me;
 My heart's first, last, chief, only joy;
 Can you hear this, yet purpose to destroy?
 O Iron heart?

Aug. Yet you can make it run?
 Soft fool, be gone: by Heav'n she melts me down.

Var. My milkie infancy why did you grace;
flatter so while you did me embrace?

}
}

I swear this was the prittiest charming face;
ere no sweetneſs left, nor grace to move?

I grown old? have I quite loſt your love?
kind remains? all promiſes forgot?

Aug. They are, they are, and I will pay thee nought.
call'd to high affairs and muſt not ſtay,
to your Garden-huſwifry, away.

Var. 'Tis well indeed you can remember that;
times as I on beds of Violets ſat,

on my knees plac'd your Maſteſtick head,
le on your Crown my Infant-fingers plaid,
all your Silver hairs in order laid;

then you ſmil'd and promis'd, nay you ſwore
atever I cou'd aſk of bounteous pow'r,

hou'd be granted: This you needs muſt know,
Heav'n that heard you ſure will angry grow,
will revenge, if you deny me now.

Aug. *Augustus* cannot with *Casario* ſtand:
ing his life, thou doſt my death demand.

o *Casars* the rent World will ne're obey,
well two Rival Suns might drive the day,
love a partner brook in heav'nly ſway.

Var. Poor Prince, you wrong him; he an Emperour!
he never meant to ſhare your pow'r;

ere but his life, and he with me ſhall dwell,
groves which all your Palaces excel;

ere Heav'n and Earth their choiceſt wealth beſtow,
ere no ſuch weeds as Pride and Envy grow.

ll mock the arts of Courts, and harms of State,
ere thoſe are higheſt that wade deep in fate,
e Giants very cruel, very great.

Aug. Well, leave me, I'll conſider what to do,
rio lives, and owes his life to you.

Var. Live! ſhall he live! O Heav'ns! pronounce it plain;
ak, Let him live, diſtinctly once again,

at I may dye upon the raviſh'd ſound,
with my laſt breath eccho, Live around.

But you perhaps your mystick mind unfold
 In Riddling terms, like Oracles of old;
 And I unknowing innocence may take
 Your purpose wrong, and some gross error make,
 Dear dreadful Sir, let me this grace receive. [kne
 Shall he without equivocation live?

Enter Gloriana.

Aug. Rise, dear *Narcissa*, rise, hast and retire,
 I yield, I grant whatever you require.

Nar. This is my hated Rival, ere I go
 I'll watch and what she acts with *Cesar* know.

Aug. Ambition's poyson which the Spirits burn,
 And all the blood to liquid Sulphur turn;
 The toil of War when action makes us sweat,
 Scorch'd with our sultry arms redoubled heat,
 Plagues, Surfeits, Feavers, the great harms of Peace
 Contracted by excessive idleness,
 Are Dew-drops to the brands, the glowing fire
 You kindle here, and with your breath inspire.

Glor. My tears shall quench the flame.

Aug. You may as well
 Put out the Sun, or quench the fires of Hell.
 I though you set for ever, but you rise
 More glorious, more tormenting to my eyes:

Glor. Of furious passion why thou'd you complain
 To me? am I the author of your pain?
 Or can I help what you ordain shall be?
 You raise the storms, and cast 'em upon me.
 The works of Beauty, like it self, are fair;
 I beg for Peace, 'tis you that thunder War:
 Like *March* Tyrannick rage black Tempests pours,
 But I like *April* am all Sun and show'rs,

Aug. 'Tis true, continu'd storms my peace molest
 And like old Ocean I can never rest;
 About my head many State-Tempests sing,
 And rapid troubles the rais'd billows wing:
 Yet Beautie's influence, like the Moon's below,
 Is cause of passions constant ebb and flow.

It 'tis at length by me resolv'd, I will
 For the Worlds quiet, and my own, be still:
 You like the Queen of Love, wadded in calms,
 Distilling cordial sweets and healing balms,
 Shall lull my stormy cares, and rock my head,
 In the soft pillows of thy bosom laid.

Glor. Shall then *Cæsario* live?

Aug. He shall, he must,
 'Tis indisputable, be thou but just:

With kindness my unwearied love regard,
 And give my services their due reward.

Glor. Let him but live, and that reward may come.

Aug. Live! he shall live beyond the day of doom,
 Consent, yield, bow thy beauties to my will: — (spill;
 Couldst thou have blood: Thou shalt whole Nations
 If t' oblige the World you'd breath bestow,

Cæsario's life will be too little; no,

Immortality can ne're suffice,

Speak but the word, the dead, the dead shall rise;

Heroes that dy'd a thousand years ago,

Shall burst death's Adamantine Gates below,

Though *Pluto* shou'd himself the Porter stand

And rush amaz'd to light at thy command.

Glor. 'Tis fit that none beneath an Emp'rour shou'd

Mingle with *Pompey's* high extracted blood;

We know *Cæsario's* young, and charming fierce,

It 'tis *Augustus* rules the Universe:

But since *Cæsario* durst attempt so well,

Why let him live, but in strange Countries dwell,

And not presume to shew his follies here,

Or dies if he again in *Rome* appear.

Aug. My passion drinks your eyes refreshing streams;

It catches your breath, and hovers o're the steams;

Feel, my joy's so sprightly fierce refin'd,

Yes, Madam, Love's the drunkenness o'th' mind:

Men rais'd with Wine equal with Monarchs move,

But Kings are Gods when extas'd by Love.

Glor. With equal passion I your raptures greet,

With as fierce fires your hottest burnings meet;

Fierce as *Thalestris*, *Alexander* fought,
But with such Arms as no destruction wrought:
I'll rush upon you with a Heav'n of Charms,
And make you buckle when you're out of Arms.

Aug. O thou art all the sweetness of the earth,
Thou mak'st me young, nay giv'st me a new birth;
And dost such virgin-thoughts to me restore,
As if I ne'er had known delights before.

Narcissa meets 'em going out.

Nar. Stay, *Cesar*, stay, thou man of mighty ill,
Hear me, and all the stings of Horror feel;
If you persist, go on in this dark way,
May you arrive at Hell; may never day,
Nor Glory which did once your breast enflame,
Gild your achievements, nor adorn your name:
May you be hurl'd from the high Helm of State,
And seem more vile than ever you were great.

Aug. This seed of fire, lest it should spread about,
I will discreetly in its growth put out:
She shall a pris'ner be, take her away.

Nar. Bind me in dungeons, yet I will not stay:
To publish thy disgrace I'll shoot through pores,
I'll pierce, I'll fly, I'll burst the prison doors;
This seed of fire shall get ten thousand fears,
And set the World on blaze about your ears.

Aug. No, to the Vestals you shall go, and there,
Since you're so hot, the Sacred fires repair;
While you have any breath there reek your spight,
This frantick zeal will make 'em burn more bright.

Glor. Though highly born, yet educated low,
Distance, degrees, and forms she cannot know;
She like a Shepherdess by Princes lov'd,
Is dazl'd with the height to which she's mov'd.
Though bold to madness, pardon her for me,
Excuse her ignorance, and leave her free.

Nar. At thy request! disdainful as you are,
Offending, false, and most destructive Fair,
Rather than with thy pray'rs I'll freedom buy,
Dark as thy soul I will in dungeons lye.
By philters, witchcraft, and Infernal art,
'Tis true that thou hast stoln *Cesar*'s heart;

you like a cruel Fairy didst convey
 that dear belov'd, that darling heart away. } [*weeping*]
 and in its room a cold dead Figure lay.

I will be reveng'd, to peices tear
 those borrow'd eyes, and that enchanted hair;
 I'll off thy pride, disrobe thy gorgeous pow'r,
 and strip'd of those, shew thee a Witch all o're.

Aug. Away to some dark room let her be had,
 either you and I, or she is mad,

Nar. Yes, go devour your selves with-eager lust,
 bath with the pangs of passion, grind to dust;
 and with dishonour infamously one,

may ye to the blushing world be shewn:
 once the grim lascivious God of War,
 caught by the jealous Husband's watchful care,
 King Love's melting Empress, was betray'd,
 ridiculous to all high Rulers made,

thy Gold Scepter wither in her hand,
 I'll be a Slave, and still may she command. [*Exit.*

Glor. Cæsar is mov'd, in his confid'rate eye
 I see remorse, and warring passions spy;
 with stronger charms 'tis just I draw him on,
 that the revenging deed be left undone.

Aug. No, I'll not go to bed, nor taste the joy,
 the lovely poison whose sad sweets destroy;
 neither in Bed nor Throne I'll be her Slave,
 nor nest of pleasures, but my Honour's Grave:
 like *Pigmalion's* Image will I stand,
 never to be warm'd by any hand.

Nar. What sudden horror's this that clouds your eyes,
 the damps which from some vault's foul bottom rise?
 both ring the chearful lights that shone e're while,
 turns to mortal frowns your ev'ry smile:
 the breath of any man can warm, or chill,
 yours alone can make alive, or kill.

Aug. Of late so coy, and now so forward grown:
 my mysteries of Love I have not known,
 can I this dark Riddle's meaning guess;
 Fate be in't, let Fate it self express:
 that vast appetite, yet dread to eat,
 if I saw that death wear in the meat.

As

As half-starv'd Fish that fear the mortal Hook,
 Yet by the lovely Bait drawn in are strook;
 She hangs so fair, so tempting to my Eye,
 Let ruine wait, I'll tast her though I dye:

S O N G.

*How severe is fate to break a heart
 That never went a roving;
 To torture it with endless smart,
 For too much constant loving:
 I bleed, I bleed, I melt away,
 I wash my watry Pillow:
 I walk the Woods alone all day,
 And wrap me round in Willow.*

Cæsar *solus, rising as from sleep.*

Cæs. I'll not endure't; Hence from my fancy rush
 Or I to nought your frightful air will crush:
 Methought I saw her in *Augustus* bed,
 And after by my side beheld her dead.
Dye Gloriana, better thou shouldst bleed,
 Than once consent in thought to such a Deed.
 O beauteous Virgin, daughter of the Spring, [*enter Nar.*
 Who to my Winter dost refreshings bring,
 Still all in tears? Like the Celestial bow,
 Bending with cares and sorrows that o'reflow;
 Though bright yet sad thy shinings all appear,
 And on thy ev'ry Glory hangs a Tear.

Nar. Alas I know not what I have to say,
 Yet I methinks could talk to you all day;
 Tell you the mightiness of Tyrant Love,
 And how I cou'd from Courts with you remove;
 Cou'd like the humble Lark in my cold Nest,
 Abroad all Night in frosty Meadows rest:
 So I my Vows to you my Star might bring,
 And ev'ry morning Songs of sorrow sing.

Cæs. O torment which the gen'rous cannot bear:
 Cease thy lamented Story to declare,

bleful and sweet as waking Nightingales,
then they repeat in Groves their Trajick Tales.

Nar. Is it then writ in the dark Books above,
that you the poor *Narcissa* ne're shall love?

that she shall languish with eternal pain,
and never, never be belov'd again?

Stay, I see denial in your Eyes:

as when some belov'd Relation dyes,

to the Person whom he lov'd most dear

with caution come, first usher doubt then fear;

and with sad preparation teach the ear;

to my trembling heart be cruel kind,

and sooth with soft delays my wounded mind.

Ces. I will for ever thus before thee stand,

talk, sit, or live, or dye at thy command.

Nar. 'Tis Heav'n to be thus part of one poor hour

to gaze and talk; alas, I ask no more.

yet methinks ———

you and me the Emperour wou'd secure,

where you my company must needs endure,

in some close Prison for a year or so,

to find such thousand ways my love to shew,

with thousand pretty Offices to serve,

that you shou'd say at last he does deserve; —

my sigh perhaps and as I weary lay

before your feet, with tears my labour pay.

Ces. O arm thy gentle bosom with disdain,

and o're thy heart a noble conquest gain

think me, alas, unworthy to receive,

and the vast Present to some other give.

Nar. There is no reason why we love, nor how,

to the yoke we all Submissive bow:

with equal feet Love treads on Kings and Swains,

the death o're ev'ry neck he casts his chains,

awakes in Thorns, and sleeps in flowrie Plains.

Ces. Will you forgive me if I press to hear

how *Gloriana* does her Sorrows bear.

Nar. Yes, that's the beauteous Thief that stole my right

whom your soul ignobly does delight;

the blest know, thou she more beauteous be,

but virtue she comes short, far short of me.

Vile

Vile as she is, untrue to all her vows,
Who now the Tyrant's proffer'd lust allows.

Cas. O do not spot thy Virgin-purity
With such untruths, for one so lost as I.
She vile! ungentle cruel as you are,
Take heed, take heed, thou most injuricus Fair,
And speak no more, least you be understood
To have a spice of *Cæsar* in your blood.

Nar. If there be truth in what the dying say,
Who wou'd suspected with the living stay;
By Heav'n she is as false as I am true,
And *Cæsar* wholly does her soul subdue:
To banishment she call'd your sentenc'd head,
And sleeps this Night in the Imperial bed

Cas. Never such thund'ring shall my vengeance make
Though she were charm'd she shou'd no slumber take,
Though she were sleep,—sleep! were she death yet she
Ple rouze her with the noise of all my wrongs (thou'd wa
Furies shall call her with eternal tongues,
False, false, forsworn: — But I unjust appear,
And you more cruel than the Tyrant are;
Cruel to add to such a mass of grief,
And I unjust to give your words belief.

Nar. How! think me guilty of a Lye, O Heav'n!
Have I liv'd thus! — Yet may you be forgiv'n;
I am unfit to live, and you to love,
Let me to Death, and you to War remove;
You cannot be to rude in Armour drest,
Since cruelty is there like fame profess'd,
Like Love in Courts, it raves in ev'ry breast.
Nor shall need your Sword to make a wound,
This last unkindness weighs me to the Ground.
O all ye vows of passion that I gave!
Return and let me hide ye in the Grave.

Cas. Fall first ten millions such as I, e're thou
To any grief my folly murmur'd bow:
Look up, thou eye of oth' World, why does the red
That now adbrn'd thy cheeks, appear so dead?
What fatal Purple's this that shakes thy lip?

Nar. I'm adding one small grain to death's vast heap,
thy love, thy love, hard-hearted *Caesar's* Son,
the poor accus'd *Narcissa* has undone.

thinks you are not now so lovely quite,
else 'tis death that darkens thus my sight :
not to believe ! — 'twas so unkind a part,

ere wanted only that to break my heart,
Ces. Believe ! I swear I do, I will believe ;

but for thee I will hereafter live,
tear that cruel Sorcerers from my breast,

plant the there of all my heart possess'd :
do not dye and leave me dumb, deaf, blind,

pos'd to all the curses of mankind ;
sole earth will warm it self against my head,

all the Damn'd torment me when I'm dead.
Nar. Ah soft repose, how sweetly now I rest

if your bosom were with Roses drest :
would you have been thus kind if I had liv'd ?

Ces. Witness —

Nar. Nay now you shall not be believ'd :

Gloriana, blest above women, how

st thou this heart to thy false beauty bow ?

er-heard her with the Emperour,

dyng truth, she loves you less than pow'r.

I above the World, or that high bliss

which I hast — for my soul's lasting peace,

me thy love ; — no more.

Ces. My soul receive,

ch thus infus'd shall a new being give,

th with my breath, and with my being live:

Nar. The mighty cordial does my Senses cloy,

like those that surfeit with vast Joy :

you such words some minutes sooner spoke,

yd fasten'd life, but now 'tis vain to speak,

what can hold us when our heart-strings break. } *dyes.*

Ces. Take me along, by Heav'n I'll follow thee,

how, no Instrument of destiny ?

rt, canst not break like hers ? — how calm she went ;

mine's to big, and must with fate be rent,

from my prison-house : why so it shall,

ush and leave my brains on yonder wall.

Dye

Dye! 'tis most fit; yet e're the deed be wrought,
 Shall not the blood of *Pompey* know her fault?
 Yes, *Gloriana*, yes, thou murd'ring Fair,
 Ple hollow death and vengeance in thy ear;
 Rouze thee from *Glory's* grave with potent Cries,
 Charm'd like a naked Ghost compell'd to rise.

Enter Marcellus.

Mar. I bring thee hasty news, live, live, but fly.

Ces. News for thy news, look there, and bid me d

Mar. My Sister dead!

Ces. She parted from life's Tree

Hard like Green-fruit, and she was pluck'd by me.

Why dost thou bend her? life thou canst not mold;

She is like Alabaster, fair but cold.

Mar. O barb'rous Friend!—Friend! I the name disor

But 'tis thy blood that must her loss atone;

Thy owncurs'd tongue which did her murder boast,

Has sentenc'd thee to death; — for ever lost,

Dye, Royal wretch. —

Ces. What does thy arm arrest?

I have no Sword, and proffer thee my breast:

Why dost thou turn thy melting eyes away?

I am in hast for death, and cannot stay.

Mar. Thou art not yet so black, but my quick sight

Through all thy shades can spy some streaks of light;

Though bloody, thou art valiant, and I scorn

To give base death to one so Nobly born:

Thou shalt in equal Duel perish.

Ces. No,

Thou wert my Friend, and canst not be my Foe.

'Tis true, thy Sister dy'd for love of me;

Can mortals help what Heav'n sets down shall be?

Am I in fault? To thee I must be so;

Then right thee here, 'twill prove a welcome blow.

Enter Julia:

Jul. Cesario, live! what means my fatal Lord?
 Is't possible that you can draw your Sword

Again

Must your Friend, that Friend whose life of late?
 pray's redeem'd from near approaching fate?
 Look there, and blame the vengeance I shou'd give;
 this a Friend? does he deserve to live?
 the horrid crime which he has done peruse,
 then the justice of my rage excuse.

Ces. Something in this last treatment shews thee base;
 you call't my Crime, what my Misfortune was:
 could I have us'd thee thus, who wert to me
 thousand times more dear than life cou'd be?

Jul. How e're unfortunate, 'twas a dread deed,
 such a sight my Father's eyes will bleed,

Oh *Marcellus*! spare *Cesar*'s life,
 due to Friendship, and your weeping Wife:
 how so noble paints his manly look,
 to the heart I am with pittie strook.

This life's former acts this once perswade,
 faults perhaps which his ill fortune made.

Mar. 'Tis in the clouds what e're it be, and why,
 my heart says, by me he cannot dye;
 fly, be gone to some far desert, where
 you may'st with safety live, thou canst not here,
 though we spare thee, *Cesar* will nor spare.

Jul. Go, go, *Cesar*, fly thy threatening Fate,
 fly from those thou mak'st unfortunate.

Ces. Wretch that I am, and terroure to the Earth!
 here, where is now th' advantage of my birth,
 to be highly miserable? no,

Marcellus, yet there's something left to do;
 beg me, before we part for ever, where
 my to *Gloriana*'s guilt appear:

leav'n not she nor *Cesar* shall be harm'd,
 I will go with nought but Sorrow arm'd:
 all remembrance of our Friendship past,
 let me this one Request for 'tis my last.

Jul. I will do this; go not that way, my eyes
 are sick, and Clouds of death before me rise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Emperours Bed-Chamber.*

Gloriana sold, drest in white with a Dagger in her hand, Tapers, &c.

Glo. He dyes, this Idol of the earth shall down;
That brow that aw'd the World with every frown,
This night shall bear its terrours to the Grave,
There Great *Augustus* shall his Empire have.
When he is dead, *Marcellus* must ascend,
And to high safety call his noble Friend;
To save my honour, and *Cesar* too,
What more can *Gloriana* wish to do?
O Love! how masculine are all my fires?
With what dread thoughts the God my breast inspires?
When like a Lion all compos'd to rest,
The Tyrant leans upon my Virgin-breast,
In Golden dreams expecting boundless bliss,
I'll rock him fast, for ever fast with this.
But hark, he comes, I must my arm prepare,
I'll to the Bed and wait his coming there.

Cesar enters, goes to the Bed, draws the Curtain
and gazes on her: she rises amaz'd.

Glo. Who's this? am I awake or do I see?
Cesar here indeed, can this be he?
If thou be *Cesar's* Son that did adore
The blood of *Pompey*, speak, or love no more
Ces. Love no more.

Glo. Why dost thou thus with frightful action gaze
Or art thou but the Ghost of him that was?

Ces. The Ghost of him that was.

Glo. Such by thy stedfast eyes thou wou'dst appear,
Thy dread replies unusual horror bear,
Yet sure that form my soul can never fear.
Who was thy murd'rer, if thou murder'd be?
By *Cesar* slain, or wert thou kill'd by the ———

Ces. Kill'd by thee.

The Court of Augustus Caesar.

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No. Cease, horrid echo, cease, and tell at large,
What dost thou seek, what is it thou wou'dst charge?
The dreadful business drives thy stormy mind,
Loriana's breast a Haven find:
Thou distracted with thy mighty grief?
Wou'dst thou gain from wretched me relief?
I came to seek for painted Virtue here,
One exceeding false, exceeding fair;
One whose breast shone like a Silver Cloud,
And a heart compos'd of Thunder shroud;
One more weeping than the face of Nile,
Whose liquid Crystal hides the Crocodile;
One who like a God from Heav'n did pour
Rain, but lust was in the golden shower;
One who like Pandora beauteous flew,
With a long train of curses with her drew;
One who like a Rock of Diamonds stood,
Emm'd with death, and universal flood.
Did I not know you of the Noblest frame,
It confels you might the manner blame;
For avarice wou'd some jealous troubles rise,
At the time, the posture, and the place:
Trust me and retire:
Still worse; — Retire,
Leave thee here to roul in sinful fire,
Leave thee here to roul in sinful fire,
A fair Glutton gorging vast desire,
The appetite of Angels! Such with awe
Wou'dst appear when first thy form I saw
Came down, and Beauty hover'd there,
Meeting as the bottom of the Air;
More with'd, nor easier had than thou;
Which the Gods to men and brutes allow.
Have I deserv'd this? but you may go on;
With will better by your guilt be shewn.
'Tis true, the dross of innocence you have,
Look as you were going to a Grave,
Wou'dst crumble into Rotten dust,
Yet a Tomb, and not the Bed of lust:
Heav'n is in your face all clean and white,
Goddeesses in flesh, so clear to Sight;

M

But

But 'tis not fit I tell what's lodg'd within,
How full thy bosom is of foulest sin.

Glo. Speak, for I am prepar'd the worst to hear.

Ces. O such a heart thou hast that lodges there,
It all things deadly and perverse does will;
So in bright Palaces black Tyrants kill:
So mortal damps are hid in golden Mines,
And deprav'd Spirits lurk in sacred shrines.

Glo. Have you done yet?

Ces. The ills that thou hast done,
Will like the Steeds of Night for ever run,
Furies still lashing on; — for thee, ingrate,
I was the cause of dead *Narcissa's* fate.

Glo. O Heav'n's!

Ces. 'Twas love of thee that urg'd her doom;
Thou thoughtst thy perjury shou'd never come
To these deluded ears, but 'twas from her
I learnt how excellently false you were!
But I fond fool wou'd not believe, till she
By death confirm'd thy matchlets treachery.

Glo. I seem'd indeed with *Cesar* to consent,
But 'twas to give him fatal punishment;
To end his Tyrannies with one great blow,
Which all your rage in vain essay'd to do.
For this I leant on the Imperial Bed,
Deeply resolv'd with this to strike him dead;
For this I urg'd you to retire at first,
'Tis true, or may I be for ever curs'd.

Ces. I know, I know you cannot want excuse,
The fair are still most witty in abuse;
But I am arm'd, with demonstration arm'd,
And will no more with Beautie's wounds be ham'd.
Did not the dying speak it? perfect proof;
I heard, I've seen, by Heav'n there is enough:
I will be deaf as winds when Sea-men pray,
And sweep as furious and as swift as they.

Glor. Yet cruel turn.

Ces. By all the Gods I'll not,
I am resolv'd, and will no more be caught:
Thus turning from thee, thus I lose the sight

The Court of Augustus Cæsar

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all I ever lov'd; I'll take my flight
And the *Scythian* hills, where horrid care
With her cold sighs chills all the Neigh'ring air;
Stings life's hear, and binds the springing blood;
Where Mirth and Joy are words not understood;
Where thousand sorrows shoot along the glades;
Where melancholy sits in mighty shades;
Where I'll fly, and darken all the place,
With new clouds the solemn mourners grace;
In floods of tears I'll wash the stains of Love,
And raise all *Cæsar* to the Thrones above.
No. Be gone, to death, to death *Cæsario* fly,
If you fear, I'll teach you how to dye:
Be your guide in your dark course, and shew
The way to Heav'n, which sure you do not know:
Tamp your pennons, when they flag with guilt;
Drest you on some clouds embroider'd quilt:
Be your suspicions as you weeping sit,
And pardon all the faults you did commit:
You wilt believe me true when I am dead,
Death will free me from the Tyrant's bed:
Then, behold the offering which I make,
The last of *Pompey* dying for thy sake.
O. Hold, *Gloriana*, desperate murd'ring Fair!
Is it thus thou wou'dst thy honour clear?
A drop that falls will to an Ocean swell,
I'll follow me; (who can the horror tell!)
Now, I'm sunk beneath the depths of Hell.
I'll not speak to thee, my breath's so foul.
Every poisonous word will blast my Soul.
O. Ah cruel kind! I can but lose thee now;
Death's less dreadful than thy angry brow;
This dreadful Scene was so severely wrought,
That I dy'd, I must be guilty thought:
I'll no more the crime of Fate upbraid;
Thy bath'd eyes, and raise thy drooping head,
We were not for each other made.
Night! everlasting Night! ——— Oh!
Do not grieve; ———
My last breath pardon and love receive:
Fare me: ———

M 2

Cæf.

Cas. Firmer than old *Atlas* stands,
And prop a Richer Heav'n with Mortal hands.

Glor. Take me secur'd from past and future harms
Bow'd to thy neck, and sinking in thy arms:
I go the long dark way, ———

Cas. Not yet.

Glor. Farewell.

Cas. Back, thou departing life, back to the Cell,
Her heart in Heav'n thou canst not sweeter dwell;
Move the still pulse, and thaw each frozen vein.
Return, I say, I'll force thee back again;
Catch the bare soul just plunging into bliss,
And give it back with this fast deathless kiss.

Enter Augustus in his Night gown.

Aug. Thus when the Royal Eagle stoops to pair,
With a deliberate wing he beats the air;
Views all the Queens of his Heroick Race,
To judge whose eyes deserve Imperial grace:
But having chose aloft his Empress, bears
To kiss *Jove's* feet, and know her kindred Stars:
So shall my Mistress sit enthron'd above,
First share my Glory, and then taste my Love,
Ha! who art thou? my Rival arm'd! who waits?
Cesar's betray'd. ———

Enter Mecænas and Guards.

Cas. Call the opposing fates,
With all the Forces of the fighting Earth,
For I wou'd perish as becomes my birth.

Aug. How cam'st thou here?

Cas. I will not tell thee how,
Should the Gods ask, I have not leisure now:
But more to blow thy hate, and on disdain
Pile burning Rage, behold thy Mistress slain.
Now give me death. ———

Aug. Death! thou hast nothing nam'd,
Thou shalt be rack'd an Age, and then be damn'd.

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Gloriana, bright unhappy Fair! Shall revenge be wanting to despair;
him, he dies though *Caesar* should come down;
for his life with sacred sighs atone.

C. I thank thee, mighty Rival: —
ere my Ghost puts on her Airey Shroud,
old I kneel, who ne're to man yet bow'd;

beg that when the fatal fires-convey'd,
which this body must be Ashes made,
of my dust, as a more generous doom,
be inclos'd in *Gloriana's* Tomb.

Ag. Thou crav'st those Honours that my envy move;
I'll be just to Glory as to Love;
thou shalt not vainly kneel, I will comply
with your desires, *Cesar* rise and dye.

C. This act of virtue, though so lately shewn,
in Oblivion all your vices drown:

your Guards your mighty Master's will obey;
at my heart your pointed weapons lay;
shall your Spears my body thus enclose,

let me set in Glory as I rose.
Ag. The fate he claims my justice has decreed,
though I turn me from the bidden deed,
for the Empires safety he must bleed.

Fight.

C. Thus fell my Father, thus encompass'd round;
bore beneath him Glory to the ground;
in the remains of life I'll drag me on,
thy knees for ever lay me down.

Happiness! Oh pleasure in death's pangs!
covering soul o're thy lov'd sweetness hangs:
grasp her all, and Love shall last be mine;
me but this, *Caesar*, the world is thine.

[Yes.]

Enter Agrippa.

Ag. Heav'n! *Caesar*, Guard!
Ag. Oh my *Agrippa*, see,
and the malice of my destiny;

M 3

Ter.

Terrible death which I so often brav'd,
With this last vizard has the Victor scar'd.

Agr. Yet by the fall of Love Empire's acquir'd,
Since with your Mistress *Cesar's* Son expir'd.

Mec. Thus when th' immortals take, they greatly grieve
And bribe your big affronted heart to live.

Aug. But all Earth's Kingdoms cannot equal weigh
With the vast sums Love in the Scale did lay;
Thus the great Governours return me Brasse
For Gold; and for my Diamonds, barter Glass.
By this time I had been in bed in Heav'n,
And o're their heads with tow'ring pleasures driv'n.

Enter Tiberius.

Tib. Yet fortifie your mind, dread Sir, and hear
What none but I durst offer to your ear,
Fate by *Narcissa's* loss more spite has shewn,

Aug. Ha!

Tib. *Marcellus* stay'd by *Julia* from the ground,
Sunk in her arms, and dy'd without a wound:
Stretch'd on his limbs the Princess lies all pale,
And soon will perish except you prevail.

Agr. We must submit to the Divine Commands.

Aug. No, I'll not take a blow more at their hands
Raise me a Fun'ral Pile, and round me mourn,
For 'tis resolv'd, like *Hercules* I'll burn,
Grief mortal as his poison'd shirt sticks fast,
And now I wish that my last hour were past;
That my immortal honours were begun,
I'll dye, I'll set this Ev'ning with the Sun.

Summon the Earth, wrong'd *Livia's* Son proclaim
My *Cesar*, and to Heav'n resound his name.

Tib. For me 'twere vanity to make reply,
Yet in *Augustus* quarrel I dare dye;
And almost wish the World might once rebel,
That I might reap the fame your Foes to quell:
But you already awe the Nations round,
And at your nod bow'd Scepters touch the ground.

Small are the thanks I owe the Pow'rs above
 all the Nations that beneath me move:
 severe Masters ply their early charge,
 their vex'd spirits at set times enlarge,
 the few short airy joys in Fields to find,
 for worse hardship bait the wearied mind;
 Heav'n abroad with Conquest crowns my Wars,
 wracks my spirits with domestick jars.

PILOGUE to the Court of
 Augustus Cæsar.

Spoken by Mr. Haynes.

Our Servants, Gentlemen: 'tis a long time
 Since I had th' honour to converse with you in Rhime;
 I told me at t' other House y' had left us quite,
 I was going to hang my self out-right,
 for the hopes of pleasing you to Night;
 what's insipid life to them or me,
 without the favour of your Company?
 I saith I'm very glad to see you here,
 well you can at a New Play appear:
 Winter you forsaking all the Old,
 up one while of a damn'd Pockie Cold;
 few came here, but who the Lord can tell,
 were shrunk up like Snails within their shell;
 the Brandenburgh had so disguis'd each one,
 from your Coachman you could scarce be known;
 then you droopt as if half-drown'd you came
 from North-Holland or from Amsterdam;
 Cough'd, Heav'n save you! with as grave a motion
 you had been at Church, where 'tis Devotion.

The Ladies too, neglecting every Grace,
Mob'd up in Nightcloaths came with Face to face,
The Towre upon the Forehead all turn'd back,
And stuck with Pins like th' Man in th' Almanack.
The Misses, those delights of humane kind,
No longer in their dear Side-boxes shind,
But each to chamber-practice did retire,
With Ale and Apples, and a Sea-coal fire:
Now this misfortune we by yours have found,
Your cold still sticks by us, though you are sound.
But Sirs, what makes it now so hard I pray
To get you here but just at a New Play?
We've Play'd it' oblige you all that's in our pow'rs,
We've Play'd and Play'd our selves e'en out of doors,
And we cannot find one way to win ye;
You're grown so nice, I think the Devils in ye.
But hold, there's one way yet to get your praise,
Ill treating you your appetites may raise;
Libels and Lampoons we for Plays must write,
Criticks like Lovers pal'd with their delight,
Always esteem those kisses best that bite.
We'l deal with you, Gallants in your own way,
And treat you like those Punks that Love for pay;
Cartwright and I dress'd like two thund'ring Whores,
With Rods will stand behind the Play-house doors,
And firk ye up each day to pleasures dully,
As Jenuy Cromwell, does, or Betty Buly.

THE
Rival Queens;

OR, THE DEATH OF
ALEXANDER the Great.

ACTED AT THE
Theatre Royal,

By
Her Majesties Servants.

By NAT: LEE, Gent.

— *Naturâ sublimis & acer,*
Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audeat;
Horat. Epist. ad Aug.

SCENE
Babylon

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN

BY

<i>Alexander</i> the Great.	Mr. Hart.	
<i>Clytus</i> , Master of the Horse.	Mr. Mohun.	
<i>Lysimachus</i> , Prince of the Blood.	Mr. Griffin.	
<i>Hephestion</i> , <i>Alexander's</i> Favourite.	Mr. Clark.	
<i>Cassander</i> , Son of <i>Antipater</i> .	Mr. Kenaſton	
<i>Polyperchon</i> , Comander of the Phalanx.	Mr. Goodman	
<i>Philip</i> , Brother to <i>Cassander</i> .	Mr. Powel.	
<i>Thesſalus</i> the Median.	Mr. Wilſhire	
<i>Perdiccas</i> ,	Mr. Lydal.	
<i>Eumenes</i> ,	} Great Commanders.	Mr. Watſon.
<i>Meleager</i> ,		Mr. Perin.
<i>Ariſtander</i> , a Southſayer.		Mr. Coyiſh.

WOMEN

BY

<i>Sysigambis</i> , Mother of the Royal Family.	Mrs. Cory.
<i>Statira</i> , Daughter of <i>Darius</i> , Married to <i>Alexander</i> .	Mrs. Bowtel.
<i>Roxana</i> , Daughter of <i>Cohortanus</i> , first Wife of <i>Alexander</i> .	Mrs. Marshall.
<i>Parisatis</i> , Sister to <i>Statira</i> , in Love With <i>Lysimachus</i> .	Mrs. Baker.

Attendants.

Slaves.

Ghost.

Dancers.

Guards.

SCENE, *Babylon*.

the Right Honourable, JOHN Earl of MULGRAVE,
Gentleman of His Majesties Bed-Chamber, and Knight
of the most Noble ORDER of the GARTER.

My Lord,

WHEN I hear by many persons, not indifferent
Judges, how Poets are censur'd most, even
where they most intend to please; and some-
times by those to whom they address, condemn'd for Flatter-
ers, Sycophants, little fawning Wretches, I confess of all
undertakings there is none more dreadful to me, than a De-
dication. So nicely cruel are our Judges, that after a Play
has been generally applauded on the Stage, the Industrious
Malice of some after-Observers shall damn it for an Epistle
a Pretace. For this Reason, my Lord, Alexander was
wre to seek for a Patron in my troubled thoughts, than for
the Temple of Jupiter Ammon in the spreading Wilds, and
rolling Sands. 'Tis certain too, he must have been lost,
and not Fortune, whom I must once, at least, acknowledge kind
to my Life, presented me to your Lordship: You were pleas'd
my Lord, to read it over Aet by Aet; and by particular
raises, proceeding from the sweetness, rather than the
office of your temper, lifted me up from my natural Me-
lancholy and Diffidence, to a bold belief, that what so great
Understanding warranted, could not fail of Success.
And here I were most ungrateful, if I should not satisfie
the judging World of the Surprise I was in. Pardon me,
my Lord, for calling a Surprise, when I was first honoured
waiting upon your Lordship: So much unexpected, and
indeed, unusual affability from Persons of your Birth, and
quality; so true an easiness, such Frankness without affecta-
tion, I never saw. Your constant, but few Friends, shew the
evenness of your Mind, which never varies, so God-like a
virtue, that a Prince puts off his Majesty when he parts
with Resolution. In all the happy times, that I attended you,
without business, or accident, interpos'd, I have observ'd
your company to be the the same. You have Travell'd thro'
all tempers, Sail'd through all vicissitudes of the Courts un-
constant Sea, you have gain'd the gallant Prizes which you
sought, you selected unvaluable Friends: And I am per-
suaded, if you traffick but seldom abroad, 'tis for
fear of splitting upon Knaves or Fools. Nor is it Pride,
but

The Epistle Dedicatory.

but rather a Delicacy of your Soul, that makes you shun the
 sordid part of the World, the Lees and Dregs of it, while in
 the noblest Retirement you enjoy the finer Spirits, and have
 that just Greatness to be above the baser. How commendable
 therefore is such Reservation! How admirable such a Soli-
 tude! If you are singular in this, we ought to blame the com-
 munitie, an unthinking, dissolute Age; an Age whose business is senseless
 Riot, Neronian Gambols, and ridiculous Debauchery; an
 Age that can produce few Persons besides your Lordship, who
 dare be alone. All our hot hours burnt in Night-Revels,
 drawn'd in Day-dead sleep; or if we wake, 'tis a point of
 reeling Honour jogs us to the Field, where, if we live, or dye,
 we are not concern'd; for, the Soul was laid out before we
 went abroad, and our Bodies were after acted by meer Animal
 Spirits, without Reason. When I more narrowly contemplate
 your Person, methinks I see in your Lordship two of the most
 famous Characters, that ever Ancient, or Modern Story could
 produce; the mighty Scipio and the Retir'd Cowley. You
 have certainly the Gravity, Temperance and Judgment, as
 well as the Courage of the first; all which in your early ex-
 temps of War, gave the noblest dawn of Virtue, and will when
 Occasion presents, answer our expectation, and shine forth
 full. Then for the latter, you possess all his sweetness of Humour
 in peace, all that Halcian Tranquility of Mind, where
 your deep Thoughts glide, like silent Waters, without
 Wrinkle, your Hours move with softest Wings, and rarely a
 Larum strikes to discompose you. You have the Philosophy of
 the first; and which, I confess, of all your Qualities, I love
 most, the Poetry of the latter. I was never more moved with
 Virgil's Dido, than at a short Poem of your Lordship's; where
 nothing but the shortness can be disliked. As our Church
 wish there were more Noble Men of their Function, so will
 I, in the behalf of deprest Poetry, that there were more Persons
 of your Lordship's Excellency and Eminence. If Poetry be
 Virtue, she is a ragged one; and never, in any Age, more
 baser than now. It may be objected, she never deserved to
 To that I must not answer; but I am sure, when she merited
 most, she was always dissatisfied; or she would not have for-
 ken the most splended Court in the World. Virgil and Horace
 were Favourites of the mightiest Emperour, retir'd from
 perserving a Mistress, or a witty Boy, and yet at three che-

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 Your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

drinking Friends in a Country Village, to all the Magni-
fence of Rome; Or if sometimes they were snatch'd from
their cooler pleasures to an Imperial Banquet, we may see by
their Verses in praise of a Country Life, 'twas against their
inclination; witness Horace in his Epud. Beatus ille qui
ocul, &c. part of his sixth Satyr, his Epistle to Fusc. Arist.
Virgil's Georgic, O Fortunatos nimium bona fi, &c. All
understanded by Mr. Cowley, so Copiously and Naturally, as no
one gone before, or coming after, shall equal, though all Heads
join together to out-do him. I speak not of his exactness to a
letter, but of the whole. This then may be said, as to the condi-
tion of Poets in all times, few ever arriv'd to a middle For-
tune, most have liv'd at the lowest, none ever mounted to the
highest; neither by birth, for none was ever born a Prince,
no Prince, to my Remembrance, was ever born a Poet: nor
Industry, because they were always too much transported
with their own thoughts, from minding the grave business of a
world, not of their Humour. Whereas even Slaves, the Rab-
ble of the Earth have, by most prodigious Fortune, gain'd a
Scepter, and with their vile Heads, fully'd the Glories of a
Crown. Praise is the greatest encouragement we Camelions
pretend to, or rather the Manna that keeps Soul and Bo-
dy together; we devour it as if it were Angels Food, and vain-
ly think we grow immortal. For my own part, I acknowledge
never receiv'd a better satisfaction from the Applause of an
Audience, than I have from your single Judgment. You gaze
on Beauties, and wink at blemishes; and do both so gracefully,
that the first discovers the acuteness of your Judgment, the
second the excellency of your Nature. And I can affirm to your
Lordship, there is nothing transports a Poet, next to Love,
as commending in the right place. Therefore, my Lord, this
Dedication must be yours; and Alexander whom I have rais'd from
the dead, comes to you with an assurance answerable to his
Character, and your Vertue. You cannot expect him in his Ma-
jesty of two thousand year ago, I have only put his Illustrious
Name in an Urne, which are now offer'd with all Observance,
to your Lordship, by

My Lord

Your Lordships most humble,
obliged, and devoted Servant,

NAT LEE,

T O

Mr. Lee, on his Alexander.

THE Blast of common Censure cou'd I fear,
Before your Play my Name shou'd not appear,
For 'twill be thought and with some colour too,
I pay the Bribe I first receiv'd from you :
That mutal Vouchers for our Fame we stand,
To play the Game into each other's Hand ;
And as cheap Pen'orths to our selves afford
As *Bessus* and the Brothers of the Sword.
Such Libels Private men may well endure,
When *States* and *Kings* themselves are not secure:
For ill Men, conscious of their inward Guilt,
Think the best Actions on by-Ends are built.
And yet my silence had not scap'd their spight,
Then envy had not suffer'd me to write:
For, since I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,
Such worth I must envy or commend.
So many *Candidates* there stand for Wit,
A Place in court is scarce so hard to get ;
In vain they croud each other at the Door ;
For ev'n *Reversions* are all beg'd before:
Desert how known so e're, is long delay'd ;
And then to *Fools* and *Knaves* are better pay'd.
Yet, as some Actions bear so great a Name,
That Courts themselves are just, for fear of shame :
So as the mighty Merit of your Play
Extorted Praise, and forc'd it self a way.
'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea ; who farthest goes ;
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his Foes ;
Yet when some Virtue much out-grows the rest,
It shoots too fast, and high to be exprest ;
As his Heroick worth struck envy dumb
Why took the *Dutchman*, and who cut the *Boom* :

much Praise is yours, while you the Passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd; 'tis real Love:
Where Nature Triumphs over wretched Art;
We only warm the Head, but you the Heart.
Always you warm! and if the rising Year,
Is in hot *Regions*, bring the Sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant Spices blow,
Which in our colder Climates will not grow;
They only think you animate your Theme
With too much Fire, who are themselves all *Phle'me*;
Prizes wou'd be for Lags of slowest pace,
Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race.
Despise those Drones, who praise while they accuse
The too much Vigour of your Youthful Muse:
That humble *Stile* which they their Virtue make
In your pow'r; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous Images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile Poets of the Crowd;
But how shou'd any Sign-post dawber know
The worth of *Titian* or of *Angelo*?
Hard Features every Bungler can command;
To draw true Beauty, shews a Master's Hand.

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE to *Alexander*,

Written by Sir Char. Scroop, Baronet.

HOW hard the Fate is of the Scribling Drudge,
Who writes to all; when yet so few can judge!
Wit, like Religion, once Divine was thought;
And the dull Crowd believ'd as they were taught;
Now each Fanatick Fool presumes to explain
The Text, and does the sacred Writ prophane:
For, while you Wits each others Fall pursue;
The Fops usurp the Power belongs to you.
You think you're challeng'd in each New Play-Bill,
And here you come for trial of your Skill;
Where Fencer like you one another hurt,
While with your Wounds you make the Rabble sport.
Others there are that have the Brual Will
To murder a poor Play but want the Skill.
They love to fight, but seldom have the wit
To spy the place where they may thrust and hit;
And therefore, like some Bully of the Town,
Ne're stand to draw but knock the Poet down.
With these, like Hogs in Gardens it succeeds,
They root up all, and know not Flowers from Weeds.
As for you, Sparks, that hither come each day,
To act your own and not to mind our Play;
Rehearse your usual Follies to the Pit,
And with loud Nonsense drown the Stages Wit;
Talk of your Cloaths your last Debauches tell,
And witty Bargains to each other sell;
Gloat on the silly She, who for your sake
Can Vanity and Noise for Love mistake;
'Till the Cocquet sung in the Next Lampoon,
Is by her jealous Friends sent out of Town.
For, in this Duelling, Intriguing Age,
The Love you make is like the War you wage;
You're still prevented ere you come to engage.
But 'tis not to such trifling Foes as you,
The mighty Alexander daigns to sue;
Yet Persians of the Pit he does despise,
But to the Men of Sense, for Aid he flies;
On their experienc'd Arms he now depends,
Nor fears he odds, if they but prove his Friends;
For as he once a little handful chose.
The Numerous Armies of the World to oppose,
So back'd by you, who understand the Rules,
He hopes to rout the Mighty Host of Fools.

THE

Rival Queens;

O R,

ALEXANDER the Great.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hephestion, Lyfimachus *fighting*, Clytus
parting them.

WHat, are you Mad-men! ha—Put up, I say—
Then, mischiefs in the bosom of ye both.
Lyf. I have his Sword.

Ly. But must not have his Life.

Lyf. Must not, Old Clytus?

Ly. Mad Lyfimachus, you must not.

Heph. Coward Flesh! O feeble Arm.

Allied with my Point, and when I thrust,
Crown'd and smil'd, and foil'd me like a Fencer.

Reverend Clytus! Father of the War;

Famous Guard of Alexander's Life,

Pity on my Youth, and lend a Sword:

Lyfimachus is brave, and will scorn me;

Or let me fight with him again.

Lyf. There, take thy Sword; and since thou art resolv'd
Death, thou hast the noblest from my hand.

Ly. Stay thee, Lyfimachus; Hephestion, hold;

You both, my body Interpos'd.

Let me see which of you dares to strike;

For ye've stirr'd the Old Man, that rash Arm

First advances, moves against the Gods;

And the wrath of Clytus and the Will

Of our great King, whose Deputy I stand.

N

Lyf.

Lys. Well, I shall take another time.

Heph. And I.

Cly. 'Tis false;

Another time, what time? what foolish hour?

No time shall see a brave Man do amiss.

And what's the noble Cause, that makes this madness?

What big *Ambition* blows this dangerous Fire,

A *Cupid's Puff*, is it not Woman's Breath?

By all our Triumphs in the heat of Youth,

When Towns were sack'd, and Beauties prostrate lay

When my blood boyl'd, and Nature work't me high,

Clytus ne're bow'd his body to such shame:

The brave will scorn the Cobweb Arts — The Souls

Of all that whining, smiling, coz'ning Sex,

Weigh not one thought of any Man of War.

Lys. I confess our Vengeance was ill-tim'd.

Cly. Death! I had rather this right Arm were lost

To which I owe my Glory, than our King

Should know your fault — what, on this famous day

Heph. I was to blame.

Cly. This memorable day,

When our hot Master, that would tire the World,

Outride the lab'ring Sun, and tread the Stars,

When he inclin'd to Rest, comes peaceful on,

Lis'tning to Songs: while all his Trumpets sleep,

And plays with Monarchs whom he us'd to drive;

Shall we begin Disorders, makes new Broys?

We that have Temper learnt, shall we awake

Hush't *Mars*, the Lion, that had left to roar?

Lys. 'Tis true, Old *Clytus* is an Oracle.

Put up, *Hephestion* — did not Passion blind

My Reason, I on such occasion too

Could thus have urg'd.

Heph. Why is it then we love?

Cly. Because unman'd.

Why is not *Alexander* grown Example?

O that a Face shou'd thus bewitch a Soul,

And ruin all that's right and reasonable!

Talk be my bane, yet the Old Man must talk:

at so he loved when he at *Iffus* fought:
 and joyn'd in mighty Duel great *Darius*,
 from his Chariot flaming all with Gems,
 hurl'd to Earth, and crush'd th' Imperial Crown;
 could the Gods defend their Images,
 which with the gaudy Coach lay overturn'd:
 was not the Shaft of Love that did the feat,
 did had nothing there to do, but now
 to Wives he takes, two Rival Queens disturb
 the Court; and while each hand do's Beauty hold,
 where is there room for glory?

Heph. In his Heart.

Sy. Well said,

are his Favourite, and I had forgot
 so I was talking too. See *Syfigambis* comes
 bringing a Letter to your Princess; go,
 make your claim, while I attend the King. [Exit]

Enter Syfigambis, Parisatis.

Par. Did not you love my Father? Yes, I fee
 did, his very Name but mention'd brings
 tears how e're unwilling to your Eyes.
 I'd him too, he would not thus have forc'd
 trembling heart, which your commands may break,
 never bend.

Sy. Forbear thy lost Complaints,
 not a Suit which I can never grant.
 I'll give you the Royal Signet of the King,
 therefore resolve to be *Hephestion's* Wife.

Par. No since *Lyfmachus* has won my heart,
 Body shall be *Athes*, e're anothers.

Sy. For sixty rowling years who ever stood
 shock of State so unconcern'd as I?
 whom I thought to govern being young,
 as a Plague to Power, has render'd strong;
 my distresses, and my Temper prize;
 though unfortunate, wou'd still be wise.
 To let you know that Misery do's sway [Both kneel.
 humbler Fate than yours, see at your Feet

The lost *Lysimachus* : O mighty Queen
I have but this to beg, impartial stand ;
And since *Hephestion* serves by your permission,
Disdain not me who ask your Royal leave
To cast a throbbing heart before her feet.

Heph. A Blessing like possession of the Princess,
No services, not Crowns, nor all the blood
That circles in our Bodies can deserve,
Therefore I take all helps, much more the King's ;
And what your Majesty vouchsaf'd to give,
Your word is past, where all my hopes must hang.

Lys. There perish too—all words want sense in Love
But Love and I bring such a perfect Passion,
So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her Eyes,
Which without blushing she may justly prize.

Heph. Such arrogance, should *Alexander* woo,
Would lose him all the Conquest he has won.

Lys. Let not a Conquest once be nam'd by you,
Who this Dispute must to mercy own.

Sys. Rise brave *Lysimachus*, *Hephestion* rise :
'Tis true *Hephestion* first declar'd his Love ;
And 'tis true, I promis'd him my aid !
Your glorious King turn'd mighty Advocate,
How noble therefore were the Victory,
If we could vanquish this disordered Love ?

Heph. 'Twill never be,

Lys. No, I will yet love on,
And hear from *Alexander's* mouth, in what
Hephestion merits more than I.

Sys. I grieve,
And fear the boldness which your Love inspires ;
But least her sight should hast your Enterprize.
'Tis just I take the Object from your Eyes. [Exit

Lys. She's gone, and see the day, as if her look
Had kindled it, is lost, now she is vanished.

Heph. A sudden gloominess and horror comes
About me.

Lys. Let's away to meet the King,
You know my suit.

Heph. Yonder *Cassander* comes,
He may inform us.

My. No I wou'd avoid him ;
 ere's something in that buſie Face of his.
 t ſhocks my Nature.

lepb, Where and what you pleaſe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Caſſander.

My. The Morning riſes black, the lowring Sun;
 the dreadful buſineſs he foreknew,
 es heavily his ſable Chariot on :
 face of Day now bluſhes Scarlet deep,
 f it feared the ſtroak which I intend,
 that of *Jupiter* — Lightning and thunder :
 Lords above are angry, and talk big,
 other walk the mighty Cirque like Mourners
 in long Clouds, the Robes of thickeſt Night,
 ſeem to grown for *Alexander's* Fall ;
 as *Caſſander's* Soul could wiſh it were,
 ch whenſoe're it flies at loſty miſchief
 d ſtartle Fate, and make all Heav'n concern'd.
 d *Caldæan* in the dead of Night
 e to my Bed-Side with a flaming Torch ;
 bellowing o're me like a Spirit damn'd,
 y'd Well had it been for *Babylon*,
 ſt'd *Caſſander* never had been born.

Enter Theſſalus, Philip, with Letters.

My. My Lord *Caſſander*.

Ha! who's there?

My. Your Friends.

My. Welcome dear *Theſſalus* and Brother *Philip*,
 — with what Content?

My. From *Macedon*,

ty Slave arriv'd — great *Antipater*

s that your Mother labour'd with you long;

Birth was ſlow, and ſlow is all your Life.

He write diſpatch the King — *Craterus* comes,

in my room muſt Govern *Macedon*;

in not live a day — he dies to night ;

And thus my Father but forestals my purpose;
Why, am I slow then? if I rode on Thunder
I must a moment have to fall from Heaven,
E're I could blast the growth of this *Colossus*.

Theff. The haughty *Polyperchon* comes his way,
A Male-content, on whom I lately wrought,
That for a slight affront, at *Susa* giv'n,
Bears *Alexander* most pernicious hate.

Cass. So when I mock'd the *Persians* that ador'd him
He struck me in the Face, and by the Hair
He swung me to his Guards to be chastis'd;
For which and for my Father's weighty Cause,
When I abandon what I have resolv'd,
May I again be beating like a Slave.
But lo, where *Polyperchon* comes, now fire him.

Enter Polyperchon.

With such complaints, that he may shoot to ruine.

Pol. Sure I have found those Friends dare second
I here fresh murmurs as I pass along.
Yet rather than put up I'll do't alone.
Did not *Pausanias*, a Youth, a Stripling
A beardless Boy swell'd with inglorious wrong,
For a less Cause his Father *Philip* kill?
Peace then full Heart! move like a Cloud about,
And when time ripens thee to break, O shed
The stock of all thy Poys'n on his head.

Cass. All Nations bow their heads with homage due
And kiss the feet of this exalted man!
The Name, the Shout, the Blast from every Mouth
Is *Alexander*: *Alexander* bursts
Your Cheeks, and with a Crack so loud
It drowns the Voice of Heaven; like Dogs ye fawn
The Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him;
Mankind starts up to hear his Blasphemy,
And if this Hunter of this Barbarous World
But wind himself a God, you ecchoe him
With universal Cry.

Pol. I ecchoe him?

own, or fall like a fat Eastern Slave
link his feet? Boys hoot me from the Palace,
haunt some Cloister with my senseless walk,
then thus the noble Soul of *Polyperchon*
go the aim of all his Actions, Honour.

Theff. The King shall slay me, cut me up alive,
me with Fire and Scourges, rack me worse
an once he did *Philotas*, e're I bow.

Cass. Curse on thy Tongue for mentioning *Philotas*!
d rather thou hadst *Aristander* been:

to my Soul's Confusion rais'd up Hell
th all the Furies brooding upon horrors,
an brought *Philotas's* Murder to remembrance.

Phil. I saw him rack'd, a sight so dismal sad
Eyes did ne're behold.

Cass. So dismal! peace,
is unutterable; let me stand

I think upon the Tragedy you saw;
Mars it comes, ay now the Rack's set for
ody *Craterus* his inveterate Foe,
th pitiless *Hephestion* standing by:

Philotas, like an Angel seiz'd by Friends,
straight disrob'd, a Napkin ties his head,
Warlike *Arms* with shameful Cords are bound,
every Slave can now the valiant wound.

Pol. Now by the Soul of Royal *Philip* fled
re pronouce young *Alexander*, who
uld be a God, is cruel as a Devil.

Cass. Oh, *Polyperchon*, *Philip*, *Theffalus*,
not your Eyes rain Blood? your Spirits burst,
see your noble Fellow-Souldier burn,
without trembling, or a tear, endure

torments of the damn'd? O *Barbarians*,
id you stand by, and yet refuse to suffer?
saw him bruis'd, torn, to the bones made bare;
Veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quivering flesh
th Pincers from his manly Bosom ript,
ye discover'd the great heart lye panting.

Pol. Why kill'd we not the King, to save *Philotas*?

Cass. Asses! Fools! but Asses will bray, and Fools
Why stood ye then like Statues? there's the case, (ang
The horror of the fight had turn'd ye Marble.
So the pale *Trojans* from their weeping Walls.

Saw the dear body of the God-like *Hector*,
Bloody and soil'd, dragg'd on the famous ground,
Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn weapons ran
To save the great Remains of that prodigious man:

Phil. Wretched *Philotas*! bloody *Alexander*!

Theff. Soon after him the great *Permenio* fell,
Stabb'd in his Orchard by the Tyrant's doom;
But where's the need to mention publick loss,
When each receives particular disgrace?

Pol. Late I remember to a Banquet call'd,
After *Alcides* Goblet swift had gone,
The giddy round, and Wine had made me bold,
Stirring the Spirits up to talk with Kings,
I saw *Craterus* with *Hephestian* enter
In *Persian* Robes, to *Alexander's* health
They largely drank; then turning Eastward fell
Flat on the pavement, and ador'd the Sun.
Straight to the King they sacred Reverence gave
With solemn words, O Son of Thundring *Jove*.
Young *Ammon* live for ever; then kiss't the ground
I laugh'd aloud, and scoffing ask'd 'em why
They kiss'd no harder; — but the King leapt up,
And spurn'd me to the Earth with this reply.
Do thou, — whil'st with his foot he prest my Neck
'Till from my Ears, my Nose, and Mouth, the blood
Gush'd forth, and I lay foaming on the Earth,
For which I wish this Dagger in his heart.

Cass. There spoke the Spirit of *Calisthenes*.
Remember he's a man, his flesh as soft
And penetrable as a girls: we have seen him wounded
A stone has struck him, yet no Thunderbolt:
A Pebble fell'd this *Jupiter* along:
A sword has cut him, a Javelin pierc'd him,
Water will drown him, Fire burn him,
A surfet, nay, a fit of common Sickness
Brings this immortal to the Gate of Death.

Pol. Why shou'd we more delay the glorious business,
 ere your hearts firm?

Phil. Hell cannot be more bent
 to any ruin, than I to the King's.

Theff. And I.

Pol. Behold my hand and if you doubt my truth,
 tear up my Breast, and lay my Heart upon it.

Cass. Joyn then, O worthy, hearty, noble hands,
 Instruments for such Majestick Souls;
 remember *Hermolaus*, and be hush'd.

Pol. Still, as the bosom of the desert Night,
 or fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends.

Cass. To day he comes from *Babylon* to *Susa*
 with proud *Roxana*.

! who's that, ——— look here.

{ Enter the Ghost of King Philip, shaking a
 Trunchion at 'em, walks over the Stage.

Cass. Now by the Gods, or Furies which I ne're
 believ'd, ——— There's one of them arriv'd to shake us.

What art thou? glaring thing, speak: What the Spirit
 of our King *Philip*, or of *Poliphemus*?

Oh, hurl thy Trunchion, second it with Thunder;
 we will abide. — *Theffalus*, saw you nothing?

Theff. Yes, and am more amaz'd than you can be.

Phil. 'Tis said that many prodigies were seen
 this Morn, but none so horrible as this.

Pol. What can you fear? tho' the Earth yawn'd so wide
 at all the Labours of the Deep were seen.

Alexander stood on the other side.

Leap the burning Ditch to give him Death,
 sink my self for ever: Pray, to the business.

Cass. As I was saying, this *Roxana*, whom,
 aggravate my hate to him, I love,

seeing him as he came Triumphant from

Indies, kept him revelling at *Susa*;

as I found, a deep repentance since

his Affections to the Queen *Statira*,

whom he swore (before he cou'd espouse her)

that he wou'd never bed *Roxana* more.

Pol. How did the Persian Queen receive the news

of this Revolt?

Theff.

Thess. With grief incredible!
Great *Syfigambis* wept, but the young Queen
Fell dead among her Maids,
Nor cou'd their care
With richest Cordials, for an hour or more,
Recover Life.

Cass. Knowing how much she lov'd,
I hop'd to turn her all into *Medea*;
For when the First gust of her grief was past
I enter'd, and with breath prepar'd did blow
The dying sparks into a tousing flame,
Describing the new love he bears *Roxana*,
Conceiving, not unlikely, that the Line
Of dead *Darius* in her Cause might rise.
Is any Panthers, Lionesses rage
So furious, any Torrents fall so swift
As a wrong'd Woman's hate? Thus far it helps
To give him troubles; which perhaps may end him,
And set the Court in universal Uproar;
But see, it ripens more than I expected,
The Scene works up, kill him, or kill thy self;
So their be mischief any way, 'tis well:
Now change the *Vizor*, every one disperse.
And with a face of Friendship meet the King. [*Exit*]

Enter Syfigambis, Statira, Parisatis, Attendants.

Stat. Give me a Knife, a draught of Poyson, Flame
Swell heart, break, break thou stubborn thing;
Now, by the sacred fire, I'll not be held;
Why do ye wish me Life, yet stifle me
For want of air? pray give me leave to walk.

Sys. Is there no reverence to my Person due?
Darius wou'd have heard me: trust not rumour.

Stat. No he hates,
He loaths the Beauties which he has enjoy'd?
O, he is false, that great, that glorious Man
Is Tyrant midst of his Triumphant spoils,
Is bravely false, to all the Gods, forsworn?
Yet who wou'd think it? no, it cannot be,
It cannot ——— What that dear protesting Man!
He that has warm'd my Feet with thousands sighs,

then cool 'em with his Tears, dy'd on my Knees,
 outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
 and groan'd and swore the wandering Stars away?

Syl. No, 'tis impossible, believe thy Mother,
 that knows him well.

Stat. Away, and let me dye,
 'tis my fondness, and my easie nature
 that would Excuse him; but I know he's false,

'tis now the common talk, the News of the World
 false to *Statira*, false to her that lov'd him.

that lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
 and took him, bath'd all o're in *Persian* blood:

Wash'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o're
 and o're in Tears——then bound 'em with my hair,

hid him all Night upon my panting Bosom,
 call'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs.

Par. If this be true, ah, who will ever trust
 Man again?

Stat. A Man! a Man! my *Parisatis*,
 thus with thy hand held up, thus let me swear thee.

the eternal Body of the *Sun*,
 whose Body, O forgive the Blasphemy,

could not half so well as the least part
 of my dear precious faithless *Alexander*;

as I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
 not the Spring's Mouth, nor Breath of *Jesamin*,

nor Violets Infant-Sweets, nor opening Buds
 are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast;

from every Pore of him a Perfume falls.
 Kisses, softer than a Southern Wind,

like a Vine, and touches like a God.
 Syl. When will thy Spirits rest, these transports cease

Stat. Will you not give me leave to warn my Sister
 I was saying——but I told his Sweetness,

when he will talk, good Gods how he will talk!
 when when the Joy he sigh'd for his posselt,

speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
 lives with so much passion, swears with so much Grace,

that 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him.
 Par. But what was it that you would have me swear

Stat.

Sat. Alas, I had forgot, let me walk by
And weep a while, and I shall soon remember.

Sys. Have patience, Child, and give her Liberty;
Passions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows;
Yet while I see her thus, not all the Losses
We have receiv'd since *Alexander's* Conquest
Can touch my hardn'd Soul, her Sorrow reigns
Too fully there.

Par. But what if she shou'd kill her self?

Stat. *Roxana* then enjoys my perjurd Love:
Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms;
Doats on my Conquerour, my dear Lord, my King,
Devours my Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses:
She grasps him all, she, the curst happy she.
By Heaven I cannot bear it, 'tis to too much;
I'll dye, or rid me of the burning Torture.
I will have remedy, I will, I will,
Or go distracted; Madnefs may throw off
The mighty Load, and drown the flaming passion.
Madam, draw near with all that are in presence,
And listen to the Vow which here I make.

Sys. Take heed, my dear *Statira*, and consider,
What desperate Love enforces you to swear.

Stat. Pardon me, for I have considered well;
And here I bid adieu to all Mankind.
Farewel ye Coz'ners of the Easie Sex,
And thou the greatest, falsest *Alexander*;
Farewel thou most belov'd, thou faithless Dear;
If but mention him the Tears will fall:
Sure there is not a Letter in his Name.
But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes.

Sys. Clear up thy Griefs, thy King, thy *Alexander*
Comes on to *Babylon*.

Stat. Why let him come,
Joy of all eyes but the forlorn *Statira's*.

Sys. Wilt thou not see him?

Stat. By Heaven I never will,
This is my Vow, my sacred Resolution;
And when I break it —

Sys. Ah do not ruine all,

[Kneeling]

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Stat. May I again be flatter'd and deluded,
By sudden death and horrid, come instead
Of what I wish'd, and take me unprepar'd.

Syf. Still kneel, and with the same breath call again
The woful Imprecation thou hast made.

Stat. No, I will publish it through all the Court,
Even in the Bowers of great *Semiramis*
I'll ever lock my woes from human view.

Syf. Yet be perswaded.

Stat. Never urge me more.

Driven to rage I shou'd my Life abhor,
In your presence put an end to all
My fast Calamities that round me fall.

Par. O angry Heaven! what have the guiltless done?
Where shall wretched *Parisatis* run?

Syf. Captives in War, our Bodies we resign'd,
Now made free, Love does our Spirits bind.

Stat. When to my purpos'd Loneliness I retire,
In sight I through the Grates shall oft desire,
After *Alexander's* Health enquire.

What if this passion cannot be remov'd,
How my Resolution he approv'd,
How much he loves, how much he is belov'd?

When I hear that all things please him well,
I'll thank the good Gods, and hide me in my Cell. [Exit

ACT II. SCENE I.

Noise of Trumpets sounding far off.

Scene draws, and discovers a Batttle of Crows, or
 Ravens in the Air; an Eagle and a Dragon meet and
 Fight; the Eagle drops down with all the rest of the Birds,
 And the Dragon flies away. Souldiers walk of shaking
 Their Heads, The Conspirators come forward.

HE comes, the fatal Glory of the World,
 The headlong *Alexander*, with a Guard
 Of stronging Crowns comes on to *Babylon*,

Though

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Though warn'd in spight of all the Pow'rs above,
Who by these Prodigies foretell his Ruin.

Pol. Why all this noise, because a King must die?
Or does Heav'n fear because he sway'd the Earth,
His Ghost will war with the high Thunderer?
Curse on the babling Fates that cannot see
A great Man tumble, but they must be talking.

Cass. The Spirit of King *Philip*, in those Arms
We saw him wear, pass'd groaning through the Court;
His dreadful Eye-Balls rowl'd their horror upwards;
He wav'd his arms, and shook his wondrous head.
I've heard that at the crowing of the Cock
Lions will roar and Goblins steal away;
But this Majestick Air stalks stedfast on
Spight of the Morn that calls him from the East,
Nor minds the opening of the Iv'ry Door.

Phil. 'Tis certain, there was never day like this.

Cass. Late as I musing walkt behind the Palace,
I met a monstrous Child, that with his hands
Held to his face, which seem'd all over Eyes,
A Silver Bowl, and wept it full of Blood:
But having spy'd me, like a Cocatrice,
He glar'd a while; then with a shriek so shrill
As all the Winds had whistled from his Mouth;
He dash'd me with the Gore he held, and vanished.

Pol. That which besel me, though 'twas horrid,
When I consider, it appears ridiculous;
For as I pass'd through a by vacant place,
I met two Women very old and ugly,
That wrung their hands, and howl'd, and beat their breasts
And cry'd out Poyson: When I ask't the Cause,
They took me by the Ears, and with strange force
Held me to the Earth, then laugh'd and disappeared.

Cass. O how I love destruction with a Method
Which none discern, but those that weave the Plot:
Like Silk-worms we are hid in our own *Web*,
But we shall burst at last through all the Strings;
And when time calls, come forth in a new form;
Not insects to be trod, but Dragons wing'd.

Theff. The Face of all the Court is strangely alter'd
There's not a *Persian* I can meet but stares

if he were distracted. *Oyxartes*,

Statira's Uncle, openly declaim'd

against the Perjury of *Alexander*.

Phil. Others, more fearful, are remov'd to *Susa*,

reading *Roxana's* Rage, who comes ith' Rear

Babylon.

Cass. It glads my rising Soul

that we shall see him rack't before he dies:

how he loves *Statira* more than life,

on a Croud of Kings in Triumph born

comes, big with expectation, to enjoy her.

when he hears the Oaths which she has ta'en,

last Adieu made publick to the World,

vow'd divorce, how will remorse consume him?

like the Bird of Hell, upon his Liver?

Pol. To bawk his longing and delude his Lust,

more than Death, 'tis earnest for Damnation.

Cass. Then comes *Roxana*, who must help our Party;

how her jealous, bloody, and ambitious

'twas the likeness of her heart to mine,

Sympathy of Natures caus'd me love her:

fixt, I must enjoy her, and no way

proper as to make her guilty first.

Pol. To see two Rival Queens of different humours,

with a variety of Torment to vex him. [*Enter Lys. Heph.*

Cass. Of that anon; but see *Lysimachus*

the young Favourite; fort, fort your selves,

like to other mercenary Souls

are this mortal God, that soon must bleed.

Cass. Here I will wait the Kings approach, and stand

in utmost anger, if he do me wrong.

Heph. That cannot be, from Power so absolute

high as his.

Cass. Well, you and I have done.

Pol. How the Court thickens!

[*Trumpets sound.*

Cass. Nothing to what it will — Does he not come,

near a thousand thousand Embassies,

which from all Parts to *Babylon* are brought,

of the Parliament of the World

met; and he came on a God, to give

infinite Assembly glorious Audience.

Enter

Enter Clytus, Aristander in his Robes, with a wound.

Arist. Hasten Reverend *Clytus*, hasten and stop the King
Cly. He is already entred: Then the Press,
 Of Princes that attend so thick about him
 Keep all that wou'd approach at certain distance.

Ar. Thou he were hem'd with Deities I'd speak to him
 And turn him back from this high way to death.

Cly. Here place your self within this Trumpets sound
 Lo, the *Caldean* Priests appear, behold
 The sacred Fire, *Nearchus* and *Eumenes*
 With their white Wands, and drest in Eastern Robes,
 To sooth the King, who loves the Persian mode:
 But see the Master of the World appears.

Enter Alexander, all kneel but Clytus.

Heph. O Son of *Jupiter* live for ever.

Alex. Rise all, and thou my second self; my Love
 O my *Hephestion*, raise the from the earth
 Up to my Breast, and hide thee in my Heart.
 Art thou grown cold? Why hang thine arms at distance
 Hug me, or by Heaven thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not love, my Lord! break not the Heart yet
 And moulded up to such an Excellence! (frank)
 Then stamp'd on it your own Immortal Image.
 Not love the King such is not Woman's Love,
 So fond a Friendship, such a sacred flame,
 As I must doubt to find in Breasts above.

Alex. Thou dost, thou lov'st me, Crown of all my Wishes
 Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Lawrel,
 I know thou lov'st thy *Alexander* more
 Than *Clytus* does the King: no Tears *Hephestion*;
 I read thy passion in thy manly Eyes;
 And glory in those Planets of my Life,
 Above the Rival Lights that shine in Heaven.

Lys. I see that Death must wait me, Yet I'll conquer.

Alex. I'll tell thee, Friend, and mark it, all ye Princes
 Though never mortal man arriv'd to such
 A height as I, yet I wou'd forfeit all;

When Glory, like the Dazling Eagle, stood
 Perch'd on my Beaver in the Granick Flood;
 When Fortune's self my Standard trembling bore,
 And the Pale Fates stood frighted on the Shore,
 When the Immortals on the Billows rode.
 And I my self appear'd the Leading God.

Arist. But all the Honours which your Youth has
 Are lost, unless you fly from *Babylon*:
 Haste with your *Chiefs*, to *Susa*, take your way,
 Fly for your Life, destructive is your stay.
 This Morning having view'd the angry Skie.
 And mark'd the Prodigies that threatned high,
 To our bright God I did for Succour fly;
 But Oh —

Alex. What Fears thy Reverend Bosom shake?
 Or do'st thou from some Dream of Horror wake?
 If so, come grasp me with thy shaking Hand,
 Or fall behind, while I the danger stand.

Arist. To *Orosmades* Cave I did repair,
 Where I atton'd the dreadful God with prayer:
 But as I pray'd, I heard long Groans within,
 And Shrieks, as of the damn'd that howl for Sin:
 I knew the Omen, and I fear'd to stay,
 But prostrate on the trembling Pavement lay:
 When he bodes Happiness, he answers mild,
 'Twas so of old, and the great Image smil'd;
 But now in abrupt Thunder he reply'd
 Loud as Rent Rocks, or roaring Seas he cry'd,
 All Empires Crowns, Glory of *Babylon*,
 Whose head stands wrapt in Clouds, must tumble

Alex. If *Babylon* must fall, what is't to me?
 Or can I help immutable Decree?
 Down then vast Frame with all thy Lofly Towers.
 Since 'tis so order'd by Almighty Powers;
 Press'd by the Fates, unloose your golden Bars,
 'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars.

Enter Perdiccas, Meleager,

Mele. O Horror!

Perd. Dire Portents!

Alex. Out with 'em then,
 What, are ye Ghosts, ye empty Shapes of Men?

So, the Mysteries of Hell unfold,
Be all the Scrowls of Destiny unroll'd,
Open the brazen Leaves, and let it come;
Point with a Thunder-bolt your Monarch's Doom.

Perd. As *Maleager* and my self in Field,
Your *Persian* Horse about the Army wheel'd:
We heard a noise as of a rushing Wind,
And a thick storm the Eye of day did blind:
A croaking Noise resounded through the Air,
We look'd, and saw big Ravens battling there:
Each Bird of Night appear'd himself a Cloud,
They met and fought, and their Wounds rain'd black blood.

Alex. All, as for Honour, did their Lives expose,
Their Talons clath'd, and Beaks gave mighty blows,
Whilst dreadful sounds did our fear'd sense assail,
As of small Thunder, or huge *Scythian* Hail.

Perd. Our Augurs shook, when with a horred groan,
We thought that all the Clouds had rumbl'd down,
Soldiers and Chiefs, who can the wonder tell
Crook to the ground, promiscuously fell;
While the dark Birds, each pond'rous as a Shield,
For fifty Furlongs hid the fatal Field.

Alex. Be witness for me, all ye Powers Divine,
I am not angry, 'tis no fault of mine;
Therefore let Furies face me with a band
From Hell, my Virtue shall not make a stand;
Though all the Curtains of the Skie be drawn
And the stars wink, young *Ammon* shall go on?
While my *Statira* shines, I cannot stay,
He lifts his Torch to light me on my way,
And her bright Eyes create another Day.

Lys. E're you remove, be pleas'd, dread Sir, to hear
Prince ally'd to you by Blood.

Alex. Speak quickly.

Lys. For all that I have done for you in War,
Beg the Princess *Parisatis*.

Alex. Ha ———

Not my word already past? *Hephestion*,
Now he hates thee, but he shall not have her;
He heard of this before: ——— *Lysimachus*,

The RIVAL QUEENS; Or,

I here command you nourish no Design.

To prejudice my person in the Man
I love, and will prefer to all the World.

Lys. I never fail'd to obey your Majesty,
Whil'st you commanded what was in my power;
Nor cou'd *Hephestion* fly more swift to serve,
When you commanded us to Storm a Town,
Or fetch'd a Standard from the Enemy :
But when you charge me not to love the Princes,
I must confess, I disobey you, as
I wou'd the Gods themselves, should they command.

Alex. You shou'd, brave Sir, hear me, and then be dumb
When by my order, curst *Calisthenes*,
Was a Traitor doom'd to live in torments,
Your pity sped him in despite of me.
Think not I have forgot your Insolence ;
No, though I pardon'd it, yet if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another Crime,
The Bolts of Fury shall be doubled on thee :
In the mean time think of *Parisatis* ;
For if thou do'st, by *Jupiter Ammon*
By my own Head, and by King *Philip's* Soul,
I'll not respect that Blood of mine thou shar'st,
But use thee as the vilest *Macedonian*.

Lys. Doubted not at first but I thou'd meet
Your indignation, yet my Soul's resolv'd,
And I shall never quit so brave a prize,
While I can draw a Bow, or lift a Sword.

Alex. Against my life, Ah? was it so? how now
'Tis said that I am rash, of hasty humour ;
But I appeal to the Immortal Gods,
If ever petty poor Provincial Lord
Had Temper like to mine? my Slave whom I
Cou'd tread to Clay, dares utter bloody threats.

Cly. Contain your self, dread Sir, the noble Prince
I see it in his Countenance, would dye,
To justifie his truth, but love makes many faults.

Lys. I meant his Minion there should feel my A
Love asks his blood, nor shall he live to laugh
At my destruction.

Alex. Now be thy own Judge,
I pardon thee for my old *Clytus's* sake ;

but if once more thou mention thy rash Love,
 I dar'st attempt *Hephestion's* precious Life;
 I'll pour such storms of indignation on thee,
 I'll rack *Calisthenes's* disgrace,
 I'll he delight to what thou shalt endure,

Enter Syfigambis, Parisatis.

Heph. My Lord, the Queen comes to congratulate,
 your safe arrival.

Alex. O thou the best of Women,
 source of my joy, blest Parent of my Love.

Syf. Permit me kneel, and give those adorations
 which from the *Persian* Family are due:

Have you not rais'd us from our ruins high,
 when no hand could help, nor any Eye
 hold us with a Tear, your's pitied me.

You, like a God, snatch'd us from Sorrow's Gulph,
 set us in Thrones above our former state.

Par. Which, when a Soul forget's, advanc'd so nobly,
 may it be drown'd in deeper misery.

Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done;
 but still there wants to Crown my happiness,
 the sight of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul!

O dear *Statira*! O that Heavenly Beam,
 warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart;
 had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
 at this time I had been amongst the Gods:

any Exstasie can make a hight,
 any Rapture hurl us to the Heavens,

Cy. Now, who shall dare to tell him the Queen's Vow?

Alex. How fares my Love; ha — neither answer me!

I raise my wonder, Darkness overwhelm me,
 Royal *Syfigambis* does not weep.

Shaking and Horrour, pierce me cold as Ice.

Do not well; what none, none answer me?

Is it worse? Keep down ye rising Sighs,
 murmur in the hollow of my Breast:

Go to my Heart, and gather more sad wind;

when the voice of Fate shall call you forth,

may, at one rush, from the seat of Life,

draw the Blood out, and burst like a Bladder.

Heph I would relate it, but my courage fails me.

Alex. If she be dead — That it's impossible;
And let none here affirm it for his Soul:
For he that dares but think so damn'd a Lye
I'll have his body straight empal'd before me
And glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails.

Cass. How will this Engine of unruly Passion
Roar, when we have ram'd him to the mouth with Poyson?

Alex. Why stand you all, as you were rooted here,
Like the senseless Trees, while to the stupid Grove
I, like a wounded Lion, groan my griefs,
And none will answer — what, not my *Hephestion*?
If thou hast any love for *Alexander*,
If ever I oblig'd thee by my care,
When my quick fight has watch'd thee in the Fight;
Or if to see thee bleed I sent for crys,
And like a Mother, wash'd thee with my tears.
If this be true, if I deserve thy Love
Ease me and tell the cause of my disaster.

Heph. Your mourning Queen, (which had I told before
Had you been calm,) has no Disease but Sorrow.
Which was occasion'd first by jealous pangs;
She heard, (for what can scape a watchful Lover?)
That you at *Susa*, breaking all yours Vows,
Relaps'd, and conquer'd by *Roxana's* Charms,
Gave up your self devoted to her Arms.

Alex. I know that subtle Creature in my Riot,
My Reason gone, seduc'd me to her bed;
But when I wak'd I shook the *Circe* off,
Though that Enchantress held me by the arm
And wept, and gaz'd with all the force of Love;
Nor griev'd I less for that which I had done,
Than when at *Thais* suit, enrag'd with Wine,
I set the fam'd *Persopolis* on Fire.

Heph. Your Queen *Statira* took it so to heart;
That, in the Agony of Love, she swore
Never to see your Majesty again;
With dreadful Imprecations she confirm'd
Her Oath, and I much fear that she will keep it.

Alex. Ha! did she swear? did that sweet Creature swear?
I'll not believe it, no, she is all softness,

melting, mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant,
 can you wake her into crys ; By Heaven
 is the Child of Love, and she was born in smiles.

Par. I, and my weeping Mother, heard her swear.

Syf. And with such fierceness she did aggravate
 the foulness of your fault, that I cou'd wish
 our Majesty wou'd blot her from your breast.

Alex. Blot her ? forget her, hurl her from my bosom,

ever lose the Star that gilds my Life,

de of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights!

she shall stay with me in spite of Vows,

soul, and body both are twist'd with her.

God of Love empties his golden Quiver,

ots every Crain of her into my heart;

is all mine, by Heaven I feel her here

ting, and warm, the dearest, O *Statira*!

Syf. Have patience, Son, and trust to Heaven and Me,

my authority, or the remembrance

dead *Darius*, or her Mothers Soul

work upon her, she again is yours.

Alex. O, Mother help me, your wonuded Son,

move the Soul of my offended Dear;

fly, haste, e're the sad Procession's made.

and not a thought in Reply — Be gone,

you wou'd have me live — and *Parasatis*,

g thou about her Knees, wash 'em with tears:

haste, the breath of Gods, and Eloquence

angels go along with you — O my heart!

Exeunt Syf. and Par.

Syf. Now let your Majesty, who feel the Torments,
 sharpest Pangs of Love, encourage mine.

Alex. Ha —

t. Are you a Madman ? is this a time.

Syf. Yes, for I see he cannot be unjust to me,

Something worse befall himself.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus, to thy undoing?

thou should'st have, were it not courted so :

know to my confusion, that my word,

destiny, admits not a reverse.

fore, in Chains thou shalt behold the Nuptials

Hephestion — Guards take him Prisoner,

Lys. I shall not easily resign my Sword,
'Till I have dy'd it in my Rivals blood.

Alex. I charge you kill him not, take him alive;
The dignity of Kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a way to tame this Beast.

Clyt. Kneel, for I see Lightning in his Eyes,

Lys. I neither hope nor ask a pardon of him;
But if he shou'd restore my Sword, I wou'd,
With a new violence, run against my Rival.

Alex. Sure we, at last shall conquer this fierce Lion
Hence from my sight, and bear him to a Dungeon:
Perdiccas give this Lion to a Lion;
None speak for him, fly, stop his mouth, away.

Clyt. The King's extreemly mov'd,

Eum. I dare not speak,

Clyt. This comes of Love and Women, 'tis all madnes
Yet were I heated now with Wine, I shou'd
Be preaching to the King for this rash Fool.

Alex. Come hither *Clytus*, and my dear *Hephestion*
Lend me your arms, help, for I'm sick o'th' sudden.
I fear betwixt *Statira's* cruel Love,
And fond *Roxana's* Arts, your King will fall.

(*Clyt.* Better the *Persian* Race were all undone.

Heph. Look up my Lord, and bend not thus your Head
As if you wou'd Leave the Empire of this World,
Which you with Toil have won.

Alex. Wou'd I had not.

There's no true joy in such unweildy Fortune.
Eternal gazers lasting troubles make,
All find my spots, but few my brightness take:
Stand off, and give me air, ———

Why was I born a Prince, proclaim'd a God?
Yet have no Liberty to look abroad?

Thus Palaces in prospect bar the Eye,
Which pleas'd and free, wou'd o're the Cottage fly
O're flow'ry Lands to the gay distant Sky.
Farewel then Empire, and the Racks of Love,
By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove,
Stretch'd like a *Sylvan* God on Grass lye down.
And quite forget that e're I wore a Crown.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Eumenes, Philip, Theſſalus, Perdiccas,
Lyſimachus, Guards.

Farewel, brave Spirit, when you come above,
Commend us to *Philotas* and the reſt
our great Friends.

Theſſ. *Perdiccas*, you are grown
truſt, be thankful for your noble Office.

Perd. As noble as you ſentence me, I'd give
his Arm that *Theſſalus* were ſo Employ'd.

Lyſ. Ceſe theſe untimely jars, farewel to all,
ſight for the King as I have done, and then
you may be worthy of a Death like mine — Lead on.

Enter *Parifatis*.

Par. Ah my *Lyſamachus*, where are you going?

Whither? to be devoured. O barbarous Prince!

Would you expoſe your Life to the King's Rage,
and yet remember mine waſty'd to yours?

Lyſ. The Gods preſerve you ever from the ills

that threaten me; live Madam to enjoy

a nobler Fortune, and forget this Wretch:

We're had worth, nor is it poſſible

that all the blood which I ſhall loſe this day,

would merit this rich ſorrow from your Eyes.

Par. The King I know is bent to thy deſtruction;

now by command they forc'd me from his Knees:

to take this ſatisfaction in thy death,

thy Power, Command, my Mother's Siſter's Tears,

all cauſe me to ſurvive thy cruel Loſs.

Lyſ. Live, Princeſs, live, how e're the King diſdains me

perhaps unarm'd, and fighting for your ſake,

may perform what ſhall amaze the World,

and force him yet to give you to my Arms.

Stay *Perdiccas*, — Dear *Eumenes*, take

the Princes to your Charge. [*Exeunt Perd. Lyſ. Guards.*

Eum. O cruelty!

Par.

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Par. Lead me *Eumenes*, lead me from the Light,
Where I may wait till I his ruin hear,
Then free my Soul to meet him in the Air. [Exit

Phil. See where the jealous proud *Roxana* comes,
A haughty vengeance gathers up her brow.

Theff. Peace, they have rais'd to their Ends; observe

Enter Roxana, Cassander, Polipercon.

Rox. O you have ruin'd me, I shall be mad;
Said you so passionately; is't possible?
So kind to her, and so unkind to me?

Cass. More than your utmost Fancy can invent.
He founded thrice at hearing of her Vow,
And when our care as oft had brought back Life,
He drew his Sword, and offer'd at his breast.

Pol. Then rail'd on you with such unheard of Curse

Rox. Away, begon, and give a Whirlwind Room,
Or I will blow you up like Dust; avaunt:

Madness but meanly represents my toyl,
Roxana and *Statira*, they are Names
That must for ever jar, eternal Discord,
Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation
Tear my twoll'n breast, make way for Fire and Temp
My brain is burst, debate and reason quench'd,
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
Splits with the Rack, while Passions like the Winds
Rise up to Heaven, and put out all the Stars.
What saving hand, what Almighty Arm
Can raise me sinking?

Cass. Let your own Arm save you,
'Tis in your power, your beauty is Almighty:
Let all the Stars go out, your Eyes can light 'em:
Wake then bright Planet that shou'd Rule the World,
Wake like the Moon, from your to long Eclipse,
And we with all the Instruments of War,
Trumpets and Drums will help your glorious Labour

Pol. Put us to act, and with a Violence,
That fits the Spirit of a most wrong'd Woman:
Let not *Medea's* dreadful vengeance stand
A Pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
It may for ever be original.

Touch not, but dash with strokes so bravely bold,
 you have form'd a face of so much horror,
 gaping Furies may run frighted back;
 Envy may devour her self for Madness,
 and *Medusa's* head be turn'd to stone.

Yes, we will have Revenge, my Instruments:

There is nothing you have said of me,
 comes far short, wanting of what I am.

In my nonage I at *Zogdia*, liv'd,
 I taught my she companions I wou'd reign;

I kept them from idleness, and little arts
 of winning looks, and laying snares for Lovers,

I took all their Glasses, and their Tires tore,

I made 'em like *Amazons* to ride and chace

Beasts in Desarts, and to master Men.

Her looks, her words, her ev'ry motion fires me,

But when I heard of *Alexander's* Conquest;

With a handful he had Millions slain,

And all the East, their Queens his Captives made,

That Chastity, and God-like temper

Of their Beauties, and with pitty bow'd;

I thought I hung upon my Father's lips,

And wish'd him tell the wondrous tale again:

All my sports, the Woman now return'd,

Whom I uncall'd wou'd from my bosom fly;

All the night, as my *Adraсте* told me,

My members groan'd and murmur'd, *Alexander*,

Curse on the name but I will soon remove

Far of my Ambition and my Love.

At last to *Zogdia* this Triumpher came,

Over'd o're with Laurels forc'd our City:

There I by my Father's order stood,

Fifty Virgins waiting at a Banquet.

How glad was I to hear his Court,

At the pressure of his glowing hand,

And the dear, the false protesting lips.

Wormwood and Hemlock henceforth grow about

Gods! that a Man should be so great and base!

He said he not when in the Bridal Bed,

He said my yielding Body in his Arms:

When

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When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his hand my throbbing Breast,
He swore the Globe of Heaven and Earth were vile
To those rich Worlds; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd
And made me shame the Morning with my blushes.

Cass. Yet after this prove false!

Pol. Horrid Perjury!

Cass. Not to be match'd.

Pol. O you must find revenge.

Cass. A Person of your Spirit be thus slighted!
For whose desire all Earth should be too little.

Rox. And shall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him
That puny Girl, that Ape of my Ambition?

That cry'd for Milk when I was nurs'd in blood!

Shall she, made up of watry Element,
A Cloud, shall embrace my proper God?

While I am cast like Lightning from his hand;

No, I must scorn to prey on common things;

Though hurl'd to Earth by this disdainful *Jove*,

I will rebound to my own Orb of Fire,

And with the wrack of all the Heav'n's expire

Cass. Now you appear your self;
'Tis noble anger.

Rox. May the Illustrious blood that fills my womb
And ripens to be perfect Godhead born,

Come forth a fury, may *Barsina's* Bastard

Tread it to Hell, and rule as Sovereign Lord,

When I permit *Statira* to enjoy

Roxana's right, and strive not to destroy.

Enter Syfigambis, Statira, in mourning.

Cass. Behold her going to fulfil her Vow;
Old *Syfigambis* whom the King engag'd,
Resists and awes her with Authority.

Rox. 'Twas rashly vow'd indeed; and I shou'd pity

Sys. O my *Statira*, how has passion chang'd thee

Think if thou drive the King to such extreams,

What in his fury may be not denounce

Against the poor remains of lost *Darius*?

Stat. I know, I know he will be kind to you

And to my mourning Sister for my sake;

And tell him, how with my departing breath,

He'd not, but spoke kindly of his person;
 wept to think of our divided Loves,
 fobbing sent at last Forgiveness to him.

Rox. Grant Heav'n, some ease to this distracted wretch!
 her not linger out a life in torments,
 these her last words, and at once dispatch her.

Is. No, by the everlasting fire I swear,
 my *Darius* Soul, I never more
 will dare to look on *Alexander's* face,
 you refuse to see him.

Rox. Curse on that cunning tongue, I fear her now,
 Is. No she's resolv'd.

Stat. I cast me at your feet,
 wash 'em with my tears; or, if you please,
 let our life, and wash 'em with my blood,
 still conjure you not to rack my Soul,
 hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness.

And now *Darius* awful Ghost appear,
 my pale Mother stand beseeching by,
 you'd persist to death, and keep my Vow.

Rox. She shews a certain bravery of Soul,
 which I shou'd praise in any but my Rival.

Is. Dye then, rebellious wretch, thou art not now
 so soft belov'd, nor durst thou share my blood.

Hide thy baseness in thy lovely Grot,
 be thy Mother, and thy Royal House,
 precious Creature! shed the innocent
 blood, and sacrifice to the King's wrath

Lives of all thy People; fly, be gone,
 hide thee where bright Vertue never shone:
 day will shun thee, nay the Stars that view

Thiefs and Murders, deeds to thee not new,
 start at this — Go, go, thy crimes deplore,
 never think of *Syfigambis* more.

Rox. Madam I hope you will a Queen forgive:
 she weeps to see *Statira* grieve:

noble is the brave resolve you make,
 quit the world for *Alexander's* sake?

Is. 'Tis your mind, you dare thus greatly dye,
 yield the King to one so mean as I:
 revenge will make the Victor smart, And

And much I fear your death will break his heart.

Stat. you counterfeit I fear, and know too well
How much your Eyes all Beauties else excel:

Roxana, who though not a Princess born,
In Chains could make the mighty Victor mourn,
Forgetting pow'r when Wine had made him warm,
And senseless, yet even then you knew to charm:
Preserve him by those Arts that cannot fail,
While I the loss of what I lov'd bewail.

Rox. I hope your Majesty will give me leave
To wait you to the Grove, where you wou'd grieve
Where like the Turtle, you the loss will moan
Of that dear Mate and murmur all alone.

Stat. No proud Triumpher o're my falling state,
Thou shalt not stay to fill me with my Fate:
Go to the Conquest which your wiles may boast,
And tell the World you left *Statira* lost.
Go seize my faithless *Alexander's* hand,
Both hand and heart were once at my Command:
Grasp his lovely neck, dye on his fragrant breast,
Love him like me which cannot be express'd,
He must be happy, and your more then blest,
While I in darkness hide me from the day,
That with my mind I may his form survey,
And think so long, till I think life away.

Rox. No sickly Virtue, no,
Thou shalt not think, nor thy Loves loss bemoan;
Nor shall past pleasures through thy fancy run;
That were to make thee blest as I can be
But thy No thought I must, I will decree;
As thus Ple torture thee till thou art mad;
And then no thought to purpose can be had,

Stat. How frail, how cowardly is Womans mind
We shriek at Thunder, dread the rustling Wind,
And glittering Swords the brightest eyes will blind
Yet when strong Jealousie enflames the Soul,
The weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests rouse.
Rival take heed, and tempt me not too far;
My blood may boyl and blushes shew a War.

Rox. When you retire to your *Romantick* Cell,
Ple make thy solitary Mansion Hell,

Thou shalt not rest by Day, nor sleep by Night:
 But still *Roxana* shall thy Spirit fright:
 Wanton in Dreams if thou dar'st dream of bliss,
 Thy roving Ghost may think to steal a kiss;
 But when to his sought Bed, thy wandering air,
 Shall for the happiness it wish'd repair,
 How will it groan to find thy Rival there?

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How ghastly wilt thou look, when thou shalt see,
 Through the drawn Curtains, that great Man and me,
 Wearied with laughing, joys shot to the Soul,
 While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy teeth, and
Stat. O barb'rous rage! my tears I cannot keep, (howl,
 But my full Eyes in spight of me will weep.

Rox. The King and I in various Pictures drawn,
 Clasping each other, shaded o're with Lawn,
 Shall be the daily Presents I will send,
 To help thy sorrow to her Journeys end.

And when we hear at last thy hour draws nigh,
 My *Alexander*, my dear Love and I,
 Will come and hasten on thy ling'ring Fates,
 And smile and kiss thy Soul out through the Grates.

Stat. 'Tis well I thank thee; thou hast wak'd a rage,
 Whose boiling now no temper can assuage:
 Meet thy tides of Jealousie with more,
 Are thee to Duel, and dash thee o're and o're.

Rox. What would you dare?

Stat. Whatever you dare do,
 My warring thoughts the bloodiest Tracts pursue
 Born by Love a Fury made, like you:
 All or be kill'd, thus acted by despair.

Rox. Sure the disdain'd *Statira* does not dare?

Stat. Yes, tow'ring proud *Roxana*, but I dare!

Rox. I tow're indeed o're thee,

Like a fair Wood, the shade of Kings I stand,
 While thou sick Weed dost but infect the Land.

Stat. No, like an Ivy I will curl thee round,
 My sapless Trunk of all its Pride compound,
 And dry and wither'd, bend thee to the Ground,
 At *Syfigambis* threats, objected fears,
 Sister's sighs, and *Alexander's* tears,

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Could not effect, thy Rival rage has done;
My Soul, whose start at breach of Oaths begun,
Shall to thy ruine violated run.

Ile see the King in spight of all I swore,
Though curst, that thou may'st never see him more.

Enter Perdiccas, Alexander, Syfigambis, Attendants, &c.

Per. Madam, your Royal Mother, and the King,

Alex. O my *Statira*! O my angry Dear!

Turn thine Eyes on me, I wou'd talk to them:

What shall I say to work upon thy Soul?

Where shall I throw me? whither shall I fall?

Stat. For me you shall not fall.

Alex. For thee I will;

Before thy feet I'll have a Grave dug up,

And perish quick, be buried straight alive:

Give but, as the Earth grows heavy on me,

A tender look, and a relenting word,

Say but 'twas pity so great a man,

Who had ten thousand Deaths in battles scap'd,

For one poor fault so early shou'd remove,

And fall a Martyr to the God of Love.

Rox. Is then *Roxana's* Love and Life so poor,

That for another you can chuse to dye,

Rather then live for her? what have I done?

How am I alter'd since at *Susa* last

You swore and seal'd it with a thousand kisses,

Rather than lose *Roxana's* smallest Charm,

You wou'd forgo the Conquest of the World?

Alex. Madam you best can tell what Majick drew

Me to your Charms, but let it not be told

For your own sake; take that Conquer'd World,

Dispose of Crowns and Scepters as you please,

Let me but have the Freedom for an hour,

To make account with this wrong'd Innocence.

Stat. You know, my Lord, you did commit a Fault

I ask but this, repeat your Crime no more.

Alex. O never, never.

Ro. Am I rejected then?

Alex. Exhaust my Treasures,

Take all the Spoils of the fair conquer'd *Indies*;

for the ease of my afflicted Soul,
where I may never behold thee more.

Rox. Yes I will go, ungrateful as thou art!
to my Life! thou Torment of my days!
thou murderer of the World! for as thy Sword
hath cut the Lives of thousand thousand Men,
will thy tongue undo all Woman kind.

I'll be gone; this last disdain hath curd me,
I am now grown so indifferent,
could behold you kiss with out a Pang,
take a Torch and light you to your Bed:
do not trust me, no, for if you do,
all the Fruits and the Flames of Love,
Love, which is the hottest burning Hell,
set you both on fire to blaze for ever.

[Exit

Stat. O Alexander, is it possible; Good Gods,
that guilt can shew so lovely!——yet I pardon,
give thee all, by thy dear life I do.

Alex. Ha; Pardon! saidst thou, Pardon me?

Stat. Now all my Mother's Blessing fall upon thee,
best, my most belov'd, my own Statira.

Alex. Is it then true that thou hast pardon'd me?

Stat. Is it given to me thus to touch thy Hand,
fold me in thy body in longing arms?
gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars
kiss thy lip, and thy dear balmy breath,
the ev'ry sigh comes forth so fraught with sweets,
incense to be offer'd to a God.

Stat. Yes, dear Impostor, 'tis most true that I
pardon'd thee; and 'tis as true, that while
in view of thee, thy eyes will wound,
thy tongue will make me wanton as thy wishes;
while I feel thy hand my body glows:
fore be quick, and take your last adieu,
your last sighs, and these your parting tears;
farewel, a long and last farewel.

Alex. O my *Hephestion*, bear me or I sink.

Stat. Nay, you may take—Heav'n how my heart trobs,
may, you may, if yet you think me worthy,
from these Trembling Lips a parting kiss.

P

Alex.

Alex. No, let me starve first—why, *Statira*, what is the meaning of all this?—O Gods! I know the Cause, my working Brain divines, You'll say you pardon'd, but with this reserve, Never to make me blest as I have been, To slumber by the side of that false man, Nor give a Heav'n of beauty to a Devil. Think you not thus? speak, Madam.

Sys. She is not worthy, Son, of so much sorrow: Speak comfort to him, speak, my dear *Statira*, I ask thee by those tears; Ah canst thou e're Pretend to Love, yet with dry eyes behold him!

Alex. Silence more dreadful than severest sounds: Would she but speak, though Death, eternal Exile Hung at her lips, yet while her tongue pronounces, There must be Musick even in my undoing.

Stat. Still my lov'd Lord, I cannot see you thus, Nor can I ever yield to share your Bed, O I shall find *Roxana* in your arms, And taste her kisses left upon yours Lips. Her curs'd embraces have defil'd your body, Nor shall I find the wonted sweetness there, But artificial smells and aking odours.

Alex. Yes, obstinate, I will? Madam, you shall You shall, in spight of this resistless passion, Be serv'd, but you must give me leave to think You never lov'd—O could I see you thus! Hell has not half the tortures that you raise.

Cly. Never did passions combat thus before.

Alex. O I shall burst, Unless you give me leave to rave a while.

Sys. Yet e're destruction sweep us both away, Relent, and break through all to pity him.

Alex. Yes, I will shake this *Cupid* from my arm If all the rages of the Earth would fright him; Drown him in the deep bowl of *Hercules*; Make the World drunk, and then like *Aeolus*, When he gave passage to the struggling winds, Ple strike my spear into the reeling Globe To let it blood, let *Babylon* in a blaze, And drive this God of flames with more consuming

Stat. My presence will but force him to extreams ;
 'tis death to me to see his pains :
 stand resolv'd never to yield again.
 Permit me to remove.

Alex. I charge ye stay her ;
 if she pass, by all the Hell I feel,
 your Souls, your naked Ghosts shall wait upon her.
 Turn thee ! Turn ! thou barb'rous brightness, turn !
 at my last words, and see my utmost pang :
 first kneel with me, all my Souldiers kneel [All kneel.
 lower ——— prostrate to the Earth — Ah Mother,
 will you kneel too ? Then let the Sun stand still. (what
 see himself out worship'd ; not a face
 shewn that is not wash'd all o're in tears,
 weep as if you here beheld me slain.
 Hast thou a heart ? or art thou Savage turn'd ?
 if this posture cannot move your Mercy,
 never will speak more.

Alex. O my Statira !

Dear, my Queen, I'll not out-live thy hate,
 My Soul is still as death ——— But one thing more,
 on my last extremities ——— the transports
 of a deep wounded Breast, and all is well.

Stat. Rise, and may Heaven forgive you all, like me.

Alex. You are too gracious — Clytus, bear me hence,
 when I am laid in Earth, yield her the World.
 'Tis something here heaves, as cold as Ice,
 stops my breath ——— Farewel, O Gods ! for ever.

Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his arms,
 dearest, my all Love, my Lord, my King ;
 shall not dye, if that the Soul and Body
 by Statira can restore thy life :

Let me thy wonted Kindness, bend me, break me
 in thy Embraces.

Alex. O the killing Joy
 to see my heart will burst my breast,
 leap into thy bosom ; but by Heaven
 might I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
 the dear Rack I have this day endur'd :
 all the sighs and tears that I have spent,

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I have so many thousand burning Loves;
So swell thy Lips, so fill me with thy sweetness,
Thou shalt not sleep, nor close thy wandring eyes:
The smiling hours shall all be lov'd away,
We'll surfeit all the Night, and languish all the day.

Stat. Nor shall *Roxana* ———

Alex. Let her not be nam'd ———

O Mother! how shall I requite your goodness?
And you, my Fellow Warriours, that cou'd weep
For your lost King ——— But I invite you all,
My Equals in the Throne as in the Grave,
Without distinction to the Riot come,
To the King's Banquet ———

Clyt. I beg your Majesty
Would leave me out.

Alex. None, none shall be excus'd
All Revel out the day, 'tis my command,
Gay as the *Persian* God our self with stand,
With a Crown'd Goblet in our lifted hand.
Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,
While antick Measures beat the burden'd ground,
And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Clytus in his Macedonian Habit; Hephestion
Eumenes, Meleager, &c. in Persian Robes.*

Clyt. **A**Way, I will not wear these *Persian* Robes
Nor ought the King be angry for the rever
I owe my Country, sacred are her Customs,
Which honest *Clytus* shall preserve to death.
O let me rot in *Macedonian* rags,
Rather than shine in Fashions of the East.
Then for the Adorations he requires,
Roast my old Body in eternal flames,
Or let him Cage me like *Calisthenes*.

Eum. Dear *Clytus* be perswaded.

Heph. You know the King
Is God-like, full of all the richest Virtues

that never Royal heart possess'd; yet you
reverse, but to one humour will oppose him.

Cly. Call you it humour! 'tis a pregnant one,
Mars there's venom in it, burning Pride;
and though my life should follow, rather than
bear such a hot Ambition in my bowels,
I'll rip 'em up to give the poyson vent.

Mele. Was not that *Jupiter* whom we adore
Man, but for his more than humane acts,
wanc'd to Heaven, and worship'd for its Lord!

Heph. By all his Thunder and his Sovereign Power,
I do not believe the Earth yet ever felt
Arm like *Alexander's*; not that God
nam'd, though riding in a Car of Fire,
drawn by flying Horses, wing'd with Lightning,
d in space more e short do greater deeds,
ve all the Nations, and lay waste the World.

Cly. There's not a Man of War among you all
that loves the King like me; yet I'll not flatter,
to sooth his Vanity, 'tis blamable,
when the Wine works, *Clytus*, Thoughts will out.

Heph. Then go not to the Banquet.

Cly. I was call'd,
Minion, was I not, as well as you?

go, my Friends, in this old Habit thus,
laugh, and drink the King's Health heartily;
while you blushing bow your heads to Earth,
hide 'em in the dult, I'll stand upright,
as a Spear, the Pillar of my Country,
be by so much nearer to the Gods——

See, the King and all the Court appear.

Enter *Alexander*, *Syfigambis*, *Statira*, *Parisatis*, &c.

Spare him, O spare *Lysimachus* his Life,
as you will, Kings shou'd delight in Mercy.

Alex. Shield me *Statira*, shield me from her sorrow.

O save him, save him, e're it be to late;

the kind word, before the gaping Lyon

low him up; let not your Souldier perish;

for one rashness which despair did cause,

follow thus for ever on my knees,

And make your way so slippery with Tears,
You shall not pass.—Sister do you conjure him.

Alex. O Mother, take her, take her from me, [kneels]
Her watry eyes assault my very Soul.
They shake my best resolve.—

Stat. Did I not break
Through all for you? nay, now my Lord you must.
Sys. Nor would I make my Son so bold a Prayer,
Had I not first consulted for his Honour.

Alex. Honour! what Honour! has not *Statira* said
Were I the King of the blue Firmament,
And the bold *Titan's* shou'd again make War,
Though my restless Arrows were made ready,
By all the Gods she shou'd arrest my hand.
Fly then, ev'n thou his Rival so belov'd.
Fly with old *Chytus*, snatch him from the Jaws
Of the devouring Beast, bring him adorn'd
To the King's Banquet, fit for loads of Honour.

[Exeunt *Heph.* *Eum.*

Stat. O my lov'd Lord! let me embrace your knee
I am not worthy of this mighty passion:
You are too good for Goddesses themselves:
No Woman, nor the Sex, is worthy a Grain
Of this illustrious Life of my dear Master.
Why are you so divine to cause such fondness?
That my Heart leaps, and beats, and fain wou'd on
To make a dance of Joy about your Feet.

Alex. Excellent Woman! no, 'tis impossible
To say how much I love thee.—Ha! again!
Such Extracies life cannot carry long;
The day comes on so fast, and beamy Joy
Darts with such fierceness on me, night will follow
A pale crown'd head flew lately glaring by me,
With two Dead Hands, which threw a Crystal Globe
From high, that shatter'd in a thousand pieces.
But I will lose this boding Dreams in Wine;
Then warm and blushing for my Queen's Embrace
Bear me with all my heart to thy lov'd bosom.

Stat. Go, my best love, and cheer your drooping
Laugh with your Friends, and talk your grief away
While in the Bower of great *Semiramis*.

dress your Bed with all the sweets of Nature;
and crown it as the Altar of my Love;

here I will lay me down and softly morn,
nor never close my Eyes till you return. [Ex. Stat. Sys]

Alex. Is she not more than mortal can wish!
and her Soul cast in the Flesh of Venus!

Jove 'tis ominous, our parting is;
her face lookt pale too, as she turn'd away:

and when I wrung her by the Rosie Fingers,
I thought the strings of my great Heart did crack,

what should it mean? — Forward, *Leomedon*.
Roxana meets him, with Cass. Polip. Phil. and Theff.

My Madam gaze you thus?
Ex. For a last look, [She holds his hand]

that the memory of *Roxana's* wrongs
may be for ever printed in your mind.

Alex. O Madam, you must let me pass.
Ex. I will.

I have sworn that you shall hear me speak,
mark me well, for Fate is in my breath:

on the Mistress you adore to death;
I hope, but I fruition will destroy:

grieve for pleasures, you shall ne'er enjoy.
may *Statira's* Image draw your sight,

those deluding Fires that walk at night;
lead you through fragrant Groves and flow'ry Groves,

charm you through deep Grass with sleeping Loves;
when your fancy to its height does rise,

light you lov'd may vanish from your eyes, (prize.
Grief, Despair, and Death, your wandering Soul fur-

Away; lead, *Meleager*, to the Banquet. [Ex. cum suis
Ex. So unconcern'd! O I cou'd tear my flesh,

him, or you, nay all the World to pieces.
Still keep this Spirit up, preserve it still,

not a grain, for such Majestick Atomes
made the world, and must preserve its greatness.

Ex. I know I am whatever thou canst say;
Soul is pent, and has not elbow room?

well'd with this last flight, beyond all bounds:
that it had a space might answer to

ts infinite desire, where I might stand
And hurl the Spheres about like sportive Balls.

Cass. We are your Slaves, admirers of your fury,
Command *Cassander* to obey your pleasure,
And I will on, swift as your nimble Eye
Scales Heav'n when I am angry with the fates,
No Age, nor Sex, nor dignity of blood,
No ties of Law nor Nature, not the life
Imperial, though guarded with the Gods,
Shall bar *Cassander's* vengeance, he shall dye.

Rox. Ha! shall he dye? shall I consent to kill him
To see him clasp'd in the cold arms of Death,
Whom I with such an eagerness have lov'd?
Do I not bear his Image in my womb?
Which while I meditate, and roul revenge,
Starts in my body like a fatal pulse,
And strikes compassion throw my bleeding bowels.

Pol. These scruples which your love wou'd raise mi
Were not the Empire of the World consider'd: (p
How will the glorious Infant in your womb,
When time shall teach his tongue, be bound to curse y
If now you strike not for Coronation!

Cass. If *Alexander* lives, you cannot reign,
Nor shall your Child; old *Syfigambis's* head
Will not be idle — sure destruction waits
Both you and yours; let not your anger cool,
But give the word; say, *Alexander* bleeds,
Draw dry the veins of all the *Persian Race*,
And hurl a ruin o're the East, 'tis done.

Pol. Behold the Instruments of this great work.

Phil. Behold your forward Slave.

Thess. We execute.

Rox. And when this ruin is accomplish'd, where
Shall curst *Roxana* fly with this dear load?
Where shall she find a refuge from the arms
Of all the Successors of this great man?
No harb'rous Nation will receive a guilt
So much transcending theirs, but drive me out:
The wildest beasts will hunt me from their Dens,
And Birds of Prey molest me in the Grave.

Cass. No, you shall live, pardon the insolence
Which this Almighty Love enforces from me,
You shall live safer, nobler than before,
By your *Cassander's* Arms.

Rox. Disgrac'd *Roxana*, whither wilt thou fall!
I ne're was truly wretched till this moment;
There's not one mark of former Majesty,
To awe my Slave that offers at my Honour.

Cass. Madam, I hope you'll not impute my passion
To want of that respect which I must bear you,
How have I lov'd ———

Rox. Peace, most audacious Villain!
I will stab this passion in thy throat.

What, shall I leave the bosom of a Deity
To clasp a clod, a moving piece of Earth,
Which a Mole heaves? so far art thou beneath me.

Cass. Your Majesty shall hear no more my folly.

Rox. Nor dare to meet my Eyes, for if thou dost,
With a Love-glance, thy plots are all unravel'd,
And your kind thoughts of *Alexander* told,
Whose life, in spite of all his wrongs to me,
Shall be for ever sacred and untouch'd.

Cass. I know, dread Madam, that *Cassander's* life
Is your hands, so cast to do you serv'ce.

Rox. You thought, perhaps, because I practis'd Charms
To gain the King, that I had loose desires:

'Tis my pride that gives me hight of pleasure,
To see the Man by all the world admir'd,
And to my bosom, and my Captive there:

When my veins swell, and my Arms grasp the poles,
My breasts grow bigger with the vast delight,
The length of Rapture, and an age of Fury.

Cass. By your own life, the greatest Oath I swear,
Alexander's passion from this time is dumb.

Rox. No, if I were a Wanton, I wou'd make
The Victims of my raging fires:

Like the changing Moon, wou'd have the Stars
For followers, and mantled Kings by night

Wou'd wait my call; fine Slaves to quench my flame,
So lest in Dreams they should reveal the deed,

Still

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Still as they came, successively shou'd bleed.

Cass. To make attonement for the highest Crime,
I beg your Majesty will take the life
Of Queen *Statira* as a Sacrifice.

Rox. Rise, thou hast made me ample expiation:
Yes, yes, *Statira*, Rival thou must dye;
I know this night is destin'd for my ruine,
And *Alexander* from the glorious Revels
Flys to thy arms.

Phil. The Bowers of *Semiramis* are made
The Scene this night of their new kindled Loves.

Rox. Methinks I see her yonder, O the torment!
Busie for blifs, and full of expectation:
She adorns her head, and her Eyes give new lustre;
Languishes in her Glass, tries all her looks;
Steps to the Door, and listens for his coming;
Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps and wishes,
Then lays the Pillow easie for his Head,
Warms it with sighs, and moulds it with her Kisses.
O I am lost, torn with Imagination!
Kill me, *Cassander*, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils.

Cass. Why d'ye stop to end her while you may?
No time so proper as the present now:
While *Alexander* feasts with all his Court;
Give me your Eunuchs, half your *Zogdian* Slaves,
I'll do the deed, nor shall a Waiter's scope,
That serves your Rival to relate the News.

Pol. She was committed to *Eumenes* charge,

Rox. *Eumenes* dies, and all that are about her,
Nor shall I need your aid; you'll love again;
I'll head the Slaves my self, with this drawn dagger,
To carry death that's worthy of a Queen.
A common Fate ne'er rushes from my hand,
'Tis more than Life to dye by my command,
And when she sees

That to my arm her ruin she must owe,
Her thankful head will straight be bended low,
Her Heart shall leap half way to meet the blow. } Ex

Cass. Go thy ways, *Semir* — she scorns to sin
Beneath a God — we must be swift, the ruin

ALEXANDER the Great.

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We intend, who knows, she may discover.

Pol. It must be acted suddenly to Night,
Now at the Banquet Philip holds his Cup.

Phil. And dares to execute—propose his Fate.

Cass. Observe in this small Viol certain death;

holds a Poyson of such deadly force,

would Esculapius drink it, in five hours

For then it works) the God himself were mortal.

He drew it from Nonaris horrid Spring,

drop infused in Wine will seal his death,

and send him howling to the lowest shades.

Phil. Wou'd it were done.

Cass. O we shall have him tear

ere yet the Moon has half Her Journey rode)

the world to Atoms! for it scatters pains

all sorts, and through all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,

even with Extremity of Frost it burns:

gives the distracted Soul about her house,

Which runs to all the Pores, the doors of Life,

still she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.

Pol. By Pluto's self the work is wondrous brave.

Cass. Now separate, Phil. and Theſſalus

go to the Banquet; at his second call,

give him that fatal draught that Crowns the Night,

while Polipercon and my self retire.

[Exeunt omnes præter Callander.]

As Alexander now thou pay'st me well,

good for a blow is Interest indeed:

He thinks I am grown taller with the Murder,

and standing straight on this Majestick Pile,

sit the Clouds and see the World below me

'tis the worst of racks to a brave Spirit

to be born base, a Vassal, a curst Slave,

now by the project lab'ring in my brain,

is nobler far to be King of Hell,

head infernal Legions, Chiefs below,

let 'em loose for Earth, to call 'em in,

and take account of what dark Deeds are done;

can be a Subject God in Heav'n unblest,

without Mischief have eternal Rest.

[Exit,

The

The Scene draws, Alexander is seen standing on a Throne, with all his Commanders about him, holding Goblets in their Hands.

Alex. To our Immortal Health, and our fair Queen
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and Bellona joyn to make us Musick.
A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the *Sun*,
White as his Beams——Speak the big voice of War,
Beat all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpets,
'Till we provoke the Gods to act our pleasure
In bowls of *Nectar* and replying Thunder.

[*Sound while they drink*]

Enter *Hephestion*, *Clytus*, *leading in* *Lyfimachus* *in*
his Shirt bloody, *Perdiccas*, *Guard.*

Cly. Long the King, and Conquest crown his Arms
With Laurels ever green; Fortune's his Slave,
And kisses all that fight upon his side.

Alex. Did not I give command you shou'd preserve
Lyfimachus?

Heph. You did.

Alex. What then pretend those bloody marks?

Heph. Your mercy flew too late; *Perdiccas* had
According to the dreadful Charge you gave,
Already plac'd the Prince in a lone Court,
Unarm'd, all but his Hands, on which he wore
A pare of Gauntlers; such was his desire,
To shew in death the difference betwixt
The blood of the *Æacides*, and common Men.

Cly. At last the Door of an old Lyon's Den
Being drawn up, the horrid Beast appear'd:
The flames which from his Eyes shot glooming red,
Made the Sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round 'em cast a day of blood and death.

Heph. When we arriv'd, just as the valiant Prince
Cry'd out, O *Parisatis*, take my Life,
'Tis for thy sake I go undaunted thus.
To be devour'd by this most dreadful Creature.

Cly. Then walking forward, the large descry'd
His prey, and with a roar that made us pale,

ew fiercely on him; but the active Prince,
 erting aside, avoided his first Shock,
 ith a slight hurt, and as the Lyon turn'd,
 rust Gauntlet, Arm and all into his throat,
 d with *Herculian* force, tore forth by th' roots
 e foaming bloody tongue; and while the Savage,
 nt with that loss, sunk to the blushing Earth
 plough it with his teeth, your conqu'ring Soldier
 p'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to pieces.
Alex. By all the Laurels 'twas a God-like Act,
 'tis my Glory, as it shall be thine,
 r *Alexander* cou'd not pardon thee.

my brave Soldier! think not all the Prayers
 the lamenting Queens cou'd move my Soul
 e what thou hast perform'd: grow to my breast. [*Embra-*
ys. However Love did hurry my wild arm, *ces him.*
 en I was cool my fev'rish blood did bate,
 as I went to death I blest the King.

Alex. Lyfimachus, we both have been transported,
 from this hour be certain of my heart:
 you be the Empress of thy Shield,
 that golden Armour we from *Porcus* won
 King presents thee; but retire to Bed,
 toils ask rest.

ys. I have no wounds to hinder
 ny moment; or if I had, though mortal.
 and to *Alexander's* health, till all
 Viens were dry, and fill 'em up again
 that Rich Blood which makes the Gods Immortal.

Alex. Hephestion, thy hand embrace him close;
 gh next my heart you hang the Jewel there,
 scarce I know whether my Queen be nearer,
 shalt not rob me of my Glory, Youth,
 must to Ages flourish — *Parisatis*
 now be his that serves me best in War.

er reply, but mark the Charge I give,
 ive as Friends — Sound. Sound my Armies Honour;
 n to their Bodies, and Eternal Fame
 on their Memory, when those are ashes;
 ll you must, 'tis a God gives you Life.

[*Sound.*
 [*Lyfima-*

[*Lyfimachus offers Clytus a Persian Robe, and he refuses*

Cly. O Vanity!

Alex. Ha! what says *Clytus*?

Who am I?

Cly. The Son of Good King *Philip*.

Alex. No, 'tis false,

By all my kindred in the Skies

Jove made my Mother pregnant.

Cly. I ha' done.

*Here follows an Entertainment of Indian Singers
and Dancers: The Musick flourishes,*

Alex. Hold, hold, *Clytus* take the Robe.

Cly. Sir, the Wine,

The Weather's hot; besides you know my humour.

Alex. O 'tis not well, I'd burn rather than be
So singular and froward

Cly. So wou'd I,

Burn, hang or drown; but in a better Cause,

I'll drink or fight for Sacred Majesty,

With any here——Fill me another Bowl,

Will you excuse me?

Alex. You will be excu'd;

But let him have his humour he is old.

Cly. So was your Father, Sir——This to his memory
Sound all the Trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound

Till the King drinks——by *Mars* I cannot take

A moments rest for all my Years of Blood,

But one or other will oppose my pleasure.

Sure I was form'd for War;

All, all are *Alexander's* Enemies;

Which I cou'd tame——yes, the *Rebellious* world

Shou'd feel my wrath——But let the sports go on

The Indians Dance.

Lyf. Nay *Clytus*, you that cou'd advise——

Alex. Forbear;

Let him persist, be positive, and proud,

Sullen and dazl'd, amongst the nobler Souls,

Like an *Infernal Spirit* that had stole

From Hell, and mingled with the laughing Gods.

Cly. When Gods grow hot, where's the difference
mixt them and Devils?—fill me *Greek Wine*, yet fuller,
I want Spirits.

Alex. Ha! let me hear a Song.

Cly. Musick for Boys—*Clytus* wou'd hear the groans
dying persons, and the Horses neighings;
if I must be tortur'd with shrill voices.

He me the Cryes of Matrons in sack'd Towns.

Heph. *Lyfimachus*, the King looks sad, let us awake
alth to the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*; (him :

try man take his Goblet in his hand,
feel all, and kifs the Earth with adoration.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the Universe may hear,

that I cou'd speak like *Jove*, to tell abroad

the kindness of my People——Rise, O rise,

hands, my arms, my heart is ever yours.

[*Comes from his Throne, all kiss his hand.*]

Cly. I did nor kifs the Earth, nor must your hand,
be unworthy, Sir.

Alex. I know thou art,

you enviest my great Honour—Sir, my Friends,

ye, I must have room—Now let us talk

War, for what more fits a Souldier's Mouth?

I speak, speak freely, or ye do not love me,

do think you was the bravest General

that ever led an Army to the Field?

Heph. I think the Sun himself ne're saw a Chief

truly great, so fortunately brave,

Alexander; not the fam'd *Alcides*,

nor fierce *Achilles*, who did twice destroy,

with their all conqu'ring Arms, the famous *Troy*.

Cly. Such was not *Cyrus*.

Alex. O you flatter me.

Cly. They do indeed, and yet ye love 'em for it,

I hate old *Clytus*, for hardy Virtue.

He, shall I speak a man more brave than you,

better General, and more expert Souldier?

Alex. I shou'd be glad to learn, instruct me, Sir.

Cly. Your Father *Philip*——I have seen him March,

fought beneath his dreadful Banner, where

The

The stoutest at the Table wou'd ha' trembl'd.
 Nay, frown not, Sir; you cannot look me dead.
 When Greeks joyn'd Greeks, then was the tug of War
 The labour'd Battle sweat, and Conquest bled.
 Why should I fear to speak a truth more noble,
 Than e're your Father *Jupiter Ammon* told you?
Philip fought men, but *Alexander* women.

Alex. Spite! by the Gods proud Spight! and burnin
 Is then my glory come to this at last, (entry)
 To vanquish women? Nay, he said the stoutest here
 Wou'd tremble at the dangers he has seen.
 In all the sickness and wounds I bore,
 When from my reins the Javelin head was cut,
Lyfimachus, *Hephestion*, ipeak, *Perdiccas*,
 Did I tremble? O the cursed Lyar!
 Did I once shake or groan? or bear my self
 Beneath my Majesty, my dauntless courage?

Heph. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 'tis plain meer malice:
 I was a Woman too at *Oxydrace*,
 When planting at the walls a Scaling Ladder,
 I mounted spite of showers of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
 And all the lumber which they thunder'd down,
 When you beneath cry'd out, and spread you arms,
 That I should leap among you, did I so?

Lys. Turn the discourse, my Lord, the old man liv

Alex. Was I Woman, when like *Mercury*
 I left the walls to fly amongst my Foes?
 And like a baited Lyon, dy'd my self
 All over with the blood of those bold Huntets:
 'Till spent with toil, I battled on my knees,
 Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my shield a Forest,
 And hurl'd 'em back with most unconquer'd fury.

Cly. 'Twas all Bravado, for before you leapt,
 You saw that I had burst the gates in sunder.

Alex. Did I then turn me like a Coward round.
 To seek for succour? Age cannot be so base,
 That thou wert young again, I wou'd put off
 My Majesty to be more terrible,
 That like an Eagle I might strike this Hare

embling to Earth : shake thee to dust, and tear
my heart for this bold Lye, thou feeble Dotard.

Clyt. What, do you pelt me like a Boy with Apples,
and bury the disgrace I feel ? *He tosses fruit at
him as they rise.*
How the reason that you use me so,
cause I sav'd your life at Grannicus,
when your back was turn'd oppos'd my breast
bold Rheseas Sword ; you hate me for't,
do, proud Prince.

Alex. Away your breath's too hot. *[Flings him from him.]*

Clyt. You hate the benefactor, though you took
the Gift, your life, from this dishonour'd Clytus,
which is the blackest, worst ingratitude.

Alex. Go, leave the Banquet : thus far I forgive thee.

Clyt. Forgive your self for all your Blasphemies,
the riots of a most debauch'd, and blotted Life,
for murder —

Alex. Ha ! what said the Traytor ?

Myf. Eamenes, let him force him hence.

Clyt. Away !

Myf. You shall not tarry :

Myf. Lead him to the door.

Myf. No, let him send me, if I must be gone,

Philip, Attalus, Calisthenes,

great Permenio, and to his slaughter'd Sons :

Permenio, who did many brave exploits

about the King — the King without him nothing.

Alex. Give me a Javelin. *[Takes one from the Guards.]*

Myf. Hold, Sir.

Alex. Off, Sirrah, lest

once I strike it through his heart and thine.

Myf. O sacred Sir, have but a moments patience.

Alex. Preach patience to another Lyon — what,

my arms ? I shall be murder'd here,

poor Darius, by my own barb'rous Subjects.

Myf. Sound my Trumpets to the Camp,

my Souldiers to the Court ; nay haste,

there is a Treason plotting 'gainst my life,

I shall perish e're they come to rescue.

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Lys. } Let's all dye, e're think so dam'd a deed [*Kne*
Heph. }

Alex. Where is the Traytor?

Cly. Sure there's none about you;
 But here stands honest *Clytus* whom the King
 Invited to his Banquet.

Alex. Be gone and sup with *Philip*, [*Strikes*
Parmenio, *Aitalus*, *Calisthenes*; Throug

And let bold Subjects learn by thy sad Fate,
 To tempt the patience of a man much above 'em.

Cly. The rage of Wine is drown'd in gushing blood
 O *Alexander*, I have been to blame,
 Hate me not after Death, for I repent
 That so I urg'd your noblest, sweetest Nature.

Alex. What's this I hear? say on my dying Soul

Cly. I shou'd ha' kill'd my self, had I but liv'd
 To be once sober — Now I fall with honour,
 My own hand wou'd ha' brought foul death; O *Par*

Alex. Then I am lost, what has my Vengeance do
 Who is it thou hast slain? *Clytus*, what was he?
 Thy faithful Subject, worthiest Counsellor,
 Who for saving thy Life, when
 Thou fought'st bare headed at the River *Granike*,
 Has now a noble Recompence for speaking rashly;
 For a forgetfulness which Wine did work,
 The poor, the honest *Clytus* thou hast slain.
 Are these the Laws of Hospitality?

Thy Friends will shun thee now, and stand at distance,
 Nor dare to speak their minds, nor eat with thee,
 Nor drink, least by thy madness they dye too.

Heph. Guards take the Body hence.

Alex. None dare to touch him.

For we must never part: Cruel *Hephestion*.
 And *Lysimachus*, that had the power,
 And wou'd not hold me,

Lys. Dear Sir, we did.

Alex. I know it;

Ye held me like a Beast, to let me go
 With greater Violence — O you have undone me,
 Excuse it nor, you that cou'd stop a Lion

did not turn me; you shou'd have drawn your Swords,
 barr'd my rage with their advancing Points;
 Reason glitter in my dazl'd Eyes,
 I had seen what Ruin did attend me:
 had been noble, that had shew'd a Friend,
 as wou'd so have done to save your Lives.

Lyf. When men shall hear how highly you were urg'd.

Alex. No, you have let me stain my rising Virtue,
 which else had ended brighter than the Sun:

Oh, Hell, and Furies! you have sunk my Glory:

Am all a blot, which Seas of Tears,
 my heart's Blood, can never wash away;

'tis but just I try, and on the Point,
 breaking, hurl my black polluted breast.

Lyf. O sacred Sir, that must not be.

Alex. Forgive my pious hands,

And mine that dare disarm my Master.

Lyf. Yes cruel men, ye now can shew your strength,

is not a Slave but dares oppose my Justice;

will render all endeavours vain

to Save my Life — here I will lye [Falls.

to his bleeding side, thus kissing him;

pale dead lips that have so oft advis'd me.

Washing o're his Reverend Face in Tears.

Clasping his cold Body in my Arms,

Death, like him, has made me stiff and horrid.

Lyf. What shall we do?

I know not, my wounds bleed afresh [Ex. *Per. Lyf.*

Striving with him, *Perdiccas*, lend's your Arm.

Lyf. Call *Aristander* hither,

Alex. let's force him from the Body.

Lyf. *Cries without, Arm, Arm, Treason, Treason,*

Enter Perdiccas bloody.

Haste, all take Arms; *Hephestion* where's the King?

Lyf. There by old *Clytus* side, whom he has slain.

Alex. Then misery on misery will fall,

swelling billows to advance the storm.

Sacred Sir, and haste to aid the Queen,

fill'd with furious Jealousie,

Came with a Guard of Zogdian Slaves unmask'd,
And broke upon me with such sudden rage,
That all are perish'd who resistance made:
I only with these wounds through clashing Spears
Have forc'd my way, to give you timely notice.

Alex. What says Perdiccas? Is the Queen in danger?

Per. She dyes unless you turn her Fate, and quick
Your distance from the Palace asks more speed,
And the ascent to th' flying Grove is high.

Alex. Thus from the Grave I rise to save my Love
All draw your Swords, with wings of Lightning move
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay,
Tis Beauty calls, and Glory shews the way. [Exit]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Statira is discover'd sleeping in the Bower of Semiramis.
The Spirits of Queen Statira her Mother, and Darius
appear standing on each side of her, with Daggers
threatning her.

They Sing.

Dar. **I**S Innocence so void of cares
That it can undisturbed sleep,
Amidst the noise of horrid Wars,
That make Immortal Spirits weep?

Stat. No hooding Crows, nor Ravens come,
To warn her of approaching doom?

Dar. She walks, as she dreams, in a Garden of flowers
And her hands are employ'd in the beautiful Bowers
She dreams of the man that is far from the Grove,
And all her soft Fancy still runs on her Love.

Stat. She nods o're the Brooks that run purling
And the Nightingales lull her more fast with a Song.

Dar. But see the sad end which the Gods have decreed.

Stat. This Ponyard's thy Fate.

Dar. My Daughter must bleed.

Chor. Awake then, Statira, awake, for alas you must
E're an hour be past, you must breath out your last.

Da. And be such another as I.

Stat. As I.

Chor. And be such another as I,

Statira sola.

Stat. Bless me ye pow'rs above, and guard my Virtue!
 Now, nor was't a Dream, I saw and heard
 Royal Parents, there I saw 'em stand;
 Eyes beheld their Precious Images:
 And their Heav'nly voices; where, O where
 You so fast, Dear shades, from my embraces?
 Told me this — This hour shou'd be my last,
 I must bleed — Away, 'tis all Delusion!
 Not wait for *Alexander's* coming?
 But my Loving Lord can enter here;
 Will he kill me? — hence Phantastick shadows!
 Yet methinks he should not stay thus long!
 Do I tremble thus? If I but stir,
 Motion of my Robes makes my heart leap.
 When will the dear man come, that all my doubts
 Vanish in his breast! that I may hold him
 As my fears can make me, hug him close
 My fond soul can wish, give all my breath
 In sighs, and kisses; swoon, dye away with Rapture!
 I think I hear him ——— [*Noise within.*]
 I would hide my blushes,
 At his tread, but dare not go to meet him.

Enter Roxana with Slaves and a Dagger.

At length we have conquer'd this stupendious height,
 The flying Groves, whose wonderful ascent
 Leads to the Clouds.
 Then all the Vision's true, [*Retires.*]
 I must dye, lose my dear Lord for ever:
 That's the murderer.
 Shut the Brazen Gate,
 Make it fast with all massie Bars:
 Now the King will fly to her relief,
 We have time enough — where is my Rival?
 Dear *Statira*, now no more a Queen,
 She calls, where is your Majesty?

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Stat. And what is she who with such Towing power
Wou'd awe a Prince that is born above her

Rox. I like the Port Imperial Beauty bears,
It shews thou hast a Spirit fit to fall
A Sacrifice to fierce *Roxana's* wrongs.

Be sudden then, put forth these Royal Breasts,
Where our false Master has so often languish'd,
That I may change their milky innocence
To Blood, and dye me in a deep revenge.

Stat. No barb'rous woman! though I durst meet
As boldly as our Lord with a resolve
At which thy Coward heart wou'd tremble;
Yet I disdain to stand the Fate you offer,
And therefore fearless of thy dreadful threats,
Walk thus regardless by thee.

Rox. Ha! so stately!
This sure will sink you.

Stat. No, *Roxana*, No;
The blow you give will strike me to the Stars,
But sink my Murtheress in Eternal ruin.

Rox. Who told you this?

Stat. A thousand Spirits tell me:
There's not a God but whispers in my ear,
This death will crown me with Immortal Glory;
To dye so fair, so innocent, so young,
Will make the Company of Queens above

Rox. Preach on.

Stat. While you the burden of the Earth,
Fall to the Deep so heavy with thy Guilt.
That Hell it self must groan at thy reception;
While foulest Fiends shun thy Society,
And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken Fury.

Rox. Heaven witness for me I wou'd spare thy Life
If any thing but *Alexander's* Love
Were in debate; come give me back his heart,
And thou shalt live Empress of all the World.

Stat. The World is less than *Alexander's* Love,
Yet cou'd I give it, 'tis not in my power;
This I dare promise if you spare my life,
Which I disdain to beg, he shall speak kindly.

Rox. Speak! is that all?

Stat. Perhaps at my request,
 for a gift so noble as my Life,
 I'll give you a kiss.

Rox. A Kiss! no more?

Stat. O Gods!

What shall I say to work her to my End?

In I would see him——Yes, a little more

Embrace you, and for ever be your friend.

Rox. O the provoking word! Your Friend! thou dy'st:

Your Friend! What, must I bring you then together?

More your Bed, and see you softly laid?

All my Pangs, and labours of my Love,

Has thrown off all that was sweet and gentle,

Therefore——

Stat. Yet hold thy hand advanc'd in air;

For my death is written in thy Eyes,

Therefore wreak all the Lust of Vengeance on me,

Thine in my Blood, and steep thee in my gore;

And like a Vulture, tear my bleeding heart.

O Roxana! that there may appear

A glimpse of Justice for thy Cruelty,

A grain of Goodness for a mass of Evil,

Give me my death in Alexander's presence:

Not for th' Rule of Heaven——Are you so cunning?

That, you wou'd have him mourn you as you fall?

Give your Farewel, and taste such healing Kisses

That might call back your Soul. No, thou shalt fall

And when Death has seiz'd thy beauteous Limbs,

Shall have thy Body thrown into a Well,

And beneath a heap of Stones for ever.

Enter a Slave.

(Guards.

Madam, the King with all his Captains and his

Forcing open the Doors, he threatens thousand deaths

That stop his Entrance, and I believe

His Eunuchs will obey him.

Then I must haste.

[Stabs her.

Stat. What is the King so near?
And shall I dye so tamely, thus defenceless?
O ye Gods will you not help my weakness?

Rox. They are far off.

[*stabbing*]

Stat. Alas! they are indeed.

*Enter Alexander, Cassander, Polyperchon,
Guards and Attendants.*

Alex. Oh Harpy! thou shalt reign the Queen of De
Rox. Do, strike, behold my bosom swells to meet th
'Tis full of thine, of Veins that run ambition,
And I can brave what ever Fate you bring.

Alex. Call our Physicians haste, I'll give an Empir
To save her—Oh my Soul, alas *Statira*!
These wounds,—Oh Gods, are these my promis'd

Stat. My cruel Love, my weeping *Alexander*, [*Em*]
Wou'd I had ey'd before you enter'd here, *Physic*
For now I ask my heart an hundred Questions;
What must I lose my Life, my Lord for ever?

Alex. Ha! Villians, are they Mortal?—what re
Raise your dash'd Spirits from the Earth, and say,
Say she shall live, and I will make you Kings.
Give me this one, this poor, this only Life,
And I will pardon you for all the Wounds

Which your Arts widen, all Diseases, Deaths, (W
Which your damn'd *Drugs* throw through the ling

Rox. Rend not your Temper, see a general silence
Confirms the bloody pleasure which I sought;
She dyes.—

Alex. And dar'st thou Monster, think to escape?

Stat. Life is on the wing, my Love, my Lord,
Come to my Arms, and take the last adieu.
Here let me lie and languish out my Soul.

Alex. Answer me, Father, wilt thou take her from
What is the black, sad hour at last arriv'd,
That I must never clasp her Body more?
Never more bask in her Eye-shine again.
Nor view the Loves that play'd in those dear Beams
And shot me with a thousand-thousand smiles?

Stat. Farewel, my dear, my Life, my most lov'd Lord,
I swear by *Orosmales* 'tis more pleasure,
More satisfaction that I thus dye yours,
Than to have liv'd another's — Grant me one thing.

Alex. All, all, — but speak, that I may execute
Before I follow thee.

Stat. Leave nor the Earth

Before Heaven calls you: Spare *Roxana's* Life,
Was love of you that caus'd her give me death.
O sometimes amidst your Revels think
Of your poor Queen, and e're the chearful Bowl
Dure your lips, and crown it with one rich tear
And I am happy.

[Dyes.

Alex. Close not thy Eyes;

Things of Import I have to speak before
You tak'st thy Journey: — Tell the Gods I'm coming
To give 'em an Account of Life and Death;
And many other hundred thousand Policies,
That much concern the Government of Heaven. —

She is gone! the talking Soul is mute!
Her hush'd, no voice, or Musick now is heard!
The Bower of Beauty is more still than Death;
The Roses fade, and the melodious Bird
That wak'd their sweets, has left 'em now for ever.

Rox. 'Tis certain now you never shall enjoy her;
Therefore *Roxana* may have leave to hope
You will at last be kind for all my Sufferings,
My torments, racks, for this last dreadful Murder,
Which furious Love of thee did bring upon me.

Alex. O thou vile Creature! bear thee from my sight.
And thank *Statira* that thou art alive:

Woe thou had'st perish'd; yes, I wou'd ha' rent
With my just hands that Rock, that Marble Heart:
Wou'd have div'd through Seas of Blood to find it,
To tear the cruel Quarry from its Center.

Rox. O take me to your Arms, and hide my Blushes,
Love you, spite of all your Cruelties;
There is so much Divinity about you,
I tremble to approach; yet here's my hold,
Or will I leave the sacred Robe, for such

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**Is every thing that touches that blest Body :
Ple kiss it as the Relique of a God,
And Love shall grasp it with these dying hands.**

Alex. O that thou wert a man, that I might drive
Thee round the World, and scatter thy Contagion,
As Gods hurl mortal Plagues when they are angry.

Rox. Do, drive me, hew me, into smallest pieces
My dust shall be inspir'd with a new fondness,
Still the Love-motes shall play before your Eyes,
Where e're you go, however you despise.

Alex. Away there's not a glance that flies from the
But, like a Basilisk, comes wing'd with death.

Rox. O speak not such harsh words, my Royal Master
Look not so dreadful on your kneeling Servant;
But take, dear Sir, O take me into Grace,
By the dear Babe, the burden of my Womb,
That Weighs me down, when I wou'd follow faster.
My knees are weary and my force is spent :
O do not frown, but clear that angry brow !

Your Eyes will blast me, and your words are bolts
That strike me dead; the little Wretch I bear,
Leaps frighted at your wrath, and dies within me.

Alex. O thou hast touch'd my Soul so tenderly,
That I will raise thee, though thy hands are ruin.
Rise cruel Woman, rise and have a care,
O do not hurt unbo'n Innocence,
For whose dear sake I now forgive thee all,
But haste, be gone, fly, fly from these sad eyes;
Fly with thy pardon, least I call it back ;
Though I forgive thee, I must hate thee ever.

Rox. I go, I fly for ever from thy sight,
My mortal Injuries have turn'd my mind,
And I cou'd curse my self for being kind .
If there be any Majesty above,
That has revenge in store for perjur'd Love,
Send Heaven the swiftest ruin on his head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead ;
Kill the Triumpher and avenge my wrong,
In height of Pomp, while he is warm and young.
Bolted with Thunder let him rush along,

and when in the last pangs of life he lies,
 grant I may stand to dart him with my eyes :
 ay, after death
 pursue his spotted Ghost, and shoot him as he flies. [Exit.
 Alex. O my fair Star I shall be shortly with thee ;
 I already feel the sad effects
 of those most fatal Imprecations.
 That means this deadly dew upon my Forehead ?
 My heart too heaves.
 Cass. It will anon be still—— [Aside
 The Poyson works.
 Pol. I'll see the wish'd effect [Aside
 I remove, and gorge me with Revenge.

Enter Perdiccas and Lyfimachus.

Per. I beg you Majesty will pardon me,
 fatal Messenger ;
 Great Syfigambis, hearing Statira's death,
 now no more,
 her last words gave the Princess to the brave
 Lyfimachus ; but that which most will strike you,
 our dear Hephsestion, having drank too largely
 your last Feast, is of a Surfeit dead.
 Alex. How dead ! Hephsestion, dead ! alas the dear
 happy Youth ! —— But he sleeps happy,
 must wake for ever : —— This Object, this,
 his face of faral Beauty,
 will stretch my Lids with vast, eternal tears. ——
 who had the care of poor Hephsestion's Life ?
 Lyf. Philarda, the Arabian Artist.
 Alex. Fly, Meleager, hang him on a Cross :
 that for Hephsestion, ——
 here lyes my Fate ; Hephsestion, Clytus,
 my Victories for ever foul'd up :
 this dear Body my Banner's lost,
 Standard's Triumph's gone !
 when shall I be mad ? Give order to
 the Army that they break their Shields, Swords, Spears,
 and their bright Armour into dust ; away ;

Is

252 *The RIVAL QUEENS; Or,*

Is there not cause to put the World in mourning?
Tear all your Robes: — he dies that is not naked
Down to the waste, all like the Sons of Sorrow.
Burn all the Spires that seem to kiss the Skie;
Beat down the Battlements of every City:
And for the Monument of this lov'd Creature,
Root up those Bowers, and pave 'em all with Gold:
Draw dry the *Ganges*, make the *Indies* poor;
To build her Tomb, no Shrines nor Altars spare,
But strip the shining Gods to make it rare.

Cass. Ha! whither now? follow him, *Polyperchon*. [Ex. Po]
I find *Cassander's* Plot grows full of Death;
Murder is Playing her great Master-piece,
And the sad Sisters sweat, so fast I urge 'em.
O how I hug my self for this Revenge!
My fancy's great in Mischief; for methinks
The Night grows darker, and the lab'ring Ghosts;
For fear that I should find new torments out,
Run o're the old with most prodigious swiftness.
I see the fatal Fruit betwixt the Teeth,
The Sieve brimful, and the swift stone stand still.

Enter Polyperchon.

What, does it work?

Pol. Speak softly.

Cass. Well.

Pol. It does;

I follow'd him, and saw him swiftly walk
Toward the Palace; oft times looking back,
With watry Eyes, and calling out, *Statira*.
He slump'd at the Gate, and fell along;
Nor was he rais'd with ease by his Attendants,
But seem'd a greater load than ordinary,
As much more as the Dead out weigh the Living.

Cass. Said he nothing?

Pol. When they took him up,

He sigh'd, and Entred with a strange wild look,
Embrac'd the Princes round, and said he must
Dispatch the business of the World in hast.

Enter Philip and Theſſalus.

Phil. Back, back, all ſcatter :— with a dreadful ſhout heard him cry. I am but a dead man.

Theſſ. The Poyſon tears with that height of horror, that I could pity him.

Pol. Peace :— where ſhall we meet ?

Coff. on *Saturn's* Field.

Ex. Pol. Methinks I ſee the frightened Deities,
ramming more Bolts in their big belly'd Clouds,
and firing all the Heavens to drown his noiſe.

Now we ſhould laugh. — But go, diſperſe your ſelves,
While each Soul here, that fills his noble Veſſel,
wells with the murder, works with ruin o're :
and from the dreadful deed this Glory draws,
We kill'd the Greateſt man that ever was.

The Scene draws, Enter Alexander and all his Attendants.

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, ſearch my wounded
ſide, draw it out. (Reins;

Lyf. We have ſearch'd, but find no hurt.

Alex. O I am ſhot, a forked burning Arrow
ticks croſs my ſhoulders, the ſad Venom flies
like Lightning thro' my Fleſh, my Blood, my Marrow.

Lyf. This muſt be Treason,

Perd. Wou'd I cou'd but gueſs.

Alex. Ha! what a change of torments I endure ?

A bolt of Ice runs hizzing through my bowels.

Is ſure the Arm of Death : give me a Chair;

cover me, for I freeze, my Teeth chatter,

and my knees knock together.

Perd. Heaven bleſs the King!

Alex. Ha! who talks of Heaven?

In Hell, I burn, I burn again.

The War grows wondrous hot, hey for the *Tyger*;

at the *Bucephalus*, amongſt the billows :

'Tis a noble Beaſt ; I wou'd not change him

for the beſt Horſe the Sun has in his Stable :

For

For they are hot, their Mangers full of Coals,
Their Mains are flakes of Lightning, curls of Fire,
And their red Tayls like Meteors whisk about.

Lys. Help all, *Eumenes*, Help, I cannot hold him.

Alex. Ha, ha, ha, I shall dye with laughter.

Parmenio, *Clytus*, dost thou see yon Fellow?

That ragged Souldier, that poor tatter'd Greek?

See how he puts to flight the gaudy *Persians*,

With nothing but a rusty Helmet on, throw which

The grizly bristles of his pushing beard

Drive 'em like Pikes, — Ha, ha, ha.

Perd. How wild he talks?

Lys. Yet warring in his wilderness, (they come)

Alex. Sound, Sound, keep your Ranks close, ay now

O the brave din, the noble clank of Arms!

Charge, charge apace, and let the *Phalanx* move,

Darius comes, — ha! let me in, none dare

To cross my fury; — *Phylotas* is unhors'd; — Ay, 'tis *Darius*

I see, I know him by the sparkling Plumes,

And his Gold Chariot drawn by ten white Horses:

But like a Tempest thus I pour upon him —

He bleeds, with that last blow I brought him down;

He tumbles, take him, snatch the Imperial Crown. —

They fly, they fly, — follow, follow, — *Victoria*, *Victoria*

Victoria — O let me sleep.

Per. Lets Raise him softly, and bear him to his Bed,

Alex. Hold, the least motion gives me sudden death

My vital Spirits are quite parch'd up,

And all my smoaky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.

Lys. When you the brightest Star that ever shone

Shall set, it must be Night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all before I dye:

Weep not, my dear Companions, the good Gods

Shall send you in my stead a nobler Prince,

One that shall lead you forth with matchless Conduct

Lys. Break not our hearts with such unkind Expressions

Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for *Mars*

Alex. *Perdiccas*, take this Ring,

And see me laid in the Temple of

Jupiter Ammon.

ys. To whom does your dread Majesty bequeath
the Empire of the World?

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

Perd. When will you, sacred Sir, that we should give
your great Memory those divine Honours,
which such exalted Virtue does deserve?

Alex. When you are all most happy, and in Peace.

Perd. hands——O Father, if I have discharg'd [Rises]

the duty of a Man to Empire born;

my unwearied Toyl I have deserv'd

the vast renown of thy Adopted Son,

accept this Soul, which thou didst first inspire,

with this sigh, thus gives thee back again. [Dies]

ys. Eumenes, cover the fall'n Majesty;

where be Treason, let us find it out:

Perd. machus stands forth to lead you on,

he swears by the most honour'd dear Remains,

will not taste those Joys which Beauty brings,

we revenge the Greatest, Best of Kings.

EPILOGUE to Alexander the Great.

WHAT e're they mean, yet ought they to be curst,

Who this Censorious Age did polish first:

the best Play, for one poor Error blame,

grievs against our Ladies Arts declaim,

for one Patch, both Soul and Body damn.

What does more provoke the Actors rage,

we must show the grievance of the Stage)

that our Women which adorn each Play,

at our Cost, becomes at length our Prey:

green and sower, like Trees we bear 'em all,

when they're mellow, streight to you they fall:

snatch 'em bare and squab, and let 'em rest,

with the first young Down, you snatch the Nest:

leave these poaching tricks, if you are wise,

we take out our Letters of Reprize.

For

For we have vow'd to find a sort of Toys
 Known to Black Friars, a Tribe of chopping Boys:
 If once they come, they'l quickly spoyle your sport;
 There's not one Lady will receive your Court;
 But for the Youth in Petticoats run wild,
 With Oh the archest Wagg, the sweetest Child.
 The Panting Breast, white Hands, and Lylly Feet
 No more shall your pall'd Thought with pleasure meet,
 The Woman in Boys Cloaths, all Boy shall be,
 And never raise your thoughts above the Knee.
 Well, if our Women knew how false you are,
 They wou'd stay here, and this new trouble spare:
 Poor Souls, they think all Gospel you relate,
 Charm'd with the noise of sett'ling an Estate:
 But when at last your Appetites are full,
 And the tir'd Cupid grows, with action, dull;
 You'll find some trick to cut off the Entail,
 And send 'em back to us all worn and stale.
 Perhaps they'll find our Stage, while they have rang'd
 To some vile canting Conventicle, Chang'd:
 Where, for the Sparks who once resorted there
 With there curl'd Wigs that scented all the Air,
 They'l see grave blockheads with short greasie Hair.
 Green-Aporns, steeple Hats, and Collar-Bands;
 Dull sniv'ling Rogues that ring, not clap their hands,
 Where, for gay Punks that drew the shining Crowd,
 And Misses that in Vizard, laugh'd aloud;
 They'l here young Sisters sigh, see Matrons old,
 To their chop'd Checks their pickl'd Kerchers hold,
 Whose Zeal too, might perswade, in spight to you,
 Our flying Angels, to augment their Crew:
 While Farringdon their Hero struts about 'em,
 And ne're a damning Critick dares to flout 'em.

FINIS

For pp. 257-334 see
 beginning of book.

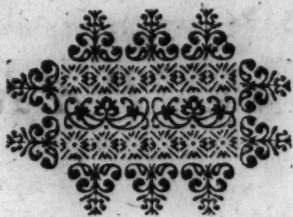
THE
PRINCESS
OF
CLEVE.

As it was Acted at the
Queen's Theatre

IN
DORSET-GARDEN.

By NAT. LEE, Gent.

*Tuque dum procedis, Io Triumphe,
Non semel dicemus: Io Triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimusque divis
——Thura benignis. Horat.*



LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1712.

The Names of the Actors.

Prince of Cleve.	Mr. Williams.
Duke Nemours.	Mr. Betterton.
Bellamore.	Mr.
Jaques.	Mr.
St. Andre.	Mr. Lee.
Vidam of Chartres.	Mr. Gillo.
Poltrout.	Mr. Nokes.

W O M E N.

Princess of Cleve.	Mrs. Barry.
Tournon.	Mrs. Lee.
Marguerite.	Lady Slingsby.
Elienor.	Mrs. Betterton.
Celia.	Mrs.
Irene.	Mrs.
La March.	Mrs.

SCENE, PARIS.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,

ord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, and One of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council, &c.

May it please your Lordship,



HIS Play, when it was Acted, in the Character of the Princess of Jainville, had a resemblance of Marguerite in the Massacre of Paris, Sister to Charles the Ninth, and Wife to Henry the Fourth of Navarre: That fatal Marriage which cost the of so many Thousand Men, and the Lives of the Commanders. What was borrowed in the Action *st out in the Print, and quite obliterated in the* of Men. But the Duke of Guise, who was *rious for a bolder Fault, has wrested two whole* from the Original, which after the Vacation he *be forc'd to Pay. I was, I confess, through Indig-* on, forc'd to limb my own Child, which Time, the Cure for all Maladies, and Injustice has set to- *er again. The Play cost me much pains, the* is true, and I hope the Object will display Treachery

The Epistle Dedicatory.

in its own Colours. But this Farce, Comedy, Tragedy or meer Play, was a Revenge for the Refusal of the other: For when they expected the most polished Hero in Nemours, I gave 'em a Russian reeking from Whetstone's-Park. The Fourth and Fifth Acts of Chances, where Don John is pulling down; Marriage a la mode, where they are bare to the Waste; Libertine, and Epsom-Wells, are but Copies of Villany. He lays about him like the Gladiator in the Park; they may walk by, and take no notice. I beg your Lordship to excuse this Account, for indeed all to introduce the Massacre of Paris to your view, and approve it to be play'd in its first Figure.

Your Lordship's

Humble and Obedient Servant,

NAT. LE

PR

PROLOGUE.

*Trust was the Glory of the foremost Age,
When Truth and Love with Friendship did engage;
When Man to Man cou'd walk with Arms entwin'd,
And vent their Grievs in spaces of the Wind;
Express their Minds, and speak their Thoughts as clear,
As Eastern Mornings op'ning to the year.
But since that Law and Treachery came in,
And open Honesty was made a Sin.
Men wait for Men, as Dogs for Foxes prey,
And Women wait the closing of the Day.
There's scarce a Man that ventures to be good;
For truth by Knaves was never understood:
For there's the Curse, when Vice o'er Virtue rules,
That all the World are Knaves or downright Fools.
So they may make advantage of th' Allay,
They'll take the Dross and throw the Gold away.
Women turn Userers with their own affright,
And Want's the Hag that rides 'em all the Night.
The little Mob, the City Wastcoateer,
Will pinch the Back to make the Buttock bare,
And drain the last poor Guinea from her Dear.
Thus Times are turn'd upon a private end,
There's scarce a Man that's generous to his Friend.
But there's a Monarch on a Throne sublime,
That makes Truth Law, and gives the Poets Rhime;
He is the bus'ness of our little Fates,
For mean Contentions, and their high Debates.
Sea and Land our most Imperial Lord,
With all the Praises Blest that Hearts afford,
With Lawrels Crown'd, unconquer'd by the Sword:
William the Sovereign of our whole Affairs,
Our Guide in Peace, and Council in the Wars.*

EPILOGUE.

What is this Wit which Cowley cou'd not Name?

The rare Inducement to a perfect Name,

The Art of Nature curious in a Frame:

Is it a Whig, a Trimmer, or a Tory,

Or an Old Fop forgotten in the Story?

'Tis Honour veild in Honesty's Disguise,

Or Cesar like a Fencer in a Prize;

'Tis Pindar's Ramble, Nature in Misrule,

A Politician acted by a Fool.

'Tis all variety that Arts can give,

The Daniad's filling of a leaky Sieve:

The Vally's Sweets, and the distilling Spring,

The brimming Bacchus that the Muses bring,

To drink the Health of England's Glorious King.

A Statesman thoughtful for a Clown revil'd,

A Pestle and a Mortar for a Child.

'Tis a true Principle, but hardly shown,

An Artificial Sigh, a Virgin's Groan,

When the first Night her Lover lays her on.

'Tis like a Lass that Gads to gather May,

'Tis like the Comedy you have to Day;

A Bulling Gallant in a wanton Play.

THE
Princess of CLEVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Nemours, Bellamore. — Fiddles Playing.



Old there you Monsieur Devol;
prithee leave off playing fine in
Consort, and stick to Time and
Tune — So now the Song, call
in the Ennuch; come my pretty
Stallion, hem and begin.

SONG.

I.

ALL other Blessings are but Toys
To his that in his sleep enjoys,
Who in his Fancy can possess
The object of his Happiness;
The Pleasure's purer, for he spares
The Pains, Expences, and the Cares.

II.

Thus when Adonis got the Stone,
To Love the Boy still made his moan;
Venus the Queen of Fancy came,
And as he slept she cool'd his flame;
The Fancy charm'd him as he lay,
And Fancy brought the Stone away.

Nem. Sirrah stick to clean Pleasures, deep Sleep, moderate Wine, sincere Whores, and thou art happy; Now by this damask Cheek I love thee; keep but this gracious Form of thine in Health; and I'll put thee in the way of Living like a Man ——— What I have trusted thee with ——— My Love to the Princess of Cleve; Treasure it as thy Life, nor let the *Vidam* of Chartres know it; for however I seem to cherish him, because he has the knack of telling a Story maliciously, and is a great pretender to Nature, I cast him off here ——— 'Tis too much for him. Besides he is her Uncle, and has a sort of affected Honour that would make him grin to see me leap her ——— He *Jaq.* ——— When Madam *Tournon* comes, bring her in, and, hark you, Sir, whoever comes to speak with me while she is with me ———

Jaq. What if the Dauphin comes?

Nem. What if his Father comes, Dog — Slave — Fool. What if *Paris* were a fire, the President and Council sixteen at the Door! I'm sick, I'm not within — I'm Hundred Mile off — My bosom Dear — So young, and yet I trust thee too — But away to the Princess of Cleve, thou art acquainted with her Woman, watch her Motion, my sweet-fac'd Pimp, and bring me word of her rising.

Bell. She is a prize, my Lord, and oh what a night of Pleasure has Cleve had with her — the first too!

Nem. Any thing but what makes such a Pleasure, would I give for such another — But be gone, and no more of this provoking discourse, lest Ravishing should follow thee at the heels, and spoil my sober design. [Exeunt several]

Enter *Tournon*, *La March*.

Jaq. Madam, my Lord was just now asking for you.

Tour. Go tell him I'm coming — Is he dress'd?

Jaq. Yes — But your Ladyship knows that's all to him ———

Tour. Honest *Jaq.*, 'tis pity such Honesty should be encourag'd ———

Jaq. This comes of Pimping, which she calls Honesty. [Ex. J.]

Tour. Thus thou may'st see the method of the Queen. We are the lucky Sieves, where fond Men trust their Hearts, and so she sifts 'em through us ———

La M. What of *Nemours*, whom you thus early visit?

Tour. The Queen designs to rob him of a Mistress, *Marguerite* the Princess of *Fanville*, whom he keeps from the knowledge of the Court; and if the Queen be Judge, contracted to her —

The Dauphin loves her too, whereon the Queen, who works the Court quite round by Womankind, and thinks this way to mould his supple Soul, solves, if possible, to gain her for him.

La M. But how is't possible to work the Princess from the Duke *Nemours*, who loves him as the Queen affects ambition?

Tour. Why thus; she knows *Nemours* his Soul is bent on variety; therefore to gain her ends she has made me Sacrifice my Honour, nay, become his Bawd, and ply him every Day with some new Face, to wean his Heart from *Marguerite's* Form; nor must you longer be without your Part.

La M. Employ me; for you know the Queen commands me.

Tour. There was a Letter dropt in the Tennis-Court out of *Nemours* his Pocket, as I'm told, and read last Night in the Presence — 'Tis your Task to insinuate with *Marguerite*.

This Note which came from some abandon'd Mistress, certainly the Duke's, —

La M. Then Jealousy's the ground on which you build.

Tour. Right, we must make 'em jealous of each other; Jealousie breeds disdain in haughty Minds, and so from extremes of violent Love, proceeds to fiercest hate. See the Gay, the Brisk, the Topping

St. *Andre* here, Cousin to *Poltrou*, [Enter St. A. arrived from England with a pretty

last Week, and Lodges in the Palace of this his renowned Fool — St. *Andre* has a Wife too of my acquaintance — Both for the Duke, my Dear; but haste I'm call'd —

[Exit. La M.

Madam — Tour. I go. [Exit. Tournon.

St. A. Monsieur *Faques*, your most Obliged, Faithful Humble Servant. What, his Grace continues the old Trade, I see, by the Flux of Bawds and Whores that choak up his Avenues; and I must confess, excepting my self, there's no Man so built for Whoring as his Grace. Black, Sanguine, Brawny—a Roman Nose—long Feet and a stiff——calf of a Leg.

Faq. Your Lordship has all these in Perfection.

St. A. Sir, your most Faithful, Obliged, Humble Servant. Boy——

Boy. My Lord——

St. A. How many Bottles last Night?

Boy. Five, my Lord.

St. A. Boy.

Boy. My Lord.

St. A. How many Whores?

Boy. Six my Lord.

St. A. Boy——

Boy. My Lord.

St. A. What Quarrels, how many did I Kill?

Boy. Not one my Lord——But the Night before Hamstrung a Beadle, and run a Linkman in the Back——

St. A. What, and no Blood nor Blows last Night?

Boy. O! yes, my Lord, now I remember me, you did upon a Gentleman that knock'd you down with a Bow

St. A. Not so loud, you Urchin, lest I twist your Neck round——Monsieur *Faques*, is his Grace stirring?

Faq. My Lord, he's at Council——

St. A. Od, I beg his pardon; pray give my Duty to him and tell him, if he pleased to hear a languishing Air two, I am at the Princess of Cleve's with a Serenade. Go, Raskal, go to Monsieur *Poltrou*——tell him he'll be late——Black airy shape——but then Madam Cleve is virtuous, Chaste, Cold——Gad Ill write to her, then she's mine directly; for 'tis but reason of course that he that has been yoked to so many Dutcheffes, should at last back a Princess: Sir, your most Oblig'd, Faithful and very Humble Servant, Sir.

SCENE II.

Enter Nemours, Tournon.

Tour. Undone, undone! will your sinful Grace never live over, will you never leave Ruining of Bodies and damning of Souls—— could you imagine that I came for this? What have you done?

Nem. No harm, pretty Rogue, no harm; nay, prithee leave blubbering.

Tour. 'Tis blubbering now, plain blubbering; but before you had your Will, 'twas another Tone: Why, Madam, do you waste those precious Tears? each falling drop shines like an Orient Pearl, and sets a Gaity on a Face of sorrow.

Nem. Thou art certainly the pleasantest of Womenkind; and I the happiest of Men; dear delightful Rogue, let's have another Main; like a winning Gamester, I long to stake it t'other hundred Pound.

Tour. Inconsiderate horrid Peer, will you damn your soul deeper and deeper? Can you be thus insensible of your Crime?

Nem. Why there's it: I was as a Man may be, very gay, and thou kind Soul, gav'st me a good Draught of drink; now 'tis strange to me, if a Man must be damn'd for quenching his Thirst.

Tour. Ha, Ha—Well, I'll swear you are such another man—who would have thought you cou'd delude a Woman thus, and a Woman of Honour too, that resolv'd much against it; Ah, my Lord! your Grace has a cunning Tongue.

Nem. No cunning, *Tournon*, my way is downright; saving Body, State and Spirit, all for a pretty Woman; and when gray Hairs, Gout and Impotence come, no more but this, drink away Pain, and be gathered to my fathers.

Tour. Oh thou Dissembler, give me your Hand, this is this faithless violating Hand; Heaven knows what this Hand has to answer for.

Nem.

Nem. And for this Hand, with these long, white, round pretty Bobbins, 't has the kindest Gripe, and I so love it now Gad's Blessing on't, that's all I say—— But come tell me, what! no new Game? for thou knowest I die directly without Variety.

Tour. Certainly, never Woman lov'd like me; who am not satisfied with sacrificing my own Honour, unless I rob my Delights by undoing others——

Nem. Come, come, out with it, I see thou art big with some new Intrigue, and it labours for a Vent.

Tour. What think you of St. *Andre's* Lady?

Nem. That I'm in Bed with her; because thou dar'st befriend me.

Tour. Nay, there's more—— Monsieur *Poltrou* lodges in his House, with a young *English* Wife of the true Breed and the prettier of the Two.

Nem. Excellent Creature; but command me something extravagant, as thy Kindness, State, Life and Honour.

Tour. Yet all this will be lost when you are married to *Marguerite*.

Nem. Never, by Heaven I'm thine, with all the heat and vigorous Inspiration of an unflinch'd Lover, and so will I while young Limbs and Lechery hold together; and that a Bond methinks shou'd last till Doomsday.

Tour. But do you believe if *Marguerite* shou'd know?

Nem. The Question's too grave—— When and where shall I see the Gems thou hast in store?

Tour. By Noon, or thereabouts; take a turn in *Luxembourg* Garden, and one, if not both, shall meet you.

Nem. And thou'lt appear in Person?

Tour. With Colours flying, a Handkerchief held out and yet methinks it goes against my Conscience.

Nem. Away, that serious Look has made thee old: Conscience and Consideration in a young Woman too! It makes a Baud of thee before thy time.

Nay, now thou put'st me in Poetick Rapture,

And I must quote *Ronsard* to punish thee:

Call all your Wives to Council, and prepare

To Tempt, Dissemble, Flatter, Lye and Swear;

to make her mine, use all your utmost Skill,
 vertue! An ill-bred crossness in the Will;
 honour, a Notion; Piety, a Cheat;
 love but successful Bauds, and you are great.
 come, thou wilt meet me.

Tour. 'Tis resolv'd, I will; till which time, thou dear

Nem. Thou pretty Woman.

Tour. Thou very dear Man.

Nem. Thou very pretty Woman, one Kiss.

Tour. Hey Ho——

Nem. Now all the Gods go with thee——

Tour. A word from my Lord; you are acquainted with
 the Fops; set 'em in the modish way of abusing their
 wives, they are turning already, and that will certainly
 bring 'em about.

Nem. Bellamore shall do't with less Suspicion: Farewel——

Jaq.——

[Exit Tour.]

Jaq. Ha! my grave Lord of Chartres, welcome as Health,
 Wine, and taking Whores—— and tell me now the Bu-
 siness of the Court.

Vid. Hold it, Nemours, for ever at defiance;
 of ill Humour, damps of Melancholy,
 and Maids of Fifty, choak'd with eternal Vapours,
 fill it with fulsome Honour——dozing Vertue,
 and everlasting Dullness husk it round,
 since he that was the Life, the Soul of Pleasure,
 my Rosidore, is dead.

Nem. Then we may say

it was, and Satyr is a Carcass now.

I thought his last Debauch wou'd be his Death——

is it certain?

Vid. Yes, I saw him Dust.

Now the mighty Thing a nothing made,
 maddled with Worms, and swept to that cold Den,
 where Kings lie crumbl'd just like other Men.

Nem. Nay then let's Rave and Elegize together,

where Rosidore is now but common Clay,

from every wiser Emmet bears away,

and lays him up against a Winter's Day.

He

He was the Spirit of Wit — and had such an Art in gaining his Failures, that it was hard not to love his Faults. He never spoke a witty thing twice, tho' to different Persons; his Imperfections were catching, and his Genius was so Luxuriant, that he was forc'd to tame it with a Moderation in his Speech to keep it in view — But, oh! how awkward, how insipid, how poor and wretchedly dull is the Imitation of those that have all the Affectation of his Verses and none of his Wit.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Lord, Monsieur *Poltror* desires to kiss your Grace's Hand.

Nem. Let's have him to drive away our Melancholy.

Vid. I wonder what Pleasure you can take in such Dogs, Asses, and Fools.

Nem. But this is a particular Fool, Man, Fate's own Fool, and perhaps it will never hit the like again; he's ever the same thing, yet always pleasing; in short, he's a fine Fool, and has a fine Wife; add to this, his late learning the Court of *France*, and going to *England* to learn Breeding.

Enter Poltror.

Pol. My Lord Duke, your Grace's most obedient humble Servant; My Lord of *Chartres* and Monsieur *Jaques*, your Grace's Monsieur; *St. Andre* desires your Grace's Presence at his Serenade of mine and his together — And I must tell your Grace by the way, he is a great Master, and the finest Thing of my Labours —

Nem. And the greatest Oaf in the World.

Pol. How, my Lord —

Vid. The whole Court wonders you will keep his Company.

Nem. Such a passive Raskal, he had his Shins broke last Night in the Presence; and were it not fear'd you would Second him, he wou'd be kick'd out of all Society.

Pol. I Second him! my Lord, I'll see him damn'd. I'll be Second to any Fool in Christendom — For to tell your Grace the Truth, I keep him Company, and live in his House, because I intend to lie with his Wife; a Thing I learnt since I went into *England*, where, o' my Conscience, I am a Cuckold.

Cuckoldom is the Destiny of above half the Nation.

Nem. Indeed!

Pol. O there's not such another Drinking, Scowring, Roaring, Whoring Nation in the World—— And for little London, to my knowledge, if a Bill were taken of the Weekly Cuckolds, it wou'd amount to more than the Number of Christnings and Burials together.

Wid. What, and were you acquainted with the Wits?

Pol. O Lord, Sir, I liv'd in the City a whole Year together; my Lord Mayor and I, and the Common-Council were sworn Brothers—I cou'd sing you twenty Catches and Drolls that I made for their Feast-days; but at present I'll only hint you One or Two——

Nem. Pray do us the Favour, Sir.

Pol. Why look you Sir, this is one of my chief ones, and assure your Grace, 'twas much Sung at Court too;

O, to Bed to me, to Bed to me, — &c.

Nem. Excellent, incomparable!

Pol. Why is it not, my Lord? This is no Kickshaw, there's substance in the Air, and Weight in the Words; nay, I'll give your Grace a Taste of another, the Tune is, let me — Ay, ay——

Give me the Lass that is true Country bred——

Pol. I'll present your Grace with some Words of my own, that I made on my Wife before I married her, as she was Singing one Day in a low Parlour, and Playing on the Orginals.

Nem. For Heaven's sake oblige us, dear pleasant Creature——

Pol. I'll swear I'm so ticklish you'll put me out, my Lord; I am as wanton as any little Bartholomew Boar-Pig——

Wid. Dear, soft, delicate Rogue, Sing.

Pol. Nay, I protest, my Lord, I vow and swear, but I'll make me run to a Whore—— Lord, Sir, what do you mean?

Nem. Come then begin——

[Polster Sings.

Phillis.

I.

Phillis is soft, Phillis is plump,
And Beauty made up this delicate Lump:
 Like a Rose-bud she looks, like a Lilly she smells,
And her Voice is a Note above sweet Philomel's.

✓✓ Now a little Smutty, my Lord, is the Fashion—

II.

*Her Breast are two Hillocks where Hearts lie and pant,
 In the Herbage so soft, for a Thing that they want;
 But mum, Sir, for that, tho' a notable Jest;
 For if I shou'd name it, you'd call me a Beast.*

Enter St. Andre without his Hat and Wig.

St. And. My Lord, the Serenade is just begun, and you don't come just in the nick—I beg your Grace's Pardon for interrupting you— But if you have a mind to be the sweetest Airs in the World—

Nem. With all my Heart, Sir—

Pol. Nay, since your Grace has put my Hand in, sing you my Lord, before you go, the softest thing— composed in the Nonage of my Muse; yet such a one as our Authors borrow from. Nay, I'll be judg'd by your Grace if they do not steal their Dying from my Killing—

St. A. Nay, prithee, *Polivot*, thou art so impertinent

Pol. No more impertinent than your self, Sir; nor doubt, Sir, but my Character shall be drawn by the Pen for a Man of Wit and Sense, Sir, as well as your self, Sir.

Vid. Ay, I'll be sworn, shall it—

Pol. For I know how to Repartee with the best; to rail my Wife; to kick her too if I please, Sir; to make Smiles as fast as Hops, Sir; tho' I lay a dying, slap dash, Sir; quick off and quickly on, Sir; and as round as a Hoop, Sir.

St. A. I grant you, dear Bully, all this; but let's sing your Song another time, because mine are begun.

Pol. Nay, look you, dear Rogue, mine is but a Prologue to your Play; and by your leave his Grace has a mind to hear it, and he shall hear it, Sir—

Nem. Ay, and will hear it, Sir, tho' the Great Turk
ere at St. Dennis's Gate; come along my Orpheus, and
en, Sir, we'll follow you to the Prince of Cleve's—
Ballad—*When Phebus had fetch'd, &c.* [Exeunt Singing.]

SCENE III.

The Prince of Cleve's Palace. Musick.

SONG.

I.

[In a Room for Delight, the Landskip of Love,
Like a shady old Lawn,
With the Curtains half drawn,
My Love and I lay, in the cool of the Day,
Till our Joys did remove.

II.

So fierce was our Fight, and so smart e'ry Streak,
That Love, the little Scout,
Was put to the Rout;
His Bow was unbent, e'ry Arrow was spent,
And his Quiver all broke.

Enter Vidam, Nemours.

Nem. I have lost my Letter, and by your Description
must be that which the Queen read at Court.

are you sure the Princess of Cleve has seen it?

Id. Why are you so concern'd? Does your wild Love
run that way too?—She is too Grave.

Nem. Too Grave! as if I cou'd not laugh with this,
try with that, and veer with every gust of Passion—
has she seen it?

Id. She has the Letter; the Queen-Dauphin sent it her.

Nem. Then you must own it on occasion, and whatever
shall put upon your Person ——— Vid. Why?

Nem. Left it shou'd reach the Ears of Marguerite:

O my Vidam! 'tis such a ranting Devil,
he believes this Letter mine, when next

We

We meet, beware my Locks and Eyes — No more :
But this remember, that you own it. [Ex

Enter St. Andre, Poltrot.

St. A. His Bow was unbent, &c. [Singing with Poltrot]
Come, my Lord, we'll have all over again.

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Vid. See, we have rais'd the Prince of Cleve :
My Lord, good Morrow —

P. C. Good Morrow, my good Lord — Save you
my dear *Nemours* !

Pol. Give you Joy, my Lord : What, a little blew under
the Eyes, Ha, Ha, —

St. A. Give you Joy, my Lord, Ha, my Lord, Ha, —
[Holds up three Fingers]

Pol. Ha, my Lord, Ha, — [Holding up five Fingers]

P. C. You are merry, Gentlemen — I'm not in the vein
Therefore, Dear *Chartres*, take these Fingers hence.

St. A. My Lord, you look a little heavy, shall I
Dance, Sing, Fence, take the Air, Ride —

Vid. Come away, Sir, the Prince is indispos'd.

St. A. Gad, I remember now I talk of Riding, at the
Tournament of *Meiz*, as I was Riding the great Horse —

Vid. Leave off your lying and come along.

St. A. With three pushes of Pike, and six hits
Sword, I wounded the Duke of *Ferrara*, Duke of *Millano*,
Duke of *Parma*, Prince of *Cleve* —

P. C. My Lord, I was not there —

St. A. My Lord — I beg your Lordships pardon
meant the *Vidam* of *Chartres*.

Vid. You lye ; I was then at *Rome*.

St. A. My Lord —

Pol. Ha, Ha, — Lord, Lord, how this World is given
to Lying ! Ha — Come, come, you're damned
out, come away.

St. A. My Lord, I beg your pardon, I see you are
dispos'd ; besides the Queen oblig'd me this Morning
let 'em choose Colours for my Complexion —

Vid. Hark you will you go, or shall I —

[Pulling him off by the Nose]

Sr. A. My Friend, my Lord, you see, is a little Familiar, but I am ever your Highness's most humble, faithful, obedient Servant. [Exeunt.

Manet P. Cleve.

Fall of himself, the happy Man is gone;
Why was not I too cast in such a Mould?
To think like him, or not to think at all.

Enter the Princess of Cleve.

Had he a Bride like me, Earth would not bear him:

Oh, I wish that it might cover me!

Since Chartres cannot love me: Oh I found it!

Last Night I found it in her cold Embraces;

Her Lips too cold ——— Cold as the Dew of Death:

And still whenever I prest her in my arms,

I found my Bosom all a float with Tears.

Princess C. He weeps, O Heaven! my Lord — the Prince of Cleve.

P. C. My Life, my Dearest part!

Princess C. Why Sighs my Lord?

What have I done, Sir, thus to discompose you?

P. C. Nothing.

Princess C. Ah, Sir, there is a Grief within,

And you wou'd hide it from me.

P. C. Nothing, my Chartres, nothing here but Love.

Princess C. Alas, my Lord, you hide that secret from me, which I must know, or think you never lov'd me.

P. C. Ah Princess! that you lov'd but half so well.

Princess C. I have it then, you think me Criminal, and tax my Honour ———

P. C. O forbid it, Heaven ———

Since you press me, Madam, let me ask you,

When the Princess led you to the Altar,

Why cak'd the Tears upon your Bloodless Face?

Why sigh'd you when your hand was clasp'd with mine?

Why your Heart, your Heart refus'd to joyn.

Princess C. Ah, Sir ———

P. C. Behold you're dash'd with the remembrance;

When my Hopes were fierce and Joys grew strong,

Why were you carry'd like a Coarse a long?

Z

When

When, like a Victim, by my side you lay,
 Why did you Gasp, why did you Swoon away? Oh speak—
 You have a Soul so open and so clear,
 That if there be a Fault it must appear,

Princess C. Alas, you are not skill'd in Beauties cares
 For Oh! when once the God his wrath declares,
 And Stygian Oaths have wing'd the bloody Dart,
 To make its passage thro' the Virgin's Heart:
 She hides her Wound, and hasting to the Grove,
 Scarce whispering to the Winds her conscious Love.
 The touch of him she loves she'll not endure,
 But weeps and bleeds, and strive against the Cure:
 So judge of me when any Grief appears,
 Believe my sighs are kind, and trust my Tears.

P. C. Vanish my Doubts and Jealousies be gone —
 On thy lov'd Bosom let me break my Joy,
 O only Sweets that Fill, but never Cloy:
 And was it, was it only Virgin's fear?
 But speak for ever, and I'll ever hear.
 Repeat, and let the Ecchoes deal it round,
 While list'ning Angels bend to catch the Sound;
 Nay, Sigh and Weep, drain all thy precious Store,
 Be kind, as now, and I'll complain no more.

Princess C. Was ever Man so worthy to be lov'd,
 So good, so gentle, soft a Disposition,
 As if no Gaul had mixt with his Creation:
 So tender, and so fearful to displease,
 No barbarous Heart but thine wou'd stop his entrance
 But thou, Inhumane, banisht him from his own.
 And while the Lordly Master lies without, [*Ent.*]
 Thou Traitoress, Riotests with a Thief within.

Iren. Ah, Madam, when new Grief!

Princess C. Alas, *Iren.*

Thou Treasurer of my thoughts —
 What shall I do? how shall I chase *Nemours*,
 That Robber, Ravisher of my Repose?

Iren. For the great care you wish, may I enquire
 Whether you think the Duke insensible.
 Indifferent to the rest of Woman-kind?

Princess C. I must confess I did not think him so,
Tho' now I do — But wou'd give half my Blood
To think him otherwise.

Iren. Without the Expence,
There take your wish, — a Letter which he dropt
In the Tennis-court, given the Queen Dauphin
By her Page, and sent to you to read for your Diversion.

Princess C. Alas ! Iren. ———
Why trembles thus my Hand, why beats my Heart ?
But let us Read ——— Reads ———

Your affection has been divided betwixt me and another,
You are False ——— a Traytor to the truest Love — ne-
ver see me more ———

Princess C. Ah 'tis too plain, I thought as much before;
Oh! we are too apt to excuse the faults of those we
Love, and fond of our own undoing.

Support me, Oh, to bear this dreadful pang,
This stab to all my gather'd Resolution.

Iren. Read it again, and call Revenge to aid you.

Princess C. Perhaps he makes his boast too of the Conquest;
Oh! my Heart, He knows too well my Passion ———
As thou hast inspir'd me, I'll revenge
The Affront and cast him from my Poyson'd Breast.
To make him room that merits all my thoughts.

Enter the Prince of Cleve with Nemours.

P. C. Madam, there is a Letter fall'n by accident into
Your hands ——— my Friend comes in behalf of the Vi-
count of Chartres to retrieve it; when I am dismis'd from the
King my Lord, I'll wait you here again.

Nem. My Lord ———

P. C. Not a step further.

[Exit. P. C.]

Nem. Madam, I come most humbly to enquire, whe-
ther the Dauphin Queen sent you a Letter which the
Iren. am lost ?

Princess C. Sir, you had better
Send the Queen Dauphin out, tell her the truth :
She's inform'd the Letter is your own.

Nem. Ah, Madam ! I have nothing to confess
In this Affair — or if I had, believe me,
I'll give me these Sighs that will not be kept in,

I shou'd not tell it to the Dauphin Queen.
But to the purpose ; Know, my Lord of *Chartres*
Receiv'd the Note you saw, from Madam *Tournon*,
A former Mistress — But the Secret's this —
The Sister of our *Henry* long has lov'd him.

Princess C. I thought the King intended her for *Savo*

Nem. True, Madam, but the *Vidam* is below'd ;
In short he dropt the Letter and desir'd,
For fear of her he loves, that I wou'd own it ;
I promis'd too to trace the Business for him,
And if 'twere possible, regain the Letter.

Princess C. The *Vidam* then has shewn but small Discretion
Being engag'd so high —

Why did he not burn the Letter ?

Nem. But, Madam, shall I dare presume to say,
'Tis hard to be in Love and to be wise ?

O did you know like him — like him ! Like me,
What 'tis to languish in those restless Fires.

Princess C. *Iren, Iren*, restore the Duke his Letter.

Enter Iren.

Nem. Madam, You've bound me ever to your Service
But I'll retire and study to repay,
If ought but death can quit the Obligation. [E

Princess C. O 'tis too much, I'm lost, I'm lost again —

The Duke has clear'd himself, to the confusion
Of all my settl'd Rage, and vow'd Revenge ;
And now he shews more lovely than before :
He comes again to wake my sleeping Passion,
To rouse me into Torture ; O the Racks
Of hopeless love ! it shoots, it glows, it burns,
And thou, alas ! shalt shortly close my Eyes.

Iren. Alas ! you're pale already.

Princess C. Oh *Iren*.

Methinks I see Fate set two Bowls before me,
Poyson and Health, a Husband and *Nemours* ;
But see with what a whirl my Passions move ;
I loath the Cordial of my Husband's Love ;
But when *Nemours* my Fancy does recall,
The Bane's so sweet that I cou'd drink it all. [E

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Tournon, La March.

Tour. I T works, my Dear, it works beyond belief;
The Letter which he lost has sprung a Mine
that shatters all the Court, each Jealous Dutcheſs
concludes her Man concern'd, and ſtrait employs
Confident to find the Myſtery out.

at that which takes the Queen, and makes me dye
With Pleaſure, is, that *Marguerite* thinks
bite of the Imprecations of *Nemours*,
the Letter ſent to him.

La M. I ſee 'em move this way.

Tour. Haſte to *St. Andre's* Palace, watch their Wives,
I appear ——— I have promis'd *Nemours* an After-
noon-Aſſignation with 'em in *Luxemburg* Garden, but I
all antedate the Buſ'neſs as he is waiting, and ſet *Marg-*
uerite upon him juſt as he meets 'em, which will heighten
the deſign; be gone while I attend the Buſ'neſs here —

[Exit *La March.*

Enter *Marguerite*, *Nemours*.

Marg. Away, you have combin'd to ruin me, [*The Vid.*
you have conspir'd the Death of her you hate;
tell me, Oh! confeſs and I'll forgive thee;
it was thine, nay, look not on the *Vidam*,
there is Diſcourſe in Eyes, Conſent, Denial,
underſtood by looks; ſay it was thine,
confeſs and lay this Tempeſt with a word.
not yet? why then I'll have it in deſpite
thee and him, I'll ſell my Soul to Hell,
Woman can be worth the Devil's purchaſe,
er ſhe has been blown upon by Man;
at I may tell thee, as I ſink for ever.
you haſt been False.

Nem. You have heard me more than once
ſwear, the *Vidam* (if you'll give him leave)
I'll own it to your Face.

Z 3

Marg.

→ *Marg.* Furies and Hell!

Tour. Have Patience for an hour, I'll bring you to the place, where if you please, you may flesh your Fingers in the Blood of those young Women, whom he meets to enjoy.

Marg. No, no, I have a better Cast, if I can Conquer this rising Spleen — How long will it be ere you call me?

Tour. An Hour, or thereabouts —

Marg. And by that time I'll put on a Disguise; for not —

Tour. But what do you intend?

Marg. I know not yet my self; Revenge —

Tour. You had a Lover once, *Francis* the Dauphin —

Marg. Be that then the last Card — I know not what The Dauphin shall — I'll do't, and openly affront him — And as the little Worshipers adore me, Spy the Duke out, and leaning on the Prince, Enquire who's that: It shall be so, I will — Revenge, Revenge, and shew thy self true Woman. Down then, proud Heart, down Woman, down, I'll do't, I've sworn, to curb my Will or die. [Exit

SCENE II.

Enter St. Andre, Poltrot, Bellamore.

Bell. Well, Gentlemen, good Morrow, and remember my Counsel.

Pol. What, to bear our selves like Men of Wit and Sense, Snub our Wives, Rally 'em, and be as Witty as the Devil?

St. A. With all my heart; 'tis not my time of Affliction yet with my Dutcheses, and this is very Fashionable.

Bell. I've put you in the way — And so good Morrow.

Pol. They come, they come, [Enter Elianor and Catherine] Walk by 'em, take no notice, and Repeat Verses.

Willis did in so strange a posture lie,
 panting and Breathless, languishing her Eye,
 seem'd to live, and yet she seem'd to die.

St. A. I grow sick of the Wife ——— Prithee, Pol,
 let's go.

Pol. Whither thou wilt, so we get rid of 'em — Z'life,
 am as weary of mine, as a Modish Lady of her old
 paths ———

Cel. What, does the Maggot bite, you must be jog-
 ging from this place of little Ease? yet I am resolved to
 know some reason, why a Wife may not be as good Com-
 pany as a Wench.

Pol. Prithee, Spouse ——— do not provoke me; for I'm
 the Witty Vein, and shall Repartee thee to the Devil.

El. Pray, St. Andre, leave trifling your Carls, your
 sterted Nods, Grimaces, taking of Snuff, and answer
 ——— Why are we not as pleasing as formerly?

St. A. Why, Nell ——— Gad 'tis special ——— This Ama-
 is very pugnant ——— Why, Nell, I can give no
 reason for my change of humour, than for the turn-
 of a Weather-cock; only this, I love Whoring, be-
 cause I love Whoring.

Pol. Nay, since you provoke us, know I can give a rea-
 son; we run after Whores, because you bar us from
 ——— As some take pleasure to go a Deer-stealing
 have fine Parks of their own ——— Gad, and there
 is with her ——— This itch of the Blood, Spouse, is
 nothing but a Spice of the first great Jilt your Grand-
 mother Eve; we long for the Fruit, because it is
 hidden.

St. A. Nay, that's not all, for Misses are really more
 constant than a Wife can be, *Probatum est*. A Wife
 does not assume the Liberty of pleasing like a Miss, for
 of being thought one. A Wife may pretend to du-
 ration of Affection, and bustle below, but must be still at
 heart. 'Tis Miss alone may be allow'd Flame and Rap-
 ture, and all that ———

Pol. Yet how do you know, but a Wife may have
 the same and Rapture, and all that ———

Pol. 'Tis impossible; 'tis the Nature of a Wife to
as cold as Stone ——— There's a Slap-dash for you.

Cel. Yet out of a Stone a Man of Sense would strike
Fire: There's Slap-dash for you ———

El. Will you be constant to us, if we make it appear
by your own Confession, that we can please as well as
Subtly the that ever Charm'd you?

St. A. 'Till which Miracle come to pass, since 'twas
your own proposition, I *St. Andre* and thou *Eliano* could
not between a Pair of Sheets ———

El. How shou'd they know then?

Pol. Nor I *Anthony* with thee *Celia*.

El. But we hope you are not in earnest, you cannot
so Inhumane.

Cel. 'Tis a Curse beyond all Curses, to have a Man that
can, and will not; 'tis worse than teaching a Fool,
leading the Blind.

El. To Marry and live thus, is to be like Fish in Fro
Weather, have Water, but pine for want of Air.

Cel. Yet, who knows but Heaven may send some
good Man, that in meer pity may break the Ice, and
us a Breathing?

El. Can you be so hard-hearted?

Pol. Come, Bully, let's away, for fear we should
look ye, Spouses of ours, if our Wenches prove ill-
mour'd, we'll come back to you.

St. A. Agreed, rather than grow Rusty let our W
File us ——— But I thank Heaven 'tis not come to
yet ——— There's no such want, I'll have you to know
Nell, there's no Woman can resist me if she wou'd.
Dutchess 'scapes me, if I make it my Business to
pass her.

Pol. Any Man of Wit and Sense, like us, Charm
Women, as one Key unlocks all Doors at Court —
Nay, I'll say a bold word for my self; Turn me to
sharpest Shrow that ever Bit or Scratch'd, if I do
make her feed out of my Hand like a tame Pidge
may I be condemned to lie with my Wife.

El. Flesh and Blood can endure no longer, you
the vainest lying Fellows that ever liv'd, you com

Dutchess ——— There's not a Footman but wou'd shame you.

St. A. Z'death and Fury, if they should try ———

Cel. You Pitiful, Sneaking, Rascally Cuckold, Countenanc'd Scoundrels, that dare Bespatter Ladies of Honour thus ——— For Heaven sake what are you, how do you live, and where do you spend your time? in Tennis-Courts, Taverns, Eating-Houses, Bawdy-Houses, where you quarrel in Drink for your Trulls, who while you Manfully Fight their Cause, they run away with your Hats and Belts ———

El. Then you come home, and then swear you'll be Reveng'd on this Lord, or that Duke, that assaulted you single, with all his Footmen.

Cel. And, says my Gentleman, if I had not been the most Skilful Person alive, my Body had been by this time like an Old-fashion'd Suit, Pink'd all over, and full of Holes.

El. But did he not disarm my Lord at last?

Cel. By all means, and made him beg his Life.

El. When indeed he compounded with the Constable for his own Liberty.

Cel. You Persons of Quality ——— What Person of Honour wou'd keep Company with such Debauches? Wife, Madam, an Orange-wench is above their Ambition.

El. An Orange-wench! If they can but run in her Debt, and the poor Creature come dunning 'em to their lodgings, they'll Swear they lay with her, when they dare not be known that they are within.

Cel. Sometimes lie Lolling upon a long Scarf in the Day-House, talking loud and affectedly, and Swear at Night, they had the prettiest thing just come out of the Country.

El. And wish themselves Damn'd, if she did not smell of the Grass.

Cel. When in truth 'twas some disguis'd Bawd, that met there according to Assignment.

Pol. Hark you Potiphar's Wife of mine, by Pharaoh's Kine thou shalt starve for this.

St. A. And for thee, *Nell*,— Mark me; thou shalt dream and be tormented with Imagination, like one that having drunk hard is thirsty in the Night, dreams of Vessels brim-full, and drinks, and drinks, yet never satisfied.

Pol. For my part, I'll serve my damn'd Wife as *Tantalus* was punish'd; the Fruit shall bob at her Lips, which she shall never enjoy.

[*Exeunt St. A. Pol.*]

El. Very well, the World's come to a fine Pass; if they be Marrying, wou'd I were a Maid agen. Men take Wives now as they snatch up a *Gazette*, look it over, and then fling it by.

Cel. They forget us in a Day or Two, or if they read over agen, 'tis only to rub up remembrance, and commonly they fall asleep so.

El. What's to be done, Child? for rather than live thus—

Cel. Rather than live thus, let's do any thing.

El. Any thing, Rogue; why Cuckolds are Things.

Cel. Perhaps they think we have no such thing as Flea and Blood about us; but we'll make 'em know, a young Woman, in the Flower of her Age, is not like Painted Fruit in a Glass, only to be looked on—— Perhaps you are a more Contemplative Person, and will go further about.

El. What, dear Rogue, dost think I will leave thee? this Kiss not I.

Cel. Thus then we'll slip on long Scarfs, and black Gowns, put on Masks, and ramble about.

El. Rare Rogue, let me Kiss thee agen—— Certainly nothing is so intriguing is the pleasantest Part of Life; to meet a Gallant abroad in a Summer's Evening, and Laugh away an Hour or Two in a Garden-Bower, where no body sees nor no body knows, methinks, 'tis so pretty and harmless, Lord! but it works in my Fancy——

Cel. We must tell *Madam Tournon* by all means——

El. I believe her Secret, and know her very good Nature; but for all that, methinks she has the Cant of a painted Florence Bawd——

Enter Tournon.

Cel. The better for our Purpose; she comes as wish'd.

Tour. Dear precious Rosebuds, your Servant, now for the World you look as you were new blown; And how like my pretty Primroses? 'tis a whole Day since I saw ye.

Cel. Oh, Madam! we have a Suit to your Ladyship.

Tour. I grant it whate'er it be; speak my Hyacinth.

Cel. Our Husbands are worse than ever.

Cel. They use us as if we had neither Beauty nor Portion.

Tour. What's this I hear? O Ingrate and Ignoble! Revenge your selves, Sweetings—— 'Tis time to pule and rub your finger in Eye, when you are past Propagation. But my

pretty birds, you are in your Prime; let me touch your delicate Hands—— Well, and do not these humid Palms

deceive a Man—— Nay, and your Breasts, Lord! Lord!

swoll'n and hard they are! how they heave and pant

now, by *Cynthia*, as if they were ready to burst! Look

care, have a care of a Cancer, draw 'em down, draw 'em

down; for let me tell you Jewels, it may be dangerous for

to go thus long without Cultivation.

Cel. What wou'd you have us do, Madam?

Tour. Do, Violet, why do as all the World does beside,

no Time, catch him by the Forelock; get a Man to your

side—— I'll acquaint you with one that's as true as the

day, that will Fight like a Lyon, and Love like a Sparrow——

has Eyes as black as Slows, you can hardly look on 'em;

a Skin so white——and soft, as Sattin with the Grain:

all for thee, Tulip——

Cel. For me, Madam!

Tour. For thee, Honey-Suckle; such a Man, well, I shall

never forget him, such a strait Bole of a Body, such a

limb, such a Shape, such a quick Strength; he will over

come anything he can lay his Hand on, and Vaults to Admi-

ration.

Cel. But, Madam, will you provide us Lodgings on

condition?——

Tour. The richest in the Town, the costliest Hangings,

Crystal Glasses, *China* Dishes, Silver Tables, Silver Stands,

Silver Urinals—— And then these Gallants are the

best Lovers, so good at keeping a Secret—— Well,

give

give me your Man that says nothing, but minds the Bus'n in hand—— For a secret Lover's like a Gun charg'd with white Powder, does Execution but makes no noise.

Cel. Well, and let me tell you that's the Point, Madam.

Tour. Ay, and 'tis a precious Point, a feeling Point, a pleasing Point; you shall know him, you must know him I shall die if you don't know him—— He has the Fling of a Gentleman.

El. Pray, Madam, how's that?

Tour. Why thus, Apricock—— Into your Arms, it stops your Mouth with a double-tongu'd *English* Kiss, so you can't be angry with him for your Blood.

Cel. I know 'tis my filthy Country way—— But assure you if he should serve me so, my Blood would boil at him.

Tour. But then you'd repent and fall before him; for he has the most Particular obliging way, and she whom he particularly Loves, is so oblig'd with his Particular—— Well, for my part, my Twins of Beauty, I set an infinite Value on their Carasses, Distresses and Addresses; nay, I cou'd refuse a Quilt Imperial to be oblig'd by them, on the bare Boards, or the cold Stones.

El. But, Madam, are they in being——

Tour. They are, my Blossoms—— Then they Kiss beyond Imagination, just for all the World as when you cut a juicy *China* Orange, the Goodness runs over—— Let me now it comes in my Cogitation, I'm just now going to take a View of 'em in *Luxemburg* Garden, where, if I please to walk, they shall Sun themselves in your Smile. Come, my Carnations, nay, I protest, I will not go before ye.

Cel. But, Madam, we're at home.

Tour. O Lord, Beauties, I know not the Way.

El. Indeed, Madam, you must—— or we shall have Violence——

Tour. Well, Ladies, since 'tis your Command, I dare but obey. [Exit]

SCENE III.

Enter Nemours, Bellamore.

Nem. Thou dear soft Rogue, my Spouse, my *Hephestion*,
Ganymede, nay, if I die to Night the Dukedom's thine—
 art thou sure the Princess of *Cleve* withdraws here
 for Dinner——

Bell. One of her Women, whom I have debauch'd, tells
 'tis her Custom; you may slip into the Closet and
 hear all, and yet, methinks, 'tis hard, because the
 Grace of *Cleve* Loves you as his Life.

Nem. I sav'd his Life, Sweet-heart, when he was assaulted,
 a Mistake, in the Dark; And shall he grudge me a little
 sleeping with his Wife, for so serious an Obligation?

Enter the Vidam——

Pox upon him, here comes the *Vidam* with his four
 Princes——

Vid. 'Tis certain I like her—— She's very pretty, and
 my Lord shall help me to her——

Nem. In Love, by my Leachery—— Ay, and she shall
 go to thee to her—— But who, but who is't, my Man of
 Principles——

Vid. To tell your Grace, I am sure were to be a Man of
 for myself—— You that are the Whores Ingrosser——
 I will see—— There's *Tournon* your Ubiquitary Whore,
 your Bawd, your Bawd Barber, or Bawd Surgeon, for you
 never under her Hands, and she Plaisters you every day
 with new Wenches—— Then there's your Domestick Ter-
 rant—— *Elienor* and *Celia*, with something new in
 use—— Why you out-do *Cesar* himself in your way,
 dictate to more Whores at once than he did to Knaves——
 Give me, Sir, in a little time you'll be nick'd, the
 Horn-Bull.

Nem. Why there's the difference betwixt my Sense and
 yours; wou'd I were, and your darklin Mistress the first
 [Exit] I should come in my way, *Jove* and *Europa*, I'd leap her in
 the Face—— Why, how now, *Vidam*, what Devil has
 led thee Grave, the Devil of Love, or the Devil of
 Scandal?

Vid.

Vid. Friendship, meer Friendship and Care of your Soul I thought it but just to tell you, the whole Town take notice of your way.

Nem. Why then the whole Town does me wrong, because I take no notice of theirs; thus t'other Night I was in Company of two or three well-bred Fops that found fault with my Obscenity, and protested 'twas such a way. Why, 'tis the way of ye all, only you sneak with it under Cloaks like Taylors and Barbers; and I, as a Gentleman shou'd do, walk with it in my Hand. For prithee consider, does not your Priest the same thing? Did not I see your Father *Patrick* declaiming against Flesh in *Lent*, strip up the Elbow; and telling the Congregation he had eat nothing but Flesh these twenty Years, yet protest to the Lady that fat Arm of his, which was a chopping one, was the least Member about him?

Bell. Faith, and it may be so too.

Nem. Does not your Politician, your little great Man of Business, that sets the World together by the Ears, and all his plotting, drudging and sweating at Lying, retire to some little Punk, and untap at Night?

Vid. I submit to the Weight of your Reasons, and confess the whole World does you Justice; wherefore I judge it fit, that they bring your Grace their Wives and Daughters to make you amends.

Nem. Why now thou talk'st like an honest Fellow; never let Business flatter thee, *Frank*, into Nonsense: Women are the sole Pleasure of the World; nay, I had rather part with my whole Estate, Health and Sense, than lose an Hour of my Love—— I was t'other Day at a pretty Entertainment, where two or three Grave Politick Rogues were wond'ring, Why Women shou'd be brought into Play; as gravely replied, The World was not made without Men. He full pop upon me—— But, Sir, it had been better if it had——

Vid. And then, no doubt, a gloomy Smile arose——

Nem. These are your Rogues, *Frank*, that would thought Criticks, that are never pleas'd but with something new, as they call it, just, proper, and never as Men speak you're out of the way, Men that hate us Rogues away——

Bell. But after all they'll thus run you down, and say
our Grace is no Scholar——

Nem. Why, faith, nor wou'd be, if Learning must
rench a Man's Head quite round: I understand my Mo-
er-tongue well enough, and some others, just as I do
Women, not to be married to them, but to serve my turn;
that's good in them never escapes me; but as for Points
d Tags, for which those solemn Fops are to be valued,
light 'em, nor wou'd remember 'em if I cou'd; for he
at once listens to Jingling, ten to one if ever he gets it out
his Head while he lives—— But prithee be gone, and
ve me to my Musing, find *Tournon* out, my *Vidam*,
d bid her remember the Handkercher—— Away, thou
concern'd in the Bus'ness, therefore away. [*Ex. Vid. Bell.*]

Enter the Princess of Cleve, Irene.

Nem. She comes, ye Gods, with what a pompous State;
he Stars and all Heaven's Glories on her wait.

That's out of the way too—— But now for my Closet. [*Exit*]

Prin. C. No, no, I charge thee pity me no longer;

on the Earth let us consult our Woes:

on Earth I shall be shortly; sit and hear me,

hile on thy faithful Bosom thus I lean

aking Head, and breath my cruel Sorrows.

Iren. Speak, Madam, speak, they'll strangle if contain'd——

Prin. C. As late I lay upon a flow'ry Bank,

Head a little heav'd beyond the Verge,

look my Troubles in the rockless Stream,

pt, and dreamt I saw

the Bosom of the Flood unfold;

ow the naked Nymphs ten Fathom down,

th all the Chrystal Thrones in their green Courts below,

ere in their busie Arms *Nemours* appear'd:

Head reclin'd, and swell'n as he were drown'd,

hile each kind Goddess dew'd his senseless Face

th Nectars drops to bring back Life in vain:

en on a sudden the whole Synod rose

laid him to my Lips—— O my *Irene*!

give me Honour, Duty—— Love forgive me;

and a Pleasure I ne'er felt before,

Dis-

Dissolving Pains, and swimming shuddering Joys,
To which my Bridal Night with *Cleve* was dull——

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Iren. Behold him, Madam.

P. C. Ha! my *Chartres*— How——
Why on the Earth?

Princ. C. Because, my Lord, it suits
The humble Posture of my sad Condition.

P. C. These Starts agen; but why thy sad Condition?
O rise and tell me why this Melancholy?
Why fall those Tears? Why heaves this Bosom thus?
Nay, I then must constrains thee with my Arms. [*R.*]
Is't possible? Does then thy load of Grief
Oppress thee so, thou canst not speak for sighing——
Ah *Chartres*, *Chartres*! then thou didst but sooth me,
There is some cause too frightful to be told,
And thou hast learnt the Art too to dissemble.

Princ. C. O Heavens! dissemble when I strip my Soul,
Shew it all bare, and trembling to your View;
Can you suspect me, Sir, for a Dissembler?

P. C. By all my Hopes, Doubts, Jealousies and Fears,
I know not what to think; I think thou show'st
Thy inmost Thought, and now I think thou dost not.
I think there is a Bosom Secret still,
And have a Dawn of it through all thy Folds
That hide it from my View: O trust me *Cleve*!
Trust me whate'er it be; I love thee more
Than thou lov'st help for that which thus inthralls thee.
Trust thy dear Husband, O let loose the Pain
That makes the droop, though it shou'd be my Death!
By thy dear self I'll welcome it to ease thee.

Princ. C. Thou best of all thy Kind, why shou'd you rack
Who dare not, cannot speak—— No more but this,
Take me from *Paris*, from the Court.

P. C. Ha, *Chartres*, how!
What, from the Court of *Paris*, why? [*visé*]

P. C. Because—my Mother's Death-Bed Counsel so
Because the Court has Charms, because I love
A Grotto best, because 'tis best for you
And me, and all the World.

P. C. Because, O Heaven!

Because there is some Cursed Charm at Court,
Which you love better than me and all the World.

The Reason's plain, for which you wou'd remove,
To lose the Mem'ry of some lawless Love.

Princ. C. Why then am I detain'd, if that's your fear?

P. C. It is, it ought, and shall, and Oh! you must
Confess this horrid Falshood to my Face.

Princ. C. Never, my Lord, never confess a Lie,

Heavens, I love your Life above my own.

P. C. Not that, not that, speak home and fly not wide,

Swear by thy self, thou dearly purchas'd Pleasure,

Swear by those Chaster Sweets thy Mother left thee;

Swear that thy Soul, which cannot hide a Treason,

Refers me even to all the World; Hold, Precious,

Swear that thou lov'st him more — And only lov'st him,

And in such Sense as not to love another.

Princ. C. Ah, Sir! why will you sink me to your Feet,

Where I must lie and groan my life away?

P. C. Speak, *Chartres*, speak, nor let the name of Husband

Sound Terror to thy Soul; for by my hopes

Of Paradise, howe'er thou usest me,

I am thy Creature, still to make and mould me

My cringing crawling Slave, and will adore

The hand that kills me —

Princ. C. O you are too good!

And I must never hope for Pardon — Yet

Shou'd excuse it; but, my Lord, I will not.

Now then — cannot I speak.

P. C. Nor I by Heaven.

Princ. C. I Love.

P. C. Go on.

Princ. C. I Love you as my Soul.

P. C. Ha — But the rest.

Princ. C. Alas, alas, I dare not —

P. C. Why then, Farewel for ever —

Princ. C. Stay and take it —

The extreamest pang of tortur'd Vertue,

For all, I Love, I Love thee *Cleve* as Life;

Oh! I Love, I Love another more —

P. C. Oh *Chartres*! Oh ———

Princ. C. Why did you wrack me then?
You were resolv'd, and now you have it all.

P. C. All *Chartres*! All! Why, can there then be more
But rise, and know I by this kiss forgive thee.
Thou hast made me wretched by the clearest proof
Of perfect Honour that ever flow'd from Woman.
But Crown the Misery which you have begun,
And let me know who 'tis you wou'd avoid,
Who is the happy Man that had the power
To burn that Heart which I cou'd never warm.

Princ. C. Forgive, me Sir; in this, Prudence commands
Eternal silence ———

P. C. Ha! if silent now,
Why didst thou speak at all? if here thou stop'st
I shall conclude that which I thought thy Vertue,
A start of Passion which thou cou'dst not hide,
And now Vexation gnaws thy guilty Soul
With a too late Repentance for Confessing
His Name ———

Princ. C. You shall not know it ——— Yes, my Lord
Now a too late Repentance tears my Soul,
And tells me I have done amiss to trust you;
Yet by my hopes of ease at last by Death,
I swear, my Love has never yet appear'd,
To any Man but you ———

P. C. Weep not, my *Chartres*, for howe'er my Tongue
Upbraid thy Fame, my Heart still worships thee,
And by the Blood that chills me round ——— I swear
From this sad Moment, I'll ne'er urge thee more;
All that I beg of thee, is not to hate me.

Princ. C. The study of my Life shall be to love you.

P. C. Never, Oh never! I were mad to hope it,
Yet thou shalt give me leave to fold thy Hand,
To press it with my Lips, to sigh upon it,
And wash it with my Tears ———

Princ. C. I cannot bear this kindness without dying.

P. C. Nay, we will walk and talk sometimes together
Like Age we'll call to mind the Pleasures past;
Pleasures like theirs, which never shall return,

Oh! my *Chartres*, since thy Heart's estrang'd,
The pleasure of thy Beauty is no more.
Yet I each Night will see thee softly laid,
Kneel by thy side, and when thy Vows are paid,
Take one last Kiss, e'er I to Death retire,
Wish that the Heavens had giv'n us equal fire;
Then sigh, It cannot be, and so expire, [Exeunt.]

Enter Nemours.

She loves, she loves, and I'm the happy Man,
He has avow'd it, past all president,
Before her Husband's Face ———

Alas! but from Love like hers such daring Vertue,
That like a bleeding Quarry lately chas'd,
Rages among the Waves, or turns at Bay,
What is there to expect ——— But — let it come
The worst can happ'n, yet 'tis glorious still.
To bring to such Extreames so chaste a mind,
And charm to love the wisest of her Kind.

Enter Vidam.

Ah, *Vidam*! I could tell thee such a Story, of such a
Friend of mine, the oddest, prettiest, out-of-the-way of
Sneaks, but thou art so flippant there's no trusting thee.

Vid. *Tournon* says the Flag's held out ———

Nem. *Tournon* be Damn'd ——— Know then, but be se-
cret, there is a Friend of mine belov'd ——— But by a
Man so Vertuous.

Vid. That was too much ———

Nem. That quite from the method of all Womankind,
He told it to her Husband.

Vid. That's strange indeed: And how did her Hus-
band like it?

Nem. Why, after a tedious passionate Discourse, ap-
proved her Carriage, and swore he lov'd her more than
er; so they cry'd and kiss'd, and went away most
happily together.

Vid. Why then she Cuckolds him to rights, nor can
she take the Law of her; and I'll be judge by any Bawd
of Christendom — And so, my Lord, farewell, I have
Business of my own, and *Tournon* waits you ———

Nem. But hark you, *Frank*, I have occasion for you and must press thee, I hope, to no unwelcome Office — only a Second —

Vid. With all my heart, my Lord; the Time and Place

Nem. Just now in *Luxemburg Garden*, betwixt one and two, a Challenge from a Couple, the smartest, briskest, prettiest Tilting Ladies —

Vid. Your Servant, Sir, and as you thrive, let me hear from your Grace, and so Fate speed your Plow. [Exit

Enter Tournon with Marguerite.

Nem. And so Fate speed your Plow, and you go thence and I shall tell you, Sir, 'twas not handsomely done, leave me thus to the Mercy of two unreasonable Women at once.

Tour. You have him now in view, and so I leave you

Marg. Stand, Sir.

[Exit To

Nem. To a Lady, while I have breath.

Marg. Wou'd you not fall to a Lady too, if she should ask the Favour?

Nem. Ay, Gad, any pretty Woman may bring me down on my Knees at her Pleasure.

Marg. O Devil —

Nem. Prithee, my dear soft warm Rogue, let thee be kind —

Marg. And kiss, you were going to say.

Nem. Z'life, how pat she hits me, why thou and I were made for one another — Let's try how our Lips

Marg. Is that your sitting.

Nem. 'Fore Heaven she's wond'rous quick; Nay, Dear, and you go to that, I can fit you every way —

Marg. You are a Notorious talker.

Nem. And a better doer; prithee try.

Marg. As if that were to do now.

Nem. Nay, then I'm sure of thee; for never was a man mine once, but was mine always.

Marg. Know then you are a heavy sluggish Fellow; I see there is no more Faith in Man than Woman; and Feathers.

Nem. Make a Shittlecock, that's Woman; let me, if you please, be Battledoor; and, by Gad, for a Day and a Night, I'll keep up with any Fellow in Christendom.

Marg. Come away then, and I'll keep count, I warrant you — Monster — Villain —

Nem. Now is the Devil and I as great as ever — I come, my Dear — But then what becomes of my other Dears — For whom I was Prim'd and Charg'd —

Marg. Why don't you come, my Dear?

Nem. There with that sweet word she cock'd me —

Marg. Lord! how you tremble —

Nem. There the Pan flash'd —

Marg. I'll set my Teeth in you.

Nem. Now I go off — O Man! O Woman! O Flesh! O Devil!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Vidam, Tournon.

Tour. A Woman in Love with another, and confess it to her Husband — What wou'd I give to know her — Without all question *Nemours* is the person belov'd.

Vid. That's plain by his eagerness in the Discovery, he wou'd me to hear him whether I wou'd or no; yet what so admire in his Temper, is, that for all the former heat, I no sooner mentioned you, but he flew from me, and run upon another Scent, as if the first had never been.

Tour. Where did you find him?

Vid. At the Princess of Cleve's; and my heart tells me that's the Lady that acquainted her Husband how she was determin'd to make him a Cuckold — If he pleas'd to give his consent —

Tour. My Judgment, which is most Sagacious in these matters, is most positive in your Opinion; for by his

whitely cast, the Prince of Cleve must be the Man forth
in the Book of Fate —

Vid. And yet 'tis odd, that *Nemours* of all Men, should
have such luck at this Lottery.

Tour. O, to choose, my Lord! because she's nice and
precise; your demure Ladies that are so Squob in Comp
ny, are Devils in a corner; they are a sort of Melanch
ly Birds that ne'er peep abroad by Day, but they to wh
to whou it at Night; nay, to my particular knowledge
all grave Women love wild Men, and if they can but
pear civil at first, they certainly snap 'em; for Mark the
Language: The Man is a handsom Man, if he had
Grace; the Man has Wit, Parts and excellent Gifts, if
would but make a right use of 'em; why all these If's
but civil Pimps to a most Bawdy conclusion —
see, I descry him with a Mask yonder —

Vid. You'll remember St. *Andre's* Lady for this D
covery.

Tour. If she be not yours to Night, never acquaint
me with a Mystery agen —

Vid. Not a word to the Duke — My Gravity gets
a hank over him — Therefore if you tell him of a
Love Matters of mine, you must never hope for m
Secrets —

Tour. Trouble not your head, but away. [*Exit V*
So, this gets me a Diamond from the Queen, an Emba
dor's Merit at last. Confess to her Husband! alas, p
Princess — See, they come; but that which start
me, is how a Woman of *Marguerite's* Sex can contain
this while as she seems to do; but perhaps she des
to pump him — Or has some further End, wh
I must learn.

Enter Nemours and Marguerite.

Marg. But did you never promise thus before?

Nem. Never — But why these Doubts — Thou
all the Wit in the World — Thou know'st I love t
without Protestations, why then this delay?

Marg. I have not convers'd with you an Hour,
you are for running over me: No, Sir; but if you
have patience till the Ball — Oh I shall burst —

Nem. Patience, I must; but if it were not for the clog
thy Modesty, we might have been in the third Hea-
ven by this, and have danc'd at the Ball beside — Ha!

Nem. — Take off your Mask —

Marg. Unhand me, or — But pray, e'er we part,
ask me a serious Question; What if you shou'd
pick'd up a Devil Incarnate?

Nem. Why, by your loving to go in the dark thus,
makes me begin to suspect you — But be a De-
mand thou wilt, if we must be Damn'd together, who
help it —

Marg. I shall not hold —

Nem. Yet, now I think on't, thou canst be no Devil,
thou art so afraid of a Sinner; for you refused me just
now, when I profer'd to sell my self, and seal the Bar-
n with the best of my Blood.

Marg. But if I should permit you, cou'd you find in
your heart to ingender with a damn'd Spirit?

Nem. Yes, marry cou'd I; for all you ask the Question
seriously: For know, thou bewitching Creature, I
long'd any time this Seven Years to be the Father of

Marg. — *Nem.* Fiend, and no Man —

Nem. Besides, Madam, don't you think a feat Devil
ours and my begetting, wou'd be a prettier sight in
your house, than a Monkey or a Squirrel? Gad, I'd hang
about his Neck, and make my Valet spruce up
his Brush Tail ev'ry Morning as duly as he Comb'd
his Head.

Marg. But is it possible (for I know you have a Mis-
take, a Convenience, as you call her) that you cou'd
love her for me, who may be Ugly, Disceas'd, or a Devil
as you know?

Nem. Why, since you tax me with truth, I must an-
swer like a Man of Honour; I cou'd leave her for thee,
if she were any of your Tribe, so they were all like

Marg. But in the Name of Reason, what is there in
your runners at All, that a Wife, or a Mistress of that Na-
me may not possess with more advantage?

Nem. Why, the Freedom, Wit and Roguery, and sort of Acting, as well as Conversation. In a Domestic She, there's no Gaity, no Chat, no Discourse, but of the Cares of this World and its Inconveniences; what we do, we do, but so dully; by Gad, my Thing ask'd once when my Breeches were down, what the Stuff of a Yard — Ha! what now, upon the Gog agen? no then have with you at all Adventures, at least to put in Mind of the Ball ——— [Exit

Enter Tournon.

Tour. Ha! yonder she lost him ——— see, what she intend by keeping her self so close ——— But *La March* has seiz'd her, and now the Mystery will of it self.

Re-enter Marguerite with La March.

La M. But have you found him false?

Tour. Curses, Damnation,
The wracks of Womens Wits, when her Soul
Is balk'd of Vengeance, wait on his desires.

La M. Why did you leave him so upon the sudden?

Marg. Because I found my Passion move too strongly
My foolish Heart wou'd not obey my Will;
I found my Eyes grow full, my Sighs had choak'd me,
And I was dying in his Arms ———

La M. But now

You have got Breath, what is your purpose, Madam?

Marg. To meet him as I promis'd, to enjoy him
With the last pang of a Revengeful pleasure;
And let him know ———

Then make him Damn himself with Thousand Oaths
That he'll ne'er see forsak'n *Marguerite* more,
The curst Fond, Foolish, Doting *Marguerite*;
For thus with an extorted Gallantry,
I'll force him to revile me to my Face;
Then throw the Mask away, and vent my rage;
Tell him he is a Fiend, Devil, Devil, Devil,
Or what is worse, a Man ———

And leave him to the Horrour of his Soul.

Tour. I've heard her Rave, and must applaud thy
To the next task, then when she has satisfied

This odd F
Take her i
And ply he
Of her rei
Millions to
But haste an
That harps

Nem. De
long so P
won'd not f
Dark Corn
Well by her
ot been th
her way
y if she ke
reak it bef
Tour. An
Nem. At

ave time r
uption of
e Spirit of
y, the tw
ods, and
d Sleep
Women
ream of
ps, and fl
ng my Hou
ore in th
ps Wives,
ith this un
Tour. Wh
e World,
Nem. Dar
op of Blo
d what ma
Tour. Kno
dre Walks
ght attem

This odd Figary of Revenge and Pleasure;
Take her in the height of her disdain
And ply her with the Dauphin; then tell *Nemours*
Of her resolve to cast him further off;
Millions to one we carry the design;
But haste and scout, while I attend the Duke,
That harps upon the Loss of his new Mistress.

Enter *Nemours*.

Nem. Death and the Devil ——— We went talking
long so Pleasantly, when of a sudden Whisp'ring, she
wou'd not fail me at the Ball, she sprung from me at yon
Dark Corner and Vanish'd. Well, if she be a Devil,
Hell by her shou'd be a merry Place, or perhaps she has
not been there yet, but fell this Morning and took Earth
in her way; my Comfort is, I shall make a new Discover-
y if she keeps her Word; and she has too much Wit to
break it before she tries me.

Tour. And where are you to make this new Discovery?

Nem. At the Ball in Masquerade ——— Thus wou'd I
have time roll still all in these lovely Extreame, the Cor-
ruption of Reason being the Generation of Wit; and
the Spirit of Wit lying in the Extravagance of Pleasure;
ay, the two nearest ways, to Enter the Closet of the
Gods, and lye even with the Fates themselves, are Fury
and Sleep ——— Therefore the Fury of Wine, and Fury
Women possess me Waking and Sleeping; let me
dream of nothing but Dimpl'd Cheeks, and Laughing
lips, and flowing Bowls; *Venus* be my Star, and Who-
ing my House, and Death I desire thee. Thus Sung *Ro-*
se in the Urn ——— But where and when, with my
lips Wives, be quick, thou know'st my Appointment
with this unknown, and the Minute's precious.

Tour. Why, I have contrived you the sweetest wight in
the World, if you dare.

Nem. Dare, and in a Woman's Cause! why, I have no
drop of Blood about me, but must out in their Service,
and what matter is't which way?

Tour. Know, *Poltro's* Lady has informed me, how St.
Andre Walks in his Sleep, and that her Husband last
night attempted to Cuckold him; that she watch'd and

over-

overheard the whole matter, but *Poltro* cou'd not find the Door before *St. Andre* returned; she doubts not but he will try agen to Night— Now if you can nick the time when *Poltro* rises, and steal to her, ten to one but she be glad to be Revenged —

Nem. Or she would not tell thee the Bus'ness— The wants but speaking with her, taking her by the Hand, and 'tis a Bargain —

Enter Celis, Elianor Mask'd. *Poltro*, *St. Andre* follow

Tour. Step, Step aside, they are upon the hunt for you and their Husbands have 'em in the Wind; stand by while to observe, and I'll turn you loose upon 'em —

St. A. Ha, *Tournon*! by my Honour a Prize, let board 'em.

Pol. Be not too desperate, my little Frigate; for I am that I am, a Furious Man of Honour.

Cel. Now Heaven Defend us, what will you give a Broad-side?

El. Lord! how I dread the Guns of the lower Town.

St. A. Such notable Marks-Men too, we never miss striking between Wind and Water.

Cel. I'll warrant they carry Chain-shot: Pray Heaven they do not split us, Sister!

Pol. Yield then, yield quickly, or no Mercy, we have been so shattered to Day already by two the Pirates, that we are grown desperate.

El. But what alas have we done, that you should take your Revenge upon us poor Harmless Innocents, that never wrong'd you, never saw you before?

Cel. If you should deal unkindly with us, 'twould break our Hearts, for we are the gentlest things.

St. A. And we will use you so Gently, so Kindly, little Birds, you shall never repent the Loss of your Liberty.

El. I'll warrant, Sister, they'll put us in a Cage, and tye us by the Legs.

Pol. No, upon the Word of a Man of Honour, your Legs shall be at Liberty.

Cel. What will you Pinion our Wings then, and let Hop up and down the House?

A. Not in the House where we live, pretty Soul, there's two ravenous Sow-Cats will Eat you.

El. Your Wives, you mean.

Pol. Something like, two Melancholy things that Sit in the Chimney-Corner, and to Exercise their rage, Kill Crickets.

El. Oh! for God-sake keep us from your Wives.

A. I'll warrant thee, little *Rosamond*, safe from my ravenous *Eliano*r ———

Pol. And if any Wife in *Europe* dares but touch a Hair of thee, I say not much, but that Wife were better be a Widow.

El. But are your Wives Handsome and well Qualified? whatever you say to us, when you have had your Wives you'll Home at Night, and for my part I cry, All None.

Pol. And All thou shalt have, Dear Rogue, never fear Wives Beauty or good Nature they are things to her Saints and Angels, which she believes never were, never will be ——— She's a Bason of Water against Fire, and looks so sharp whenever I see her, like Sugar she makes me Sweat.

A. And mine's so fulsome, that a Goat with the Horns of Cantharides wou'd not touch her.

El. But then for their Qualities ———

A. Such Scolds, like Thunder, they turn all the House into a Cellar.

El. Such Niggards, they Eat Kitchen-Stuff and Candle-ends ——— Once indeed raving Mad my Wife seemed to be; for a Rat having Eat his way thro' an old Peice, she baited the Trap for him with a Peice of pare-ment — But having caught him, by the Lord she Eat him up without Mercy, Tail and all.

Are they not even with us, Sister?

A. 'Tis hop'd tho' the Hangman will take 'em off our Hands, for they are shrewdly suspected for Witchcraft, mine Noints her self ev'ry Night, sets a Broomstick in the Chimney, and opp'os the Window, for what else but to fly?

Pol.

Pol. Gad, and my Wife has Tets in the wrong; she's warted all over like a pump'd Orange.

Cel. Yet sure, Gentlemen, you told these Hags another Story once and made as deep Proteftations to them as do to us?

St. A. Never, by this Hand, the Salt Souls fell Lust with us, and haul'd us to Matrimony like Bears the Stake.

Pol. Where they set a Long Black Thing upon us, cried, *Have and Hold*.

El. Put the Question they had been Handsome, brought you great Portions, were Pleasant and Airy, and will to humour you.

Enter Nemours with the Vidam.

Nem. Nay, then I can hold no longer: Z'dearth, take it, Madam, Willing! That Willingness spoils all. Dear, my Honey, my Jewel, it Palls the Appetite. Sack at Meals — Give me the smart Disdainful that like brisk *Champaign* or spritely *Burgundy*, make me smack my Lips after she's down, and long t'other Glass.

St. A. Nay, if your Grace come in, there's no doing, I'll make sure of one.

Pol. Nay, and for my part I am resolved to secure her; come, Madam, no striving, for I am like a Lion when I lay hold, if the Body come not willingly, I'll wrench the whole Limb away —

Nem. Yes, Madam, he speaks truth, take it on my Word, who am a rational Creature, he is a great fine wild Beast.

Cel. Pray Heaven he be not a horned Beast; I'll be a Monster Married?

Vid. Yes, Ladies, they are both Married.

El. Married! For Heaven-sake, Gentlemen, get you from the Cattle.

Pol. Why, what is the Breeze in your Tails? Z'dearth, Ladies, we'll not Eat you.

Cel. Say you so? But we'll not trust you, I am sure you both look hungrily.

Vid. It may be their Wives use 'em unkindly.

And the poor good-natur'd things take it to Heart.
I swear 'tis pity, they have both promising looks.
Proceed, sweet Souls, we'll Defend you to
th, spare 'em not.

Or it may be we mistake all this while, and their
ul looks are caused by loving too much.

Right, Madam, a little too Uxorious; Ha, Ha!

A. Now have not I one word to say, but stand
ndore all Jerks like a School-Boy, with my Shirt up.

I'll have one fling at 'em tho' I die for't; why
es you'll overshoot your selves at this rate — Must
only be the Butts to bear all your Railery? methinks
might spend one Arrow at Random, and take off
Daw that Chatters so near you — Gad, and I
I paid 'em there, —

Butts and Daw! let me never Laugh agen, if they
not Witty too — Why, you Pleasant Rogues,
e I could kiss them if they did not stink of Ma-
ony.

A. Mum, Mum, Mum. Did not I tell you 'twas a
ness to speak to them?

They envy my Friend too here, this Pleasant Com-
on.

This dear agreeable Person.

Ay, Damn me Madam, the Rogues envy us —

What a gentle Aspect?

How Proper and Airy?

See, here's Blood in this Face.

Pure Blood, Madam, at your Service.

Will you walk, dear Sir? give me your Hand —

And me yours —

Come you dear ravishing Rogues — Your

ant, Mr. Butts —

Gentle Mr. Butts —

Adieu, sweet Mr. Butts.

Witty Mr. Butts, Ha, Ha, Ha!

[Exeunt Nem. Vid. Cel. El.]

A. Well, I'll to a Dutcheff.

Lord! thou art always so high flown — Hast
never a cast Countess for me —

St. A.

St. A. Come along to the Ball and thou shalt see, Duke of Nemours is the Gallant to Night — and Tr at his Palace, because 'tis the King's Birth-Day — me see what new Fancy for the Masquerade? Oh! I h it — Because the Town is much taken with Fort telling, I'll act the Dumb Man, the Highlander that m such a Noise, and thou shalt be my Interpreter — Co along, and as we go I'll instruct thee in the Signs.

Pol. Dear Rogue, let's practice a little before fir — As what sign for Leachery, because we Nick our Wives.

St. A. Why thus, that's a glanting squeez'd Eye — thus — for a moist Hand; or thus, for a Whore in Corner; or thus, downright Cuckolding.

Pol. Well, I swear this will be rare Sport, and so Damn'd Spouse I am resolv'd to tickle her with a squeez'd Eye, and a moist Hand, and a Whore in a Corner, she confess her self Guilty of downright Cuckolding then in revenge for her last Impudence, Sue for Divorce:

And holding to her Face the flying Label,
Call her in open Court, the Whore of Babel. [Exit

SCENE II.

Enter the Prince and Princess of Cleve.

P. C. Madam, the King commands me to attend His Daughter into *Spain*, and further adds, Because no Princess Rivals you in Fame, You will oblige the Court in going with me.

Princ. C. My Lord, I am prepar'd and leave the Co With such a Joy as wou'd admit no bounds —

P. C. As wou'd admit no bounds! and why? because It takes you from the Charms which you wou'd shun This is a Vertue of such height indeed, As none but you can boast nor I deplore. But, Madam, Rumour says, the King intends To joyn another with me.

Princ. C. Who, my Lord?

P. C. 'Twas thought at first the *Chevalier de Guise*.

Princ.

Princ. C. He is your Friend, nor cou'd the King choose
er.

P. C. I say, at first 'twas thought the Duke of *Guise* —
I was since instructed by the Queen,
at Honour is fixt upon the Duke *Nemours*.

Princ. C. *Nemours*, my Lord?

P. C. Most certain.

Princ. C. For what reason?

P. C. Because I mov'd the Dauphin Queen to gain him.

Princ. C. 'Twas rashly done, against your Interest mov'd.

P. C. Perhaps 'tis not too late yet to supplant him.

Princ. C. Do't then, be quick, *Nemours* will share your
ple your Glory — [Honours,

P. C. Ha! I must confess

Soldiers love him, and he bears the Palm
eady from the Marshals of the Field.

Princ. C. And in the Court he's call'd, the Rising Star:

see each Night at every Entertainment,

ere he moves, what Troops of Beauties follow;

the Queens praise him, and all Eyes admire him —

P. C. Ha! *Chartres* —

Princ. C. Ah! my Lord — what have I done?

P. C. Nothing, my *Chartres*, but admire *Nemours*!

Heaven and Earth! and if I had but patience

hear you out, how had you lost your self

that Eternal Object of your Love?

Madam, no, 'tis false, 'tis no *Nemours*:

as my invention to find out the Truth,

Trouble has convinc'd me 'tis *Nemours*:

ch curst Discovery in another Woman,

u'd have made by her too eager Joy.

Speak you not? you're shock'd with your own Vertue,

Resolution of your Justice awes you,

ch cannot, dares not give it self the Lie.

Princ. C. My Lord, my Love, my Life; Alas, my *Cleve*!

ty me! I know not what to answer,

mortally asham'd, I'm on the Rack;

pare this humble Passion — Take me with you,

re I may never see a Man again.

P. C.

P. C. O rise, my *Chartres*! rise if possible;
 I'll force thee to be mine in spite of Fate:
 My constant Martyrdom and deathless Kindness,
 My more than Mortal Patience in these Sufferings,
 Shall poize his noblest Qualities; O Heav'n!
 No fear, my *Chartres*, tho' these Sorrows fall,
 That I suspect thy Glory; thou hast strength
 To curb this Passion in, that else may end us.
 All that I ask thee, is to bend thy Heart.

Princ. C. I'll break it.

P. C. Turn it from *Nemours*, *Nemours*——
 But Oh! that Name presents thy Danger greater;
 Look to thy Honour then, and look to mine;
 I ask it as thy Lover and thy Husband;
 I beg it as a Man whose Life depends
 Upon thy Breath, that offers thee a Heart
 All bleeding with the Wounds of mortal Love,
 All hack'd and gash'd, and stab'd and mangl'd o'er;
 And yet a Heart so true, in spite of Pain,
 As ne'er yet lov'd, nor ever shall again. [Exit P.]

Enter Irene.

Iren. Ha! Madam, speak, how is it with your Heart?

Pr. C. As with a timorous Slave, condemn'd to Torment
 That still cries out, he cannot, will not bear it;
 And yet bears on.

Iren. Ah, Madam! I would speak,
 If you could bear the dreadful News I bring.

Princ. C. Alas! thou canst not add to Grief like mine.

Iren. May I demand then, if you have not told
 The Secret to your Husband?

Princ. C. Ha! *Irene*——
 Why dost thou ask?

Iren. Because but now——*Tournon*, a Lady of the Queen
 Told me 'tis blaz'd at Court——*Nemours* confess'd
 He is belov'd by one of such nice Vertue,
 That fearing——lest the Passion might betray her,
 She own'd, confess'd, and told it to her Husband.

Princ. C. Death and Despair——does *Nemours* but avow

Iren. He own'd it to the *Vidam*, who agen
 Told it to Madam *Tournon*——she to others:

'Tis true, *Nemours* told not the Lady's Name,
 or wou'd confess himself to be the Party;
 yet the Court in general does believe it.

Princ. C. I am undone — my Fame is lost for ever;
 and Death, *Irene*, must be my remedy:
 'Tis true, indeed, I laid my Bosom op'n,
 shew'd my Heart to that ungrateful *Cleve*,
 who since, in dangerous search of him I love,
 to the eternal Ruin of my Honour,
 has trusted a Third Person — But away;
 bear his tread, and am resolved to tax him.

Enter Prince Cleve.

Ha! Sir, what have you done? if you must kill me,
 are there not Daggers poys'n — But the Jealous
 are cruel still, and thoughtful in Revenge;
 and single Death's too little; must your will,
 knowing Names my Duty durst not tell you,
 oblige you to betray me to another;
 to divulge the Secret of my Soul,
 that the whole Court must know it?

P. C. Ha! know what?

How my Dishonour; have you told it then?

Princ. C. No, 'tis your self, 'tis you reveal'd it, Sir,
 gain a Confident for more Discovery;
 Lady of the Queen's just now declar'd it;
 your eternal Shame you have divulged it:
 had it from the *Vidam*, Sir, of *Chartres*,
 he from the Duke *Nemours* —

C. Nemours —

Madam, said you — What *Nemours* — *Nemours*!

Nemours know you love him? Hell and Furies!

that I know it too, and not Revenge it!

Princ. C. That's yet to seek; he will not own it himself

concern'd, he offers not at Names,

'tis found, 'tis known, believ'd by all,

cannot hold it, 'twill be shortly posted,

Cleve your Wife's that curst dishonour'd She

told him of —

C. Is't possible I told him?

Peace; and if it lies in Human Power

To Reason calmly, tell me Murd'ress, tell me,
 Compose that Face of flush'd Hypocrisie,
 And Answer to a Truth — Was it my Interest
 To speak of this? Was I not rather ty'd
 To wish it buried in the Grave in Hell!
 Whence it might never rise to blot my Honour —
 But you have seen him, by my hopes of Heaven,
 You have met and interchang'd your secret Souls;
 On that complotted; since I bore so tamely
 Your first Confession, I shou'd bear the latter.

Princ. C. Believe it if you please —

P. C. I must believe it —

This last Proceeding has unmask'd your Soul;
 He sees you ev'ry Hour, and knows you love him:
 Nay, for your greater Freedom, you have joyn'd
 To make this loath'd detested *Cleve* your Stale.
 Ha — I believ'd you might o'ercome this Passion:
 So well you knew to Charm me with the Show
 Of seeming Virtue, 'till I lost my Reason.

Princ. C. 'Tis likely, Sir, it was but seeming Vertue
 And you did ill to judge so kindly of me —
 I was mistaken too in that Confession,
 Because I thought that you wou'd do me Justice.

P. C. You were mistaken when you thought I wou'd
 Sure you forget I was desperate,
 Sentenc'd and doom'd by Fate, or rather damn'd,
 To love you to my Grave — And cou'd I bear
 A Rival, what and when I was your Husband,
 And when you own'd your Passion to my Face,
 Confess'd you lov'd me much — But lov'd him more
 Ha — Is not this enough to make me mad?

Princ. C. You have the Power to set all right agen;
 Why do you not end me?

P. C. No, I'll end my self,
 My Thoughts are grown too violent for my Reason.
 By this last Usage, Oh! thou hast undone me;
 I know not what — This ought not to be thine —
 I have offended and wou'd sue for Pardon;
 But yet I blush, the Treason is too gross;
 After that most unnatural Confession,

I wonder now that I have liv'd so long :
 Confess, and then divulge, make me your Bawd—
 It scents too far, the God of Love flies wide;
 He gets the Wind, and stops the Noise at this;
 No more— Farewel— False Chartres, false Nemours,
 False World, false All, since Chartres is not true!
 But you your wish with lov'd Nemours shall have;
 And shortly see your Husband in the Grave. [Exit.

Princess C. Sola.

False World, false Cleve, false Chartres, false Nemours;
 Farewel to all, a long and last Farewel :
 From all Converse, to Desarts let me fly,
 And in some gloomy Cave forgotten lie.
 My Bower at Noon the Shade of some old Trees
 With whist'ling Winds t' indulge my Pomp of Ease,
 And lulling Murmurs rowl'd from Neighb'ring Seas.
 Where I may sometimes hasten to the Shore,
 And to the Rocks and Waves my loss deplore :
 Where when I feel my Hour of Fate draws on,
 Lest the false World should claim a parting Groan,
 My Mother's Ghost may rise to fix my Mind,
 And leave no thought of tenderness behind. [Exit.

ACT VI. SCENE I.

Musick, Songs, Maskers, &c.

Enter Nemours with Musick, Lady Poltrot.

HE has confess'd to me he intends to Cuckold
 St. Andre when he walks in his sleep— There-
 fore, if Love shou'd inspire me to nick the Opportunity,
 hope you will not bar the Door which your Husband
 has—

L. Pol. Ingrateful Monster—

Nem. Ingrateful, that's certain; and it lies in your
 power to make him a Monster.

L. P. I dare not. Nem. What? L. P. Trust you.

B b 2

Nem.

Nem. Nay, then I'm sure thou wilt, let me but in to shew the Power you have over me.

L. P. As how my Lord?

Nem. Why, when I have thee in my Arms, by Heaven I'll quit my Joys at thy desire——

L. P. That will indeed be a perfect Tryal of your Love come then through the Garden Back-stairs, and when you see the Candle put out, thrust op'n the Door.

Nem. By Heaven I'll eat thy Hand—— Thou dear sweet Seducer! how it fires my Fancy to steal into a Garden, rustle through the Trees, to stumble up a narrow Pair Back-stairs, to whisper through the Hole of the Door, kiss it open, and fall into thy Arms with a Flood of Joy——

L. P. Farewel, the Company comes, I must leave you while to engage with my Husband: You'll fall asleep before the Hour——

Nem. If I do, the very Transport of Imagination shall carry me in my sleep to thy Bed, and I'll wake in the Act.

[Exit L. P.]

So there's one in the Fernbrake, and if she stir till Morning I have lost my Aim; but now, why what have we here a *Hugonot* Whore, by this light—— Have I? For the forward Brisk, she that promis'd me the Ball Assignment, she said, there was nothing like slipping out of the Crowd into a Corner, breathing short an Ejaculation, and returning, if we came from Church—— Let me see; I'll put on a Mask, sling my Cloak over my Shoulder, and View 'em as they pass: Not thou, nor thou——

Enter Tournon in the Habit of a Hugonot.

Tour. Ah, thou unclean Person, have I hunted thee there, like a Hart from the Mountains to the Vallies, and thou would'st not be found; verily, thou hast been among the Daughters of the *Philistines*—— Nay, if you are Innocent, stand before me, and reply to the Words of my Mouth——

Nem. I shall truly——

Tour. Say then—— Hast thou not defiled thyself with any *Dalilah*, since last you felt upon my Neck, and lost much?

Nem. Nay, verily——

Tour. Have you not overheated your Body with Adulterate Wines? Have you not been at a Play, nor touched Fruit after the Lewd Orange-Woman?

Nem. I am unpolluted.

Tour. And yet, methinks, there is not the same Colour in your Cheeks, nor does the Spirit dance in your Eye as formerly; why do you not approach me? [*Unmasking.*]

Nem. Tournon turn'd Heretick! why thou dear Rascal, this is such a new Frolick, that tho' I am engag'd as deep as damnation to another, thou shalt not 'scape me.

[*Marg. claps him on the Shoulder.*]

Marg. I love a Man that keeps the Commandment of his Word.

Nem. And I a Woman that breaks hers with her Husband, yet loves her Neighbour as her self — I wou'd be in private with you.

El. And I with you; because I am resolv'd never to see you more.

Nem. Never to see me more! The Reason?

El. Because I hate you.

Nem. And yet I believe you love me too, because you are precise to the Minute.

El. True; yet I hate you justly, heartily and maliciously —

Nem. By Gad, and I'll love thee as heartily, justly and maliciously, as thou canst love me for thy Blood: Come away, Riddle, and I'll unfold thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Poltrot, St. Andre disguis'd, with Elinora,

L. Poltrot coming up to 'em —

El. But it is true indeed, that your Friend can tell all the Actions of our Life past, present, and to come, yet cannot speak one word?

Pol. O he's infallible! why, what did you never hear of your Second-sight Men, your Dumb Highlanders that tell fortunes? why, you wou'd think the Devil in Hell were him, he speaks so exactly.

El. I thought you had said he was Dumb?

Pol. Right; but I am his Interpreter, and when the Fit comes on him, he blows through me like a Trunk, and I become his speaking Trumpet.

L. P. Pray, Sir, may not I have my Fortune told me

Pol. Ay, and there were a Thousand of you, he will run you 'em over like the Chris-cross-row, and never miss Tittle; he shall tell ye his Name that cried God bless you when you sneez'd last; tell you when you wink'd last when and where you scratch'd last; and where you sat o' *Saturday*——

El. Pray let him tell us then; for we are Sisters, on Tempers and Conditions, whether married or unmarried with all the Impertinences thereunto belonging.

Pol. I'll speak to him, Son of the Sun, and Emperor of the Stars—— **St. A.** Ha, Ha——

Pol. Look ye, look ye, he's pleas'd to tell you, but you must go near him; for he must look in your Hand, touch your Face, Breasts, and where-ever else he pleases.

[St. Andre makes Horns with both his Hands, puts his Finger in his Mouth and laughs.]

Pol. *In Nomine Domine Bomine.* I protest I am confounded; well Ladies, I cou'd not have thought it had been you; but 'tis certainly true, and I must out with it First, he says, you are both married, you are both libidinous beyond Example, and your Husbands are the greatest Cornutors in Christendom——

El. }
L. P. } Indeed.

Pol. Ay, indeed, indeed, and indeed—— He says you are a Couple of *Messalina's*, and the Stews cannot satisfy you; he says, your Thoughts are swell'd with a Canosity; nay, nay, you have the Green-Sickness of the Soul, which runs upon nothing but weighing Stallions churning Boars, and bellowing Bulls——

L. P. Oh! I confess, I confess—— But for Heaven sake dear Sir—— Let it not take Air, for then we are both undone.

El. Oh! Undone, undone, Sir, if our Husbands should know it; for they are a Couple of the jealouslest, troublesome, impertinent Cuckolds alive.

Pol. Alack! Alack—— O *Jezabel!* but I will have my Eunuchs flying her from the Window, and the Dogs shall eat her.

L. P. But pray, Sir, ask him how many times——

Pol. What, how many times you have Cuckolded 'em?

El. Spare our Modesty, you make the Blood so flush in our Faces.

Pol. But by Jove, I'll let it out; I'll hold her by the nuzzle, and stick her like a Pig —

L. P. Will you speak to him, Sir? —

Pol. See, he understands you without it; he says, your iniquities are innumerable, your Fornications like the Hairs on your Head, and your Adulteries like the Sands on the shore; that you are all Fish downward; that ~~his~~ ^{his} Wife is fresh to you; and that when you were little Girls of ten, you were so wanton, your Mothers ty'd your Hands behind you —

El. All this we confess to be true; but we confess too, Fate had found out any Sort of Tools, but those leaden legues our Husbands.

L. P. Whose Wits are as dull as their Appetites —

El. Mine's such a Utensil, as is not fit to wedge a Block.

L. P. Nor mine the Beetle to drive him —

S. A. Nay then, 'tis time to uncase and be reveng'd.

L. P. Hark you Strumpet —

El. Ha, Ha, Ha, are you not fitted finely.

L. P. S — You must turn Fortune-tellers, must you?

El. And think we cou'd not know you?

L. P. Well, Gentlemen, shall homely Beck go down with me at last?

Pol. But didst thou know me then indeed?

L. P. As if that sweet Voice of yours cou'd be disguis'd in any shape.

Pol. Nay, I confess, I have a Whirl in my Voice, As in that rattle that is particular —

El. And what say you, Sir, shall musty Wife come into our Grace agen?

S. A. She shall; and here's my Hand on't, all Friends shall, and when I leave thee agen, may I be Cuckold in my nest.

Pol. Certain, as I live, all this proceeded from his Lady, dreaming Cuckold Wife cou'd never think on't; well, I am resolv'd this very Night, when he rambles in his sleep, to watch him, slip to his Wife, and say nothing.

Hey! Come, come, where are these Dancers, a little D
version, and then for Bed.

Dance.

Tour. (to *El.*) I have lock'd the *Vidam* in your Closet
who will be sure to watch your Husband's rising, therefore
be not surpriz'd — [Exit *Tour*]

St. A. Come, well, let's away to Bed.

El. And what then?

St. A. Nay, Gad, that I can't tell; for what with Dan
ing, Singing, Fencing, and my last Dutches, I am ve
Drowzy.

Pol. And so am I; perhaps our Wives have given
Opium, lest we shou'd disturb 'em in the Night.

El. Don't these Men deserve to be fitted?

Cel. They do, and Fortune grant they may — Hear
O! hear us good Heaven, for we pray heartily.

— [Exit as *Nemours* and *Marguerite* Enter]

Nem. Was ever Man so blest with such Possession,
Thou Ebbing, Flowing, Ravishing, Racking Joy;
A Skin so white and soft, the yielding Mould
Lets not the Fingers stay upon the Dint;
But from the beautiful Dimples slip 'em down
To Pleasures that must be without a Name.

Yet Hands, and Arms, and Breasts we may remember,
And that which I love, no smelling Art,
But sweet Nature, as just peeping Violets, or op'ning Bud

Marg. Then you do love me?

Nem. O! I cou'd die, methinks, this very Hour;
But for the luscious Hopes of Thousands more,
And all like these; yet when I must go out,
Let it be thus, with Beauty laughing by me,
Songs, Lutes and Canopies, while I Sacrifice
To thee the last dear ebbing Drop of Love.
But show me now that Face.

Marg. No, you dissemble, you say the same thing
every one you meet; I thought once indeed to have fixt
Heart upon you, but I'm off again, and am resolv'd
shall never see me.

Nem. You dally, come, by all the Kindness past.

Marg. Swear then.

Nem. What?

Marg. Never to touch your dear Domestick she,
That Lives in Shades to all the World but me.

Do you guess, I know you now?

Nem. I do, and swear; but are these equal Terms, that
you shall never touch a Man but me?

Marg. I will ——— But how can you convince me?
Oaths with you, Libertines of Honour, are to little purpose.

Nem. But this must satisfy thee, there is more Pleasure
in thee after Enjoyment, than in her and all Womankind
before it; thou hast Inspiration, Extasie, and Transport,
all these bewitching Joys that make Men Mad ———

Marg. (*Unmasking*) And thou Villainy, Treachery,
Perjury, all those Monstrous, Diabolical Arts, that se-
duce Young Virgins from their Innocent Homes, set 'em
in the High-way to Hell and Damnation.

Nem. Ha! Ha! my *Marguerite*, is't possible?

Marg. Call me not yours, nor think of me agen,
I am convinc'd you're Traytors all alike, [veng'd;
and from this Hour renounce you — Not but I'll be re-
veng'd, I will try the Joys of Life like you,
not not with Men of Quality, you Devils of Honour;
No, I will satisfy my Pride, Disdain, Rage and Revenge
by all the powers of Heaven and Earth I will; [more safely,
I'll change my loving, lying Tinsel Lord,
for an obedient, wholesome, drudging Fool.

Nem. Why this will make thee better easie to both,
I'll take you your Ramble, Madam, and I'll take mine.
Is't possible for one of your nice taste to Bed a Fool?

Marg. To choose, to choose, my Lord,
I'll be a Fool; now by my Will and Pride of Heart,
I'll have my Freedom, Fancy and Creation in't,
I'll let the trickles to the Frown, and cries forgive me;
I'll let the moulding of him without blushing;
and what wou'd Woman more, now view the other,
your Man of Sense, that vaunts despotick Pow'r,
that reels precisely Home at break of Day,
that founders the House, brains half the Family,
cries, where's my Whore, what will she Stew till Dooms-
day? when she appears, and kindly goes to help him, [day?
Roars

Roars out, a Shop, a Walking-Shop of Scents,
Flavours of Physick, and the clammy Bath,
The stench of Orange-Flow'rs, the Devil Pulvilio;
These, these, he cries, are the Blest Husband's Joys!

Nem. I swear most natural and unaffected—Ha! Ha

Marg. But if he chance to use her civilly,
Take heed, there's covert-malice in his Smiles,
Millions to one the Villain has been Whoring,
And comes to try Experiments on her,
Besides a thousand under Plots and Crofies,
Prescribing silence still where'er he comes,
No chat, he cries, of Colours, Points or Fashions,

Nem. Preach on Divine, Ha! Ha——

Marg. Let me not hear you ask my sickly Lady,
Whether she found Obstructions at the Waters:

Nem. Fye, that's Obscene——

Marg. Thus Damns the Affectation of our Prattle,
And swears he'll Gag the Clack, or what is worse.

Nem. Nay, hold——

Marg. Send for the New-found Lock——

Nem. What, Mad——

Marg. Do, Villian, Traytor——

Contrive this mischief if thou can'st, for me,
Send thou the Padlock, but I'll find the Key. [E]

Nem. Whir goes the Partridge on the purring Wing—
Yet when I see my time I must recal her;
For she has admirable things in her, such as if I gain
the Princess of Cleve may fix me to her, without nau-
sing the Vice of Constancy—Ha! *Bellamore.*

Enter Bellamore.

What News, my Dear, Ha—— Hast thou found her
Speak.

Bell. I have.

Nem. Where, how, when, and by what means?

Bell. After I had enquired after the Prince's Health,
I ask'd a Woman of his Lady, who told me,
She was retired into the great Bower in the Garden.

Nem. The very place where first I saw and lov'd
When after I had sav'd the Prince's Life,
He brought me late one Ev'ning to the view,

ere Love and Friendship first began;
Love remains, and Friendship, as
ch as Man can have for his Cuckold;
I know not that Man upon Earth I Love so well, or
d take so much from, as this hopeful Prince of Cleve—
st thou see her in the Garden—

ell. My Lord, I did, where she appear'd like her that
e *Astion* Horns, with all her Nymphs about her, busie
ying Knots which she took from Baskets of Ribbons
they brought her; and methought she ty'd and un-
em so prettily as if she had been as Cross Questions,
knew not what she did, her Face, her Neck and Arms
e bare —

em. No more; if I live I'll see her to Night, for
Heroick Vein comes upon me— Death and the De-
what shall become of the Back-stair Lady then—
thee, *Bellamore*, take this Key: dost thou hear
go to *St Andre's* House, through the Garden up
Back-stairs, push open the Door and be blest: Hell!
I be in two places at once? Hark thee, give her
and this, and this, when thou bitest her with a part-
Blow, sigh out *Nemours*.

ell. I'll do't —

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

em. Go to *Tournon* for the rest, he'll instruct thee in
Management: Away.

he comes up but slowly, yet he sees me,
aps he's Jealous, why then I'm Jealous too;
ocrisie and Softness, with all the Arts of Woman,
my Tongue.

C. I come, my Lord, to ask if you love me.

em. Love thee, my *Cleve*! by Heaven, e'er yet I saw
were my Prayers still offered to the Fates, [thee,
must choole a Friend, Grant me, ye Powers,
Man I love may seize my Heart at once;
e him the perfect Temper of your selves,
ev'ry manly Grace and shining Virtue;
yet the bloom of Beauty to his Youth,
I may make a Mistress of him too,

C. O Heav'n!

Nem.

Nem. That at first view our Souls may kindle,
And like two Tapers kindly mix their Beams;
I Knel't, and Pray'd, and Wept for such a Blessing,
And they return'd me more than I cou'd ask,
All that was Good or Great or Just in thee.

P. C. You say you love me, I must make the Proof,
For you have brought it to a Doubt ———

Nem. In what?

P. C. In this; you have not given me all your Heart
You muse of late, ev'n on my Bridal Day,
I saw you sit with a too thoughtful Brow,
You sigh'd and hung your Head upon your Hand:
Nay, in the midst of Laughter ———

You started, blush'd, and cry'd, it was wondrous well
And yet you knew not what ——— Speak like a Friend,
What is the cause, my Lord?

Nem. Shall I deal plainly with you? I'm not well.

P. C. I do believe it, how hap'n'd the Distemper?

Nem. It is too deep to search, nor can I tell you.

P. C. Then you are no Friend.

Shou'd *Cleve* thus answer to *Nemours*, I cannot:

Say rather, that you will trust a Man

You do not love.

Nem. By Heav'n, I do.

P. C. By Heaven, you do? Yet 'tis too deep to search
For such a shallow Friend.

Nem. Of all Mankind.

You ought not ———

P. C. Nay the rest.

Nem. It is not fit.

Be satisfied I'll bear it to my Grave whate'er it be.

P. C. you are in Love, my Lord,

And if you do not Swear ——— But where's the need?

You start, you change, you are another Man,

You blush, you're all constraint, you turn away.

Nem. Why take it then; 'tis true I am in Love,
In Torture, Racks, in all the Hells of Love,
Of hopeless, restless, and eternal Love.

P. C. Her Name, my Lord.

Nem. Her Name, my Lord, to you?

C. To me, Confusion, Plagues and Death upon me.

not to me? and wherefore did you say,
all Mankind I ought not— There you stopt,
wou'd have said— To pry into this Business—
speak to ease the Troubles of my Soul,
all our Friendship, by the Life thou gav'st me,
conjure thee, thunder in my Ears,
Chartres that thou lov'st, Chartres my Wife.

tem. Your Wife, my Lord?

C. My Wife, my Lord; and I must have you own it.

tem. I will not tell you, Sir, who 'tis I Love,
think me not so base, were it your Wife,
all the subtlest Wit of Earth or Hell
d make me vent a Secret of that Nature
any Man on Earth, much less to you.

C. Yet you cou'd basely tell it to the *Vidam*,
he to all the Court— But I waste time
all the boiling Venom of my Passion,
make you own it e'er we part— Dispatch,
thou hast Whor'd my Wife, Damnation on me,
ounce me, Cuckold.

tem. But then I give my self the Lye,
told you but just before, I wou'd not speak,
I had done it. Which I swear I have not—
e, I fear you are going Mad.

C. Draw then and make it up,
if thou dost not own what I demand,
at you both know and have complotted on me,
neither will confess, I swear agen,
one of us must fall.

tem. Then take my Life.

C. I will, by Heav'n, if thou refuse me Justice:
then, for if thou dost not, I will Kill thee,
tell my Wife thou basely did confess
Guilt at last, in hopes to save thy Life.

tem. That is a Blast indeed, that Honour shrinks at,
before I draw, but Oh! but Witness Heaven,
such a trembling Hand and bleeding Heart,
I were to Fight against my Father.
before I beg thee by the Name of Friend,

Which

Which once with half this Suit wou'd have dissolv'd
I beg thee, gentle *Cleve*, to hold thy Hand.

P. C. I'm Deaf as Death, that calls for one or both

[*Cleve is disarm'd, Nemours gives him his Sword*]

Nem. Then give it me, I Arm thy Hand agen,
Against my Heart, against this Heart that Loves thee
Trust then, for by the Blood that bears my Life,
Thou shalt not know the Name of her I Love;

Not but I swear upon the Point of Death,
Your Wife's as clear from me as Heav'n first made her.

P. C. No more, my Lord, you've given me twice my

Nem. Are you not Hurt?

P. C. Alas, 'tis not so well,

I have no Wound but that which Honour makes,
And yet there's something cold upon my Heart,
I hope 'tis Death, and I shall shortly pay you,
With *Chartres* Love, for you deserve her better.

Nem. No, Sir, you shall not, you shall Live, my Lord
And long enjoy your beauteous virtuous Bride;
You shall, dear Prince, why are you then so cold?

P. C. I cannot speak — But thus, and thus, there's
something Rises here.

Nem. I'll wait you Home, nay, shake these drops
And Hang upon my Arm —

P. C. I will do any thing,
So you will promise never to upbraid me.

Nem. I swear I will not.

P. C. But will you Love me too as formerly?

Nem. I swear far more than ever.

P. C. Thou know'st my Nature's soft, yet, Oh such Love
Such Love as mine, and injur'd as I thought,
Wou'd Spleen the Gaul-less Turtle, wou'd it not?

Nem. It wou'd, by Heav'n — You make a Wound
of me. [Weeps]

P. C. Why any thing thou say'st to humour me,
Yet it is kind, and I must love these Tears,
I hope my Heart will break, and then we're ev'n;
Yet if this cruel Love thy *Cleve* shou'd kill,
Remember after Death thou Lov'st me still. [Exit]

SCENE II.

Enter Tournon with the Vidam.

Tour. So, let the Corner be your Post, and as soon as you see *St. Andre* come stalking in his Dream, slip to Lady, and when you have agreed upon the Writings, be ready to bring you off with a Witness —

Vid. Thou dear obliging —

Tour. No more o' that; away, mark but how easily those that are gifted with Discretion bring things about; the Name of Goodness let Men and Women have their share; but still be careful of the Main — Here's a Hot-headed Lord goes Mad for a prating Girl, Treats her, Sents her, Flames for her, Dies for her, till the Fool expires for pure Love, and when the Business fails, is forc'd to live at last by the Love of his Footman; but she that makes a firm Bargain, is commonly thought a great Soul; my Lord, having considered on't, thinks her a Person of depth, and so resolves to have it out of her — But do I talk so my self, when there's something to do; mainly I shou'd have made a rare Speaker in a Parliament of Women, or a notable Head to a Female Jury, in his Lordship gravely puts the Question, Whether it *Satis*, or *Non Satis*, or *Nunquam Satis*, and we bring it *memoramus* — Ha! but who comes here? I must go for *Bellamore*.

Enter Poltrot, Celia over-hearing.

Pol. My Wife and I went to Bed together, and I'll warrant full she was of Expectation, so white and clean, so much inclin'd to Laugh, and lay at her full length, who wou'd say, come eat me.

Cel. Said she so, sweet Sir?

Pol. Not a bit, by the Lord, not I, not I.

Cel. Alas! nice Gentleman.

Pol. A Farmer wou'd say this was barbarously done, because he loves Beef — But I have Plover in reserve — Ha! Sir, hark, I hear him bustle, O Lord! how my heart goes pit a pat! nay, I Dreamt last night I was Gelt — 'Tis he, 'tis he, by the light I see him — Ay, now the Politick

Enter St. An. in his sleep. The Vid. goes in.

Head

Head goes, it shall branch by and by—What was the stop for, there's neither Gate nor Stile in your way; no by that sudden stretch, he seems as if he wou'd take a Jump, or practice on the High Rope; O your humble Servant, Sir, I'll but do a little Bus'ness for you and with you agen. Nay, look you, Sir, I have as many Beards as *Democritus* when he cry'd, Poor Jack——There's more pride in a Puritan's Band, short Hair, and Cap pinch'd than under a King's Crown. Poor Jack, Citizens, Citizens, look to your Wives, the Courtiers come, look to 'em, they'll do 'em; look to 'em, they'll do 'em; Poor Jack——

St. A. Ha! Ha! You'll tickle me to Death—Nay—Your Mistress will hear us——Thou art the wanton Rogue——

Enter Tournon with Bellamore.

Tour. Madam. *Cel.* Here's——

Tour. Here's a Thief I took in your Chamber——

Bell. Ah, Madam! retire for a Moment, and I'll make you the whole Confession.

Cel. Confess, and you know what follows; however, I'm resolv'd to hear what you can say for your self. [*Exit*]

St. A. Nay Pish, nay Fie, Sweet-heart——But

Kiss you if I can;

I did not take you for to be such a kind of Man. [*Re-ent.*] But I'll go call my Mother as loud as I can cry, Why, Mother, Mother, Mother, out upon you, Fye.

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! I had like to have trod upon a Serpent that wou'd have bit me to Death. I went to take up the Cloaths as gently as I cou'd for my Life, when a great, huge, hoarse Voice flew in my Face, with Damn'd me you Son of a Whore, I'll cut your Throat; you thought I withdrew, for o' my Conscience the Fright had almost made me unclean: but I'll to my own Spouse, if the Lord be pleas'd to bring me off safe this bout, never go a Cuckold-making agen while my Eyes are open.

St. A. Hark, my Wife's coming up Stairs——I'll go up with my Breeches; so, so, smooth the Bed——Damn'd Luck's this——So, fall a Rubbing the Room——

ark you, Wife; *Celia* has been upon the hunt for you all
Day, she's below in the Garden; go, go, we'll Kiss
when you come back—— Now, Sirrah, now, you Rogue,
's gone; come, come, lose not your Opportunity, I'll
up on my Breeches for fear—— Ay? No, no, not upon
Bed; Pish, against the Back of this Chair—— Won't—
how can you tell—— Try—— I'll buy thee a new Gown, and
an, and a lac'd Petticoat, and pay thee double Wages;
thou dear, pretty, soft, sweet, wriggling Rogue, what
'd'st thou dodge me? Gad, but I'll have thee; Gad, but
catch thee; Ay, and have at thee agen and agen.

[*Exit. Re-enter Poltrot.*

Pol. Was ever Man of Honour thus unfortunately met
? I went into my Chamber, and trod as softly as a
starv'd Mouse, for fear of waking my Cat; when
ing close to my Bed-side, methought it rock'd to and
like a great Cradle, and the Cloaths heav'd as if some
lay blowing there—— But the Beast was by the Bed-
it seems—— Yes, I am, and who can help it, as very
rnuto as e'er was grafted—— I heard my beloved Wife
—— The Plagues of *Egypt* on her—— Speak so lovingly
angrily together—— Nay, prithee, my Dear——
now you are tiresome—— I shall be asham'd to look
in the Face agen! Why, how will she look upon me
? O Lord—— What shall I do? shall I stand thus like
ckoldly Son of a Whore, with my Horns in my Pocket,
not be reveng'd——

Enter St. Andre——

ere comes as very a Cuckold as my self; I am resolv'd
ake him, and we'll fall upon 'em together—— Alloo,
St. Andre.

A. Ti-ti 'tis im-im-im-possible I I I shou'd be the
fo-fo-for I cannot speak a plain Word.

You're a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold.

A. Why lo-lo-look you, I said it co-co-cou'd not be
for, Sir, I all the World knows, -I am no Cu-Cu-
old.

Wake, wake, I say, or I'll shake the Bones out of
Body, your Horns are a growing, your Bed is a
your Heifer's a Plowing.

C c

St. A.

St. A. Why, let her Plo-Plo-Plow on, if the Se-Se-Se be well Sown, we shall have a good Cro-Crop——

Pol. Worse and worse; why then I'll roar out dire and raise the Neighbours—— Help, Ho Help! Murder! Murder! Fire! Fire! Fire! Cuckoldom! Cuckoldom! Thieves! Murder! Rapes! Cuckoldom!

Enter the Vidam and Bellamore. The Vidam comes to Poltrot, shoots of a Pistol. St. Andre and Poltrot fall down together—Tournon enters with the Ladies. Tournon leads off the Vidam and Bellamore.

Cel. Thieves, Thieves! Ho! Jaques! Pedro—Thom

El. Thieves! Thieves—— Wake! wake! my Lord.

St. A. Waking.] Why, what the Devil's the matter? Where am I?

El. O! you'll never leave this ill habit of walking your Sleep—— 'Tis a Mercy we had not all been murder'd—— You went down in your Shirt, Sir, open'd the Door, and let in Rogues that had like to have cut all Throats—— But for the future, I am resolv'd to tie you me with the Bed-Cord, rather than endure this——

St. A. Where's Poltrot?

Cel. Murder'd, Sir, here! here! here! one of the Lains discharg'd a Pistol just in his Belly——

St. A. Shot in the Guts! Lord bless us! here Take Light! Light! Light! shot in the Guts say you——

Pol. Oh! Oh—— Lower, lower, lower—— Feel, search me, lower, lower.

St. A. Cold hereabouts—— Let's bear him to his bed and fend for a Surgeon——

Pol. Softly! softly, softly—— Come not near me codil; Oh! Oh——

St. A. Unhappy Chance, no where but just in the G

Pol. Yes, yes, yes, in the Head too, in the Head, in the Head; Nay, and let me tell you, you had best in your own, but bear me off or I shall Swoon, I feel something trickle, trickle in my Breeches; Oh! Oh! Oh! [E

Nem.

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SCENE III.

Enter Nemours; Pedro list'ning.

Nem. Alas! Poor Prince, I protest the Violence of his passion has cast him in a Fever, he dies of it—— And how then? Shall I marry the Princess of Cleve, or stick to *Marguerite* as we are? For 'tis most certain she has rare Things in her, which I found by my last Experiment, and love her more than ever, almost to jealousy: Besides, *Tournon* tells me, the Dauphin begins to buzz about her again, and who knows but in this heat of hers, as she says, he will hang her self out to Sale; but he may nick the time and buy her—— I like not that—— No, I'll throw boldly, clear the Table if I can; if not, 'tis but at last forswearing my, shake of my new Acquaintance, and be easie with my reserve—— Hark, I am just upon the Bower-Musick——

Ped. I have hitherto obey'd my Master's Order; but am resolv'd to dog him till he's lodg'd——

Nem. Now do I know the Precise will call me damn'd rogue for wronging my Friend, especially such a soft, sweet-natur'd Friend as this gentle Prince—— Verily, I see, they lie in their Throats; were the gravest of 'em in my Condition, and thought it shou'd never be known, they wou'd rouse up the Spirit, cast the dapper Cloak, drive off their humming and hawhing, and fall too like a man of Honour.

[*Exit.*]

Ped. I'll face him till he enters the Bower, and then I'll my Lord.

SCENE, The Bower, Lights, Song.

The Princess of Cleve, Irene.

SONG.

Lovely Selina, Innocent and Free,
From all the dangerous Arts of Love,
Thus in a Melancholy Grove
Enjoy'd the sweetness of her Privacy,

C c 2

Till

Till th' envious Gods, designing to undo her,
 Dispatcht the Swain, not unlike them, to woe her:
 It was not long e're the design did take,
 A gentle Youth born to perswade,
 Deceiv'd the too too easie Maid;
 Her Scrip and Garlands soon she did forsake,
 And rashly told the Secrets of her Heart,
 Which the fond Man would evermore impart.
 False Florimel, Joy of my Heart, said she,
 'Tis hard to Love and Love in vain,
 To Love and not be Lov'd again;
 And why shou'd Love and Prudence disagree?
 Pity ye Powers that sit at ease above,
 If e'er you knew what 'tis to be in Love.

Princ. C. Alas! Irene, I do believe *Nemours*
 The Man thou represents him; yet, O Heav'n!
 And O my Heart! in spite of my Resolves,
 Spite of those matchless Vertues of my Husband,
 I Love the Man my Reason bids me hate:
 Yet grant me some few Hours ye Saints to live,
 That I may try what Innocence so arm'd
 As mine, with Vows, can do in such a Cause!
 The War's begun, the War of Love and Vertue,
 And I am fixt to conquer or to die.

Iren. Your Fate is hard; and since you honour'd me
 With the important Secret of your Life,
 I've labour'd for the Remedy of Love.

Princ. C. I must to death own thee my better Angel;
 Thou know'st the Struglings of my wounded Soul,
 Hast seen me strive against this lawless Passion,
 Till I have lain like Slaves upon the Wrack,
 My Veins half burst, my weary Eye-balls fixt,
 My Brows all cover'd with big drops of Sweat,
 Which strangling Grief wrung from my tortur'd Brain.

Iren. Alas! I weep to see you thus agen.

Princ. C. Thou hast heard me curse the Hour, when
 The fatal charming Face of lov'd *Nemours*,
 Hast heard the Death-bed Council of my Mother.
 Yet, what can this avail, spite of my Soul,

The nightly Warnings from her dreadful Shroud?
I love *Nemours*, I languish for *Nemours*,
And when I think to banish him my Breast,
My Heart rebels, I feel a gorging Pain
That choaks me up, tremblings from Head to Foot,
A flood of Blood and Spirits, Madmens Fears,
Convulsions, gnawing Griefs, and angry Tears.

Enter Nemours.

Ha! but behold — My Lord ——— (I am gone.

Nem. O! Pardon me, spare me a Minute's Space, and

Princ. C. Is this a time, Sir?

Nem. O! I must speak or die.

Princ. C. Die then, e'er thus presume to violate
The Honour of your Friend, your own and mine ———

Nem. Yet hear me; and I swear by all things sacred,
Never to see you more.

Princ. C. Speak then ——— And keep your Word.

P. C. Horror and Death!

Nem. Did you but know what 'tis to love like me,

Without a dawn of Bliss to dream all Day,

To pass the Night in broken sleeps away,

Los'd in the restless Tides of Hopes and Fears,

With Eyes for ever running o'er with Tears;

To leave my Couch, and fly to Beds of Flow'rs,

To invoke the Stars, to curse the dragging Hours,

To talk like Madmen to the Groves and Bow'rs.

Would you know this, yet blame my tortur'd Love,

Thus it throws my Body at your Feet: Oh! fly not hence;

Unchaste but just to view me in Despair,

Ask not Love, but Pity from the Fair.

Princ. C. O Heavens! inspire my Heart.

Nem. The Heavenly Powers

Accept the poorest Sacrifice we bring,

Slave to them's welcome as a King.

Hold a Slave that Glories in your Chains,

With some shew of Mercy view my Pains;

For piercing Eyes have made their splendid way,

Where Lightning cou'd not pass ———

When through my Soul their pointed Lustre goes,

And sacred Smart upon my Spirit throws;

Yet I your Wounds with as much Zeal desire,
As Sinners that wou'd pass to Bliss through Fire.
Yes, Madam, I must love you to my Death,
I'll sigh your Name with my last gasp of Breath.

Princ. C. No more, I have heard you, Sir, as you desir'd

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Reply not, but withdraw, if possible;
Fix to your Word, and let us trust our Fates;
Be gone I charge you, speak not, but retire. [*Exit Nemours*]

P. C. Excellent Woman, and Oh! matchless Friend,
Love, Friendship, Honour, Poison, Daggers, Death. [*Exit Nemours*]

Princ. C. O Heaven! *Irene*, help! help the Prince, my
My dearest *Cleve*, wake from this dream of Death, (*Lord*)
And hear me speak——

P. C. Curse on my Disposition,
That thus permits me bear the Wounds of Honour!
And Oh! thou foolish, gentle, love-sick Heart,
Why didst thou let my Hand from stabbing both?

Princ. C. Behold, my Lord, 'tis yet within your Power
To give me Death——

P. C. I do entreat thee leave me;
I'm bound for Death my self, and I wou'd make
My Passage easie, if you wou'd permit me:
All that I ask thee for the Heart I gave thee;
And for the Life I love in thy behalf,
Is, that thou wou'dst leave me to my self a while,
And this poor honest Friend——

Princ. C. I wou'd obey you,
But cannot stir—— I know, I know, my Lord,
You think that I design'd to meet *Nemours*
This Night; but by the Powers above I swear.

P. C. O! do not swear; for *Chartres* credit me,
There is a Power that can and will revenge:
Therefore, dear Soul, for I must love thee still,
If thou wilt speak, confess, repent thy Fault,
And thou, perhaps, may'st find a door of Mercy
For me; by all my hopes of Heaven, I swear
I freely now forgive thee—— O! my Heart——
Pedro, thy Arm, let me to Bed——

Princ. C. And do you then refuse my help?

P. C. In honour, *Chartres*, after such a Fall,
 ought not to permit that thou shou'd touch me ———
Princ. C. But, Sir, I will, your Arm: I'll hold you all
 in the closest, strictest, dearest Clasps,
 or shall you die believing my Dishonour;
 or I knew not of *Nemours* his coming,
 or had I spoke those Words which yet were guiltless,
 or he not vow'd never to see me more:
 our first Meeting, by our Nuptial Joys,
 my dead Mother's Ghost, by your own Spirit,
 which, Oh! I fear, is taking leave for ever;
 or that this is true ———
P. C. I do believe thee;
 thou hast such Power, such Charms in those dear Lips,
 might perswade me that I am not dying.
Pedro, by my most untimely Fate
 or ——— I'm reconcil'd; and hark thee, *Cleve*,
 thou dost Marry, Ha! I cannot speak,
 or to Bed, yet love my Memory ———
Princ. C. To Bed, and must we part then?
P. C. O! we must ———
 or I to live, I shou'd not see thee more ———
 since I am dying, by this Kiss I beg thee,
 or, I command thee part, be gone and leave me.
P. C. I go and leave thee this Farewel Prayer behind me.
 or me, if all I've said be not most true,
 or as thou think'st me false, all Curses on me!
 or Whips of Conscience, and the Stings of Pleasure,
 or Sins and Distempers, Disappointments plague me;
 or all my Life be one continued Torment,
 or that more racking than a Woman's Labour;
 or meeting Death may my least trouble be
 or great as now my parting is with thee. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Poltrot, Bellamore.

COME, come, take her into Grace agen, 'twas
 but a Slip.

C c 4

Pol.

Pol. Take her into Grace agen! — Why sure you wou'd have her bring me to that pass she did in *England* when my Lord *Hairbrain* us'd to keep me in Awe, stand by ing my Lips, twisting my Hat, playing with my Thumb while they were at it, and I durst not look behind me.

Bell. Meer Jealousie; you say your self you saw nothing.

Pol. No, Sir, I thank you, I had more care of my Throat; neither is this the first Fault: For once upon time, a little while after we were Married, at *London* a Pox o' that Cuckolding *Trojan Race*; she was talking me one Day out of her Window more pleasantly than ordinary — And acted with her Head and Body wond'rous prettily — Butting at me like a little Goat, while I looked at her agen. I being glad to find her in so good a humour, what did I, Sir, but stole away, and came softly the Back-stairs, thinking to cry, Bo — But O! Lord — How was I Thunder-struck, to find my Lord *Hairbrain* there all in a Sweat — Kissing and Smacking, Puffing and Blowing so hard, you wou'd have sworn they had been Hot-cockles —

Bell. A little Familiar perhaps, things of Custom —

Pol. Ay, Sir, Kiss my Wife and welcome; but for Zeal in her Shogging and Butting — *Noli me tangere* cry — I am sure it ran so in my Imagination, I have been Horn-mad ever since — Therefore spare your Pains for I am resolute.

Enter Celia.

Bell. See where she comes, my Lord — But you resolved you say — However, let me advise you, have a care of making her desperate.

Pol. Desperate — Damn her, polluter of my Sheet — Damn her.

C. Seek, *Celia*, not to shun me; for where'er you fly, I'll follow — hang upon thy Knees and die.

Poltror, behold — Ah! canst thou see me kneel, And yet no Bowels of Compassion feel? Why dost thou bluster by me like a Storm, And ruffle into Frowns that Godlike Form? Why dost thou turn away those Eyes of thine, In which Love's Glory, and its Conquests shine?

Oct. What, is this thing call'd Woman? she is worse
than all Ingredients ram'd into a Curse.

Were she a Witch, a Baud, a Noseless Whore,
I cou'd forgive her, so she were no more:
but she's far worse; and will in time forestall
the Devil, and be the Damning of us all.

Cel. Yet Honour bids you sink with her you call
so foul, whose Frailties you too sharply nam'd;
like Adam, you shou'd chuse with her to fall,
and in meer Generosity be damn'd.

Pol. No, by thy self, and all alone be curst,
and by the Winds thy Venom Dust be hurl'd;
or thou'rt a Serpent equal to the First,
and hast the Will to damn another World.

Cel. But am I not thy Wife? Let that atone——

Pol. My dear damn'd Wife, I do confess thou art
flesh of my Flesh, and Bone too of my Bone;
thou'd mine had all been broke when first thou wert.

Cel. Why then, I'll cringe no longer, hark you, Sir,
I've off your swelling and frowning, and awkward ambling,
and tell me, in fine, whether you'll be reconcil'd or no;
I'm resolv'd to stoop no longer to an ungrateful Person.

Pol. To your Husband, to your Head, to your Lord
and Master, you will not, Goodey *Barbsheba*; but you cou'd
stop your Swines Flesh last Night, you cou'd, to your
unk Bravado, that wou'd have struck his Tusks in my
sides: He had you with a Beck, a Snort, nay, o' my Consci-
ence, thou wou'dst not give him time to speak, but hunch'd
on the Side like a full-acorn'd Boar, cry'd Oh! and
[Exit]

Cel. Are you resolv'd then, never to take me into Grace
for one Slip?

Pol. No, I'm the Son of a Carted Bawd if I do; a Slip
you call it? what, when I heard the Bed crack with the
silence of my Cuckoldom! No, I will ascend the Judge
my own Cause, proceed to Condemnation, and banish
for ever the Confines of our Benevolence——

Cel. What here, before the *Vidam* here?

Pol. Yes, Impudence, before the *Vidam*, and the Duke
ours; nay, to thy eternal Confusion, I will post thee in
the

the Market Place; but first I'll find out *St. Andre*, and tell him the whole matter that he may know too what a Rascal his blessed Ewe has made him, and then. —

Cel. And then I'll have your Throat cut.

Pol. Ha! Tygres, cut my Throat! why thou she-Bear thou Dam of Lyons Whelps, thou Cormorant of Cormorants, why what wilt thou devour me Horns and all?

Cel. He that mis'd your Guts in the Dark, shall take better aim at your Gullet by Day-light; nay, to thy Terror of Heart be it known, thou Monster of Ill nature, I wou'd have consented last Night to have run his Fortune which is no small one, he wou'd have Murder'd thee in thy Bed, for I heard him speak these very Words, *Let him lye, In Mortuis — & in limbo Patrum —* Where I must have pray'd for that unthankful Soul, or thou wou'dst have been Damn'd to all Eternity, Dying suddenly and without Repentance. —

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! *In Mortuis, & in limbo Patrum* what, to be toss'd on burning pitch-forks for my Sin why, what a Bloody-minded Son of a *Belial* is this?

Cel. In fine, since you will have the truth, he has long had a design upon both our Bodies, to Ravish mine, and rip open yours.

Pol. Why then he's a *Cannibal*; Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! why what pleasure can it be to any Man to rip open? to Ravish thee indeed, there's some Sense in that — But there's none in ripping me open; why, this is such a Brutish Cruelty —

Cel. Rogue, and so I told him — Therefore when I found that nothing cou'd make me consent to your Murder, he swore, and caught me by the Hair, if I stir'd or made the least Noise he wou'd Murder us all, set our House o' Fire, and so leave us to our selves —

Pol. And so thou wert forc'd to consent; why then this Kiss, I swear from my Soul, which might have been Damn'd as thou say'st; but for thee, I forgive thee — And what was he that Cuckolded *St. Andre*, such another *Mephistophilus* as this too?

Cel. O! my Dear, there are not such a pair of Fiends upon Earth again — Why, they look upon't as a fair

our Sex if they Ravish a Woman; for you must know
we were formerly Heads of the Banditti.——

Pol. Well, and I must praise thy Discretion in Sacrificing thy Body, for o' my Conscience, if they had seen
Smock-Face of mine, I had gone to pot too before
Execution.

Pol. They sent their Pages this Morning to know whether it was our Pleasure to have your Throats cut: But
answered 'em, all was well, and desir'd 'em as ever
hop'd to see us agen, to stir no further in the matter.

Pol. Mum, Mum, dear sweet Soul, secure my Life and
thou shalt command me for the future with as full a swing
thou canst desire, only like those that use that Exercise,
be to and fro, sometimes at Home, and sometimes
road, and we'll be as Merry as the Day is long.

Pol. Be thou but true to me, and like the *India Wives*,
not out-live thee——

Pol. And I'll swear now, that was kindly said, as I
for Mercy, but it makes me Weep! what burn for
——And shall I not return, I will, I will, I will return
thou dost burn;

Enter St. Andre, Elianor.

Nay, when thy Body in the Fire appears,
My Ghost shall Rise and quench it with his Tears.

A. All Flesh is Grass, that's certain, we're all Mortal
the Court's in Mourning for the Prince of Cleve, the
of *Chartres* is extremely griev'd——Hark you, Pol-
sure as I am alive he Dy'd of Jealousie. Well *Nelle*,
this last care of thine, I swear to be constant to thy
s, and as thou say'st, I think it will not be amiss to
me to thee now and then, for fear of the worst——

Pol.——

Pol. Ha! Bully, I heard your kind Expressions to your
s, and I'll swear I'll vie thee, with who shall Love
for I'll swear these Daily Examples make my Hair
an end——Cut my Throat, and rip me open, he
Cuckold me all over first, like the Man in the Alman-
nay, he shall Ravish her while I hold the Door to
own deflow'ring.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Nemours, Tournon.

Nem. Resolv'd never to see me more, and give up Honour to the Dauphin, that puling sniveling Prince, looks as if he suck'd still or were always in a Milk D for the Sins of his *Florentine* Mother!

Tour. Bless me! you are Jealous.

Nem. I Confess it — The last time I had her in Disguise, she made such Discoveries as I shall never forgive. Lose her I must not, no, I'll lose a Limb first, therefore go tell her, tell her the Prince of Cleve's Death wrought my Conversion, I grow weary of my wild Courses, repent of my Sins, am resolved to leave of Whoring and Marry his Wife —

Tour. So the Town talks, indeed.

Nem. The Town is as it always was and will be, a Tumult, a Hum, a Buz, and a great Lye — Do as I bid thee, tell her, just as you left me, I was going to make Court to the Princess upon her Husband's Tomb, which is true too, I mean a Visit by the way of Consolation, not but I knew it the only Opportunity to catch a Word in the undress of her Soul; nay, I wou'd choose such time for my Life, and 'tis like the rest of those starts, one of the Secrets of their Nature — Why they melt, nay, in Plagues, Fire, Famine, War, or any great Calamity — Mark it — Let a Man stand but right before 'em, and like Hunted Hares they run into his Lap.

Tour. But who's the Instrument to bring you to her?

Nem. Her Uncle, the *Kidam*, she lies at his House murder'd in a Dark Room, with her Husband's Image in view, and so resolves, he says, for Death. However I found her in the Ebb of her Soul, if my Boat run aground 'tis but calling for *Marguerite*, and she'll weep a Tide shall set me a-float agen — As thus, I'll lay the Dauphin in her Dish, Nose her in the Tiptoe of her Pride, Lying, Laming, Hanging, Drowning, Dying, when she comes about agen.

Tour. Go thy ways, *Petronius*; nay, if he were dead too, with his Veins cut, he wou'd call for Wine,

The Princess of Cleve.

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and Whores, and laugh himself into the other
world. [Enter La March.

where's *Marguerite*?

La M. She follows like a Wind, with swollen Cheeks,
Red Hair, and glaring Eyes, the Princess of *Cleve* has
and her Fury, nor will she yet believe it.

SCENE III.

Princess of *Cleve*. *Irene* in Mourning. SONG, as
the Princess kneels at the State.

I.

WEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For Strephon's now no more;
Your Tresses spread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore:
See, see, upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddess stripp'd appears;
They beat their breasts, and rend their Locks,
And swell the Sea with Tears.

II.

The God of Love that fatal Hour,
When this poor Youth was born,
Had sworn, by Styx, to show his Power,
He'd Kill a Man e'er Morn:
For Strephon's Breast he arm'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as they came;
He cry'd, and shot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

III.

On Stella's Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes,
He cry'd, Remember whom I'm Dead,
That I deserve the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He Sigh'd, You Love, 'tis true;
You Love perhaps a better Man,
But Ah! he Loves not you,

CHORUS

CHORUS.

*Why should all things bow to Love,
 Men below, and Gods above?
 Why should all things bow to Love?
 Death and Fate more awful move;
 Death below, and Fate above,
 Death below, and Fate above.
 Mortals, Mortals, try your Skill,
 Seeking Good, or shunning Ill,
 Fate will be the burden still,
 Will be the burden still;
 Fate will be the burden still,
 Fate will be the burden still.*

Princ. C. Dead, thou dear Lord! — Yet from
 If any thing on Earth be worth thy view, [Throne of
 Look down and hear me, hear my Sighs and Vows,
 Till Death has made me cold, and Wax like thee:
 Water shall be my Drink and Herbs my Food,
 The Marble of my Chapel be my Bed;
 The Altar-steps my Pillows, while all Night
 Stretch'd out, I groaning lye upon the Floor,
 Beat my swoll'n Breasts, and thy dear loss deplore.

Iren. Ah! Madam, what a Life have you Propos'd

Princ. C. Too little all for an Offence like mine;
 Yet Death has made me cold, and Wax like thee:
 For Oh! *Irene*, where's the Joy? I find it here,
 Yes, I shall Die without those violent means
 That might have Hazarded my Soul — O Heaven —
 O thou that seest my Heart, and know'st my Terrors
 Wilt thou forgive those Crimes I cou'd not help,
 And wou'd not hide?

Iren. Doubt not but your Account
 Shall stand as fair in his Eternal Book,
 As any Saints above —

Princ. C. Take, take me then
 From this bad World, quench these Rebellious Thro
 For Oh! I have a pang, a longing wish
 To see the Luckless Face of Lov'd *Nemours*,

To gaze a while, and take one last Farewel,
 Like one that is to lose a Limb——'Tis gone——
 It was corrupt, a Gangreen to my Honour,
 Yet I methinks wou'd view the bleeding Part,
 And madder a little——Weep——and grudge at Parting,
 Not by the Soul of my Triumphant Saint,
 I swear this longing is without a guilt,
 For shall it ever-be by my appointment.

Enter Nemours.

Iren. But if he shou'd attempt this cruel visit,
 How wou'd your Heart receive him?

Princ. C. With such Temper.

Clear and calm in height of my Misfortune,
 As thou thy self perhaps wou'd'st wonder at.

Iren. Ha! but he's here——

Princ. C. Is't possible, my Lord?

As then my Uncle thus betray'd my Honour?

Nem. Start not, nor wonder, Madam, but forgive

The *Vidam* who has thus entrap'd your Vertue,

To send a ling'ring Wretch——That Dies for Love——

Princ. C. For Love, my Lord, is this a time for Love,
 Tears and Blacks, the Livery of Death?

What's your hope, if I shou'd stay to hear you?

What can you expect from rigorous Vertue,

From Chastity as cold as *Cleve* himself?

And that are made, my Lord, for other Pleasures——

Nem. Is this then the reward of all my Passion?

If there cou'd be any Happiness

To this disconsolate despairing Wretch,

To live in your Love alone?

Princ. C. You're pleas'd, my Lord,

That I should Entertain you, and I will,

More this dear Remembrancer of *Cleve*;

'Till talk of Murder'd Love——And you shall hear

Of this abandon'd part of him that was,

How much you have been Lov'd.

Nem. Ha! Madam——

Princ. C. Yes, Sighing I speak it, Sir, you have inspir'd me.

With something which I never felt before,

That pleas'd and pain'd the quicknings of first Love;

Nor

Nor fear'd him then, when with his Infant Beams;
 He Dawn'd upon my chill and senseless Blood.
 But Oh! when he had reach'd his fierce Meridian,
 How different was his Form! that Angel Face;
 With these short Rays, shot to a glaring God.
 I grew Inflam'd, Burnt inward, and the Breath
 Of the grown Tyrant, parch'd my Heart to Ashes.
 Nor need I Blush to make you this Confession,
 Because, my Lord, 'tis done without a Crime.

Nem. Because of this most blest Discovery,
 I am resolv'd to kneel an Age before you.

Princ. C. Rise, I conjure you, Rise, I've told you noth
 But what you knew, my Lord, too well before:
 Not but I always Vow'd to keep those Rules
 My Duty shou'd prescribe.

Nem. Strike me not Dead,
 With Duty's Name, by Heaven I swear you're free
 As Air, as Water, Winds or open Wilds,
 There is no Form of Obligation now?
 Nay, let me say, for Duty: O forgive me,
 'Tis utmost Duty now to keep my Love
 You have confess'd for me.

Princ. C. 'Tis Duty's Charge,
 The voice of Honour, and the cry of Love,
 That I shou'd fly from *Paris* as a Pest,
 That I shou'd wear these Rags of Life away
 In Sunless Caves, in Dungeons of Despair,
 Where I shou'd never think of Man agen.
 But more particularly that of you,
 For reasons yet unknown.

Nem. Unknown they are,
 And wou'd to Heaven they might be ever so,
 Since 'tis impossible they shou'd be just;
 Nay, Madam, let me say the Ghost of *Cleve*——

Princ. C. Ah! Sir, how dare you mention that dear Na
 That drains my Eyes, and cries to Heaven for Blood,
 Name it no more without the Consequence,
 For 'tis but too too true, you were the cause
 Of *Cleve's* untimely Death, I swear I think
 No less than if you had stab'd him through the Heart

Nem. O! Cruel Princess; but why shou'd I answer,
then thus you raise the Shadow of a reason
to ruin me for ever? Is it a fault
Love? Then blame not me; No, Madam, no,
blame your self, who told it to your Husband;
Oh! you wou'd not argue thus against me
ever you had Lov'd ———

How have deceiv'd your self and flatter'd me;
Why am I thrown else from the Glorious height,
And hurl'd in a Moment from my Blissful State,
And hurl'd like Lightning by the Hand of Fate?
Princ. C. Be satisfy'd, my Lord, you are not flatter'd,
I have such Love for you, that Duties bar,
I wou'd prove too weak to hinder our Engagement:
There is more.

Nem. More Fancy, more Chimera!
Let it come, I'll stand the stalking Nothing,
When the bladder'd Air wou'd turn the Ballance,
And cast in Love, substantial, pondrous Love,
And hurl him to the Beam.
I speak, and if a Hell of Separation
Part my Soul and Body, do not wrack me,
Let the Poyson steal into my Veins,
Damn me mildly, Madam, as you can.

Princ. C. Hear then my bosom thought—'Tis the last time
I shall see you, and 'tis a poor Reward
For such a Love; yet, Sir, 'tis all I have,
You must ask no more.

Nem. Be Witness, Heaven,
My Obedience I will ask her nothing.
Princ. C. Know then, my Lord, you're Free, and I am so
From the Eternal Bond of Marriage ———

My heart too is inclined by Love like yours,
Can I fear the censuring World shou'd blame us.
Now, my Lord, what power on Earth can give
That Bond shall prove Eternal?

Nem. Ha! Madam.
Princ. C. Silence, silence I command you;
No, Nemours, I know the World too well,
I have a Sense too nice for long Enjoyment

Cleve was the Man that only cou'd Love long;
Nor can I think his Passion would have lasted,
But that he found I could have none for him.
'Tis Obstacle, Ascent, and Lets and Bars,
That whet the Appetite of Love and Glory;
These are the Fuel for that fiery Passion,
But when the flashy stubble we remove,
The God goes out, and there's an end of Love.

Nem. Ah, Madam! I'm not able to contain,
But must perforce break your commands to answer,
Once to be yours, is to be for ever yours,
Yours only, without thought of other Woman.

Princ. C. Why this sounds well and natural till you
But Oh! when one satiety has pall'd you, [clo
You sicken at each view, and ev'ry glance
Betrays your guilty Soul, and says you loath her.
I know it, Sir, you have the well-bred cast
Of Gallantry and Parts to gain Success;
And do but think when various Forms have charm'd you
How I should bear the cross returns of Love?

Nem. Ah, Madam, now I find you are prejudic'd to

Princ. C. 'Tis reason, all calm reason; [my h
Nature affirms no violent thing can last,
I know't, I see't, ev'ry new Face that came
Wou'd Charm you from me——Ha! and cou'd I Love
To see that Fatal Day, and see you scorn me,
To hear the Ghost of *Cleve* each Hour upbraid me;
No, 'tis impossible, with all my Passion,
Not to submit to these Almighty Reasons;
For this I brave your noblest Qualities,
I'll keep your Form at distance, curb my Soul,
Despair of Smiles and Tears, and Prayers and Oaths
And all the Blandishments of Perjur'd Love:
I will, I must, I shall, nay, I can
Defie to Death the lovely Traytor Man.

Nem. No, Madam, think not you shall carry't the
'Tis not allowable, 'tis past example,
'Tis most unnatural, unjust and monstrous;
And were the rest of Women thus resolv'd,
You wou'd destroy the purpose of Creation.

What, when I have the Happiness to please,
When Heaven and Earth combine to make us Happy,
Will you Defeat the aim of Destiny,
By most unparallel'd extreams of Virtue,
Which therefore take away its very Being?

Princ. C. Away, I must not answer, but conjure you
Never to seek occasion more to see me;
Farewell — 'Tis past.

Nem. I cannot let you go;
I follow on my knees, and hold your Robe,
All you have promis'd me that I shall see you,
I shew you how each Day by slow degrees
I wear away: This you shall grant, by Heaven!
You shall see my Blood let out before you.

Princ. C. Alas! *Nemours*, O Heav'n! why must it be,
That I shou'd charge you with the Death of *Cleve*?
Why met we not e'er I engaged
My Dead Lord? and why did Fate divide us?

Nem. Fate does not, no —
Is it you that cross both Fortune, Heaven and Fate;
Is it you obstruct my Bliss, 'tis you impose
On Laws as neither Sense nor Vertue warrant.

Princ. C. 'Tis true, my Lord, I offer much to Duty,
Which but subsists in Thought, therefore have patience;
I wait what time, with such a Love as mine,
I may work in your behalf; my Husband's Death
Is bleeding, fresh I see in the Pangs;
I look, methinks I see his Image Rise,
To point an everlasting Separation;
Oh! it shall not be without a Tear.

Nem. O! Stay.

Princ. C. Let go, believe no other Man
Could thus have wrought me, but your self, to Love —

Nem. Stay then.

Princ. C. I dare not — Think I Love you still,

Nem. I do — But stay and speak it o'er agen —

Princ. C. Believe that I shall Love you to my Death.

Nem. I will; But Live and Love me.

Princ. C. Off, I charge you,
Give this Parting wounds me like the Fate

Of Cleve, or worse: Believe, but Oh! Farewel —

Nem. Believe, but what? That last thought I implore.

Princ. C. Believe that you shall never see me more. [E]

Enter Vidam.

Vid. Well, and how goes the Game? What, on the Knee, a gather'd Brow, and a large Dew upon it? Nay then you're a Loser.

Nem. Didst thou see her pass?

Vid. I did — she wrung me by the Hand and Sigh'd, Then look'd back twice, and totter'd on the threshold the Door.

Nem. Believe that you shall never see me more — Lies, I'll Wager my State, I Bed her Eighteen Months Three Weeks hence, at Half an Hour past Two in Morning.

Vid. Why Faith, and that's as exact as e'er an Astrologer of 'em all.

Nem. Give me thy Hand, *Vidam*, I know the Souls of Women better than they know themselves; I know the Ingredients just that make them up, All to loose Grains, the subtlest Volatile Atoms, With the whole mish mash of their Composition. Hark there without, the Voice of *Marguerite*; Now thou shalt see a Battle worth the gazing, Mark but how easily my reason flings her, And yet at last I'll swing into Friendship Because I Love her —

Enter Bellamore.

Bell. The Princess — shall I stop her?

Nem. No, let her come, With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum — Like the Fanatick, I'll but rub me down, And then have at her; *Vidam*, stay you here — By Heaven I'm Jealous of this changeable Stuff, Therefore the hits will be the livelier o' both sides: The Dauphin; but no more — she comes, she comes

Enter Marguerite pushing Bellamore.

Marg. Be gone, Villain, Devil, Fury, Monster of a

Nem. But hear me Six Words in Private.

Enter Poltrot, Celia.

Pol. And I swear by this Lascivious bit of Beauty, I will
give to my *Celia*, for Better for Worse, in Searge, Gro-
um or Grape, though a Queen shou'd come in my way
Beaten Gold ———

Nem. What then, Gentlemen, I perceive there has
been Wars at Home ———

Pol. Not a Battle, my Lord, only a Charge, a Charge
wounded, or so.

Nem. What, was it a Trumpet, or through a Horn, Sir?

Pol. A Horn, Sir, a Horn, Sir, no, Sir, 'twas not a
Horn, Sir ——— Only, my *Celia*, was a little disdainful

we are Friends agen, Sir, and what then, Sir?

Nem. Come, come, all Friends, were *Tournon* here I
wou'd forgive her; a little Scorn in a pretty Woman, so
not too much affected, is a Charm to new Friendship;
therefore let each Man take his fair one by the Hand, thus
put it to his Lips, and Swear a whole Life's Constancy ———

St. A. As I will to my *Nelle*, though I Haul Cats at
or cry Small-coal; and for him that upbraids her,
have more Bobs, than *Democritus*, when he cry'd
for *Jack*. There's more Pride in *Diogenes*, or under
Curitan's Cap, than in a King's Crown.

Nem. For my part, the Death of the Prince of *Cleve*,
in second Thoughts, has truly wrought a change in me,
nothing else but a Miracle cou'd ——— For first, I see
I loath my Debaucheries ——— Next, while I am in
Health, I am resolv'd to give Satisfaction to all I have
eng'd; and first to this Lady, whom I will make my
before all this Company e'er we part ——— This, I
trust, whenever I Dye, will convince the World of the
sincerity of my Repentance, because I had the power
to do so.

we well Repents that will not Sin, yet can;
that Death-Bed Sorrows rarely shews the Man.

The E N D.

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MITHRIDATES
KING of PONTUS.

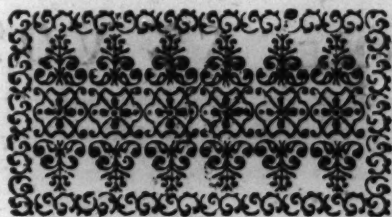
A
TRAGEDY.

Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
BY
Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. NAT. LEE.

*Hi motus animorum, atque hac Certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.*

Virg. Georg. L. 4.



LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1712.

Persons Represented; By

<i>Mithridates</i> , King of <i>Pontus</i> .	Mr. Mohun.
<i>Ziphares</i> , } His Sons.	{ Mr. Hart.
<i>Pharnaces</i> , }	{ Mr. Goodman.
<i>Archilaus</i> , General under <i>Ziphares</i> .	Mr. Griffin.
<i>Pelopidas</i> , } Two Courtiers.	{ Mr. Wintersh.
<i>Andravar</i> , }	{ Mr. Powell.
<i>Aquilius</i> , a Roman Captive.	Mr. Clark.
Another Roman Officer.	Mr. Wiltshire.
<i>Ismenes</i> , Page to <i>Ziphares</i> .	
<i>Monima</i> , Contracted to <i>Mithridates</i> .	Mrs. Corbet.
<i>Semandra</i> , Daughter to <i>Archilaus</i> .	Mrs. Boutel.
Priests, and }	
Attendants, } <i>Mutes</i> .	

SCENE, SYNOPE.

To the Right Honourable
CHARLES
Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,
One of the Gentlemen of their MA-
JESTY'S Bed-Chamber.

May it please your Lordship,



WHEN I call to mind what I have observ'd of
Your Wit and Judgment, the Truest and most
Impartial I ever knew, my thoughts of Writing,
after my loose manner to Your Lordship, are a
little dash'd, and the meanest of 'em has the
Sense to tell me, I ought to be as curious and
correct in a Dedication to one Man, as, in that of a Play, to a
whole Nation. There is, no doubt, a Transport in every Poet
who writes an Epistle; but for the most Part they are dazzl'd with
the Eminence of their Patrons, and at best we can but call it an
useful Delight. But, I profess, what those, to whom I am dis-
creet, will impute to want of Modesty, I make this Tragedy,
Offering to Your Lordship, with as much Freedom, Pleasure,
and perfect Satisfaction, as ever Mithridates receiv'd when he
and himself in the Arms of his fairest Mistress. You stand
equal with the Greatest; and Your Quality should cause a Dread
in the hardiest Writers: But on the other hand, there is such an
innate Sweetness of Temper, such a most remarkable Goodness in
Your Actions, a Character peculiar to You, more than any
man alive, that the meanest, modestest of Poets, may approach
you. Methinks, I feel a sort of chearful springing Pride, when
Your Lordship stand forth to this last Birth; which sure, if
I had

Epistle Dedicatory.

I had ever any lovely, is much the fairest Child. Happy Fortune must attend it; and Heaven and Earth be pleas'd, when You approve. I accost You, my Lord, without Formality, and wou'd appear before the severest Judge in the plainest Garb, or rather nakedness of Thought; as some, and those not of the least Courage, go to the most bloody Test of Valour, all unarm'd. An over-care in things of this Nature, does often turn to Affectation; and what was meant a Guard, proves an Incumbrance. We may stiffen our Imaginations with making of 'em too quaint and polish, till we are nothing else but Gloss: I am infinitely pleas'd, to be as plain as I can, nor care I how it pleases others, tho' I am sure it does, that I have laid this Play at Your Lordship's Feet. All my Acquaintance, that wish me well, applaud my Choice; for, I may safely affirm, by the Judgment of the Town, without being censur'd for a Dawber, There's not a Man whom all Men love but You: You are beheld in all the Companies You honour, as if You were the Genius of that Prince, who was call'd the Delight of Mankind; and are ador'd with all the Love and Admiration which e'er the Noble Titus found in Rome. Ziphares is an imperfect Figure of Yourself; I cast him in Your Mould, and fashion'd him as well as my weak Fancy cou'd, to that Perfection the Court so universally allows You. When I design'd to draw him from the Ladies, endearing, soft, and passionately loving, I thought on You, and found the way to Charm 'em. And 'tis most certain, he, who obliges those false Criticks to be of his Party, has the surest Cards that ever were play'd: I cannot but own the Honours they have done me; and intreat Your Lordship, to secure my Friends. There is not yet greater Honour I would beg of Your Lordship, and so important, I cannot name it without Apprehension: Mithridates, being in Your Hands, desires to be laid at the Feet of the Queen Her Majesty, who is the sublimest Goodness, and most meritorious Virtue that ever blest a Land, has been pleas'd to Grace us with Her Presence, and promis'd it again with such particular Praises, the Effects of her pure Bounty, that shou'd be not express his Gratitude, almost to Adoration, he wou'd desire another Fate, when he is next represented, than what he hitherto receiv'd.

I have endeavour'd, in this Tragedy, to mix Shakespear with Fletcher: The Thought of the Former, for Majesty

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Epistle Dedicatory.

True Roman Greatness; and the Softness and Passionate Expressions of the Latter, which makes up half the Beauties, are never to be match'd. How have I then endeavour'd to be like them? O feint Resemblance! as Pizarra says of the Mexicans,

— And those who now remain,
Appear but as the Shadows of the Slain.

It may be objected, I brake the Scenes in the Beginning of the Third and Fifth Acts; those, who are so nicely curious as to be offended at this over-sight, may, for their Satisfaction, leave them out, and the Play will be entire. I apply myself to Your Lordship, as Montaign does to his Reader, in the Chapter of Books; I will, says he, love the Man that shall trace me! Now I have many times found fault with an Expression, as I pretended was in a Play of my own, and had it damn'd by no indifferent Criticks; tho' immortal Shakespear will not blush to own it. But I am confident Your Lordship will find me out, and desire to be found a Refiner on those admirable Writers; the Ground is theirs, and all that serves to make a rich Embroidery! I hope, the World will do me the Justice to think, I have disguis'd into another Fashion more suitable to the Age we live in; for, if I cou'd perswade myself, there were nothing of mine extraordinary in the Play, I wou'd not have Dedicated it to the best Men.

— Mediocribus esse Poetis;
Non Dii, non Homines, non concessere Columnæ.

Here you must give me leave to tell the World, that Pillars and Altars too ought to be rais'd to Your Lordship, if the greatest Genius of Poetry deserves 'em. Your Thoughts, in some select Poems I have seen, are rich and new as the Golden American World, Your Expressions justly strong, Your Words emphatical, I chos'n Men for an Enterprize of Glory: As it was observ'd of the Army of Alexander the Great, every Soldier look'd like a Commander, and every Commander like an Alexander; so in your admirable Draughts, all things are so Excellent, we knew where to fix; we stand on Hills of so vast a Breadth, that the Valleys are seen; it looks like Heaven all about us, and
Fancy

Epistle Dedicatory.

Fancy is lost in the infinite Beauty of the Prospect: Your Writing dazles with Clearness and Majesty; You draw like Holbin without Shadows.

—Qui Genus humanum ingenio superavit, & omnes.
Præstrinxit Stellas, exortus uti Ætherius Sol.

Your Images are so great, we look like Dwarfs beneath You and then so lively represented, tho' of dead, low Objects, animated by Your Genius.

——Credas simulacra moveri
Ferrea, cognatoque viros spirare metallo.

Whate'er You stamp as Royal, other Pretenders to Satyr befile and wash; they live by the Clippings of Your Wit, and dip their Silver in Your Bath, to make it pass for Gold. Self-preservation bids me say no more of Your Lordship's Poetry, lest damn my own; who aim at nothing so much, as the Honour being thought by Your Lordship,

My LORD,

Your most Humble, Obedient,

and Devoted Servant,

NAT. LE

PROLOGUE.

NOT careful Leaders, when the Trumpets call
Their Martial Squadrons on, to stand or fall,
As'd with more Doubts, than careful Poets are,
When vent'rous Wit for Sally does prepare;
When Humming Voices bid the Play begin,
And the last Flourish calls the Prologue in.
Here you like dreadful Warriours, judging sit;
And in full Council, try all Writers Wit.
Some, for Sence Renown'd, our Authors bow;
And what you Doom, for a just Fate allow:
But sure far less such Judges Poets dread,
Than those Raw Blades who will not let 'em Plead,
E'er they can be heard, cry, shoot 'em dead.
These Pyrats, that both Arms and Wits debase;
Who Fields, and Poems with their Spleen disgrace,
Poets and Warriours both shou'd have in Chase:
These Libellers, who noblest Fights despise,
When a Pan but flashes, shut their Eyes.
Who write Lampoons, and vilely get a Name
Others Infamy, and live on Shame;
These Whifflers, of the justest Sence, not fit
To be the Powder-Monkeys of true Wit:
These Mimicks, like Apes, what's ill from Heads they drain,
And live upon the Vermin of a Brain.
Neglected these, and trusting to your Aid,
Beauty our last Vows, like yours, are made:
Beauty, which still adorns the op'ning List,
Which Cæsar's Heart vouchsafes not to resist:
That alone devoted is this Day;
By the Poet, I was bid to say;
In the first draught, 'twas meant the Lady's Play.

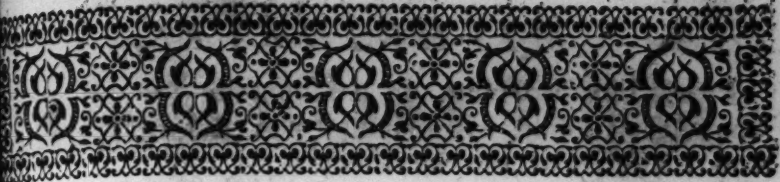
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EPILOGUE,

By Mr. DRYDEN.

*Y*O've seen a Pair of faithful Lovers die:
And much you care; for, most of you will cry,
'Twas a just Judgment on their Constancy.
For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in such an Age
When no Man dies for Love, but on the Stage:
And e'en those Martyrs are but rare in Plays;
A cursed Sign how much true Faith decays:
Love is no more a violent Desire;
'Tis a meer Metaphor, a painted Fire:
In all our Sex, the Name examin'd well,
'Tis Pride to gain, and Vanity to tell:
In Woman, 'tis of subtle Int'rest made;
Curse on the Punk that made it first a Trade!
She first did Wit's Prerogative remove,
And made a Fool presume to prate of Love:
Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold;
But glorious Beauty is not to be Sold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a Rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it shou'd buy.
Yet the rich Cullies, may their Boasting spare,
They purchase but sophisticated Ware.
'Tis Prodigality that buys Deceit;
Where both the Giver, and the Taker cheat:
Men but refine on the old Half-Crown way:
And Women fight, like Swiflers, for their Pay:

MITHR



MITHRIDATES

King of Pontus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Outer part of the Temple of the Sun.

A Noise of Musick, and Tuning Voices is heard.

Enter Pharnaces, Pelopidas.

Pharnaces.



O Night, to Night, this fatal moment,
Our dreadful Father's Nuptials are pre-
paring,
And I must lose bright *Monima* for ever:
Ambition too is barr'd, Scepters and
Crowns,
And all the Golden Quarries now are lost!

Zephares, O Zephares! happy Brother,
thou hast dislog'd me by thy late Exploits,
and now usurp'st my Father's Breast alone.
Thou art the Pow'r that blest'd thee on thy way
to overthrow *Triarius*, curs'd the Stars
that glitter'd round thy Head, when by thy Arm
many Tribunes and Centurions fell,
thou made *Rome* groan, and broke *Lucullus* Heart.
Pelop. Hear me, my Lord.

Phar.

Phar. This Morning, on a Mountain
Above the Clouds, his Triumph was perform'd,
And I assisted at the Sacrifice;
Why gave I not this Body to the Flames,
To be devour'd among the tortur'd Slaves,
Rather than liv'd to see his Conquest Crown'd?
I saw it; O *Pelopidas*, these Eyes
Saw *Mithridates*, with a Torch, give Fire
To the vast Pile, which like a Pyramid
Stood high upon the Hill, as that on Earth.

Pelop. Will you but give me leave?

Phar. I saw the Blaze
Of his immortal Honour, heard the shout
Of all the Court, which did torment the Air
To that Degree, that Birds fell round us dead;
And that thin Region, where we scarce cou'd live,
When first we did ascend, became so fat
With the rich Stream of Blood, and boyling Gold,
And flowing Gums, that we were forc'd to remove:
Nay, I believe, the glutt'd Gods themselves
Were almost choak'd with the prodigious Odours.

Pelop. Yet have you done?

Phar. To the green *Neptune* then,
Because at Sea old *Archilaus* had
Been Conqueror with my Brother, in their Names
An Off'ring was decreed; a Chariot all
With Emeralds set, and fill'd with Coral Tridents,
Was with an Hundred Horses, wild as Wind,
From off the top of that most dismal Place
Plung'd to the Bottom of the slimy Deep.

Pelop. Let me entreat you call your Reason Home,
And listen to your Faithful Servant's Counsel:
You cannot hate your Brother more to Death,
Than I his Friend, the General *Archilaus*
Has got the start of me in the King's Favour;
And though without being vain, I think my self
The better Soldier, He by Policies
Has push'd me from the Dignities I bore.
The Lion's outed by the Fox——

Phar. But with full cry

let us unkennel him; rather rebel,
Than bear it thus: 'Tis mine, 'tis thy Concern,
Nor let the Name of King, or Father awe us.
Mistress, and a Throne! most specious Titles.

The God of Battel rages in my Breast;
And as at *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the Prophetick Maid,
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
Draws every Nerve thin as the Spider's Thread,

And beats the Skin out like expanded Gold:
With the Meditation of the Work
Which my Soul bears, I swell almost to bursting.

Pelop. In all the many Changes of my Life
I have not known one equal yet to yours;

Other Times so moderate, so true

Sovereign o'er your self, you seem'd to want
Those Passions for your Slaves, who Lord it now.

Phar. I am hush'd, if thou hast ought of Comfort, speak.

Pelop. This Night your Father has decreed to Marry
The Daughter of *Palemon*.

Phar. What can hinder?

Pelop. Nothing; yet mark: My Brother *Triphon* is
High-Priest o'th' Sun, whom all the rest obey;

And have I wrought, that when the Nuptial Rites
Begin, some strange Presages shall fall out,
Orders unexpected, to foreshew

The Gods are much offended at the Marriage.

Now this may work with one of mighty Faith

Holy Fables, one of various Humour,

From every Day new Beauties set on Fire,

You the Judge.

Phar. Methinks it has a Face;

Yet there's wanting what I cou'd have wish'd:

It been *Janus*-like back'd with another:

When *Mithridates* frighted from his Queen,

Wou'd by false Oracles, shou'd have retir'd

Worshipp'd; yet struggling with the Pangs of Love;

Wou'd have laid a Beauty to his longing,

The fair unknown, proud of her gaudy Bloom,

E e

T'have

T' have quench'd his thirsty Wishes ; that had been
A Master-piece ! But let him Marry her,
Sure Death shall wait upon his laughing *Hymen* ;
And when the God has given her to his Arms,
Fate with Unerring Force shall part 'em ever.

Pelop. Yet raging ? 'Tis as you have said, and more !
More than excelling Mischief cou'd invent,
That is not best. We have already rais'd him ;

Andravar, my Lieutenant-General,
Scorn'd by your Brother, whom he therefore hates
First form'd the Plot. Old *Archilau's* Daughter,
The fair *Semandra*, Mistress to *Ziphares*,
Is destin'd to be made your Father's Prey.

Phar. Excellent Engine ! now thou work'st indeed ;
Thou hast bit the Vein, the Life-blood of his Heart :
I can't see ought in the extent of Art,
Or Nature that can mend it. O *Ziphares*,
Still Conquer, rise with Triumphs, high as Heav'n,
So such a Bolt as this be sure to wait thee.

Enter Andravar.

But see the brave Lieutenant ! come to my Arms,
And tell me, shall *Semandra* be the King's.

Andr. I think, my Lord, that I may safely swear it.

Phar. Thy Bluntness merits Praise, and says, thou'rt
To serve my best Revenge, Love, or Ambition.

Andr. Great *Mithridates*, whom I well have study'd,
Tho' he has Weather'd forty Winters Fields,
Yet rises in his Vigor, ventures more,
Nor feels Decay of Strength ; none Learn'd as he
In Nature's Garden ; whence to his Constitution
Most excellent, he adds such Helps by Art,
That by his Looks he might be thought Immortal.
The World, too, knows he is as Amorous now
As when the first Sighs heav'd his Youthful Breast,
And his first Tears bedew'd the Shrines of Love.

Phar. The Consequence ?

Andr. He often has been pleas'd
To make me Honour'd with his private Thoughts.
Whereon my General and I agreed,
Knowing your Love to *Monima*,

And Hatred to your Brother, with one Blow
To drive the Business that shou'd Crown your Wishes.
Therefore I Daily fill'd your Father's Ears
With Praises of *Semandra*, rais'd his Wonder,
Describ'd her Dress, and each particular Grace;
Her Eyes, her Hands, her Lips, with all their Beauties;
And have so Fir'd him, that there only wants
A View to perfect all, and that will be
To Night.

Phar. How know'st thou that?

Andr. I learnt it all

From a She-Slave that waits upon *Semandra*,
Who told me, that *Ziphares*, with Consent
Of *Archilaus*, wou'd beg her of the King,
When he this Night shou'd *Monima* Espouse. [*Soft Musick.*
Nor doubt, but when he once has seen *Semandra*,
The Charms of his new Queen will vanish. Hark, [*ing.*
The sacred Musick sounds!—The King and Queen are com-
Enter Archilaus, Ziphares, Semandra.

See, your Brother, *Semandra*, and her Father.

Phar. O my lab'ring Breast! how Hopes and Fears
Toss my rack'd Heart, like a poor Bark about! [*pest.*
But soon the Calm will come, or I must perish in the Tem-
[*Exeunt Phar. Pelop. and Andr.*

Ziph. By Heav'n, my Love, thou dost distract my Soul;
There's not a Tear that falls from those dear Eyes,
That makes my Heart weep Blood — O my Father!
All is not well: I found her in the Morning,
Not like a Bride, with all her Maids about her,
Half-Smiling, now half-Serious with her Thoughts
Of what must come; nor Warm, nor Bright, nor Blushing:
Oh, the Gods! I found her on the Floor,
In all the Storm of Grief, yet Beautiful,
Drawing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips,
Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o're-blown,
Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish rate,
That, were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd
The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin.
Arch. Nothing, my Lord — 'Tis all but Virgin's fear:
Marriage to Maids is like a War to Men,

The Battle causes Fear ; but the sweet Hopes
Of winning at last still draws 'em on.

Sem. Alas, my Lord !

[Weeping]

Ziph. What, but alas ? no more ? When by the Hand
I led her to the Temple, thus she Sigh'd,
And hung upon me. If thou truly Lov'st me,
If I may Credit my *Semandra's* Tears,
Think 'em not drops of Chance like other Womens,
The Weather of their Souls, the Chrystal-bubbles
Which they can make at will ; Oh, satisfie
The longing of my Breast, and tell my Sorrows.

Sem. That I do Love you, Oh, all you Host of Heav'
Be Witness ; That you are Dear to me,
Dearer than Day to one whom Sight must leave,
Dearer than Life to one who fears to Die :
O thou bright Pow'r be Judge, whom we adore,
Be Witness of my Truth, be Witness of my Love !
But yet I fear ———

Ziph. That Fear, give me that Fear, *Semandra*,
Produce it in the ugliest Form it has,
If ought that is deform'd can come from thee.

Sem. I shall, my Lord, since you are pleas'd to hear me
Unfold my Doubts, the cause of all my Tears ;
First then, I must complain of my hard Stars,
That did not dart kind Lustre on my Birth :
For tho' at present, while your Young Blood boyls,
Your Reason cannot get the Rein of Passion,
Yet it will come, when long Possession cloyes you,
Then you will think, what Queens you might have had
With Kingdoms for their Dower ; perhaps you may
Prove so unkind, to tell me of it too ;
Or, if you shou'd not, your Eyes wou'd speak — [Weeping]
Enough to break the Heart of poor *Semandra*.

Ziph. Why dost thou Stab me with the tenderness
Of thy false Fears, and Melt me into Mourning ?
'Tis most unseasonable on our Wedding-Day
To be seen thus : I know thou canst not doubt me :
No, thou most lovely of the Fairer Kind,
Think not a Crown can ever change my Vertue.
Ah, who wou'd leave the Warmth of this Lov'd Bosom
For the cold Cafes which black Ambition brings ?

Sem. Spight of ill-boding Dreams, unlucky Omens,
You must, you shall, you ought to be believ'd.
And, if I Weep again, it is for Joy
That I this Night shall be your Happy Bride.

Ziph. Oh, *Mithridates*, mighty as thou art,
Before whose Throne Princes stand Dumb as Death,
With folded Arms, and their Eyes fix'd to Earth;
Dishonour brand me, if I won'd not chuse
A private Life with her whom my Soul Loves,
Rather than Live like thee, with all thy Titles,
The King of Kings, without her.

Arch. Pray, my Lord,
Defer till Mid-Night these strong Ecstasies:
Fate yet may put a Bar betwixt our hopes,
And then the Loss will be more hardly born.

The Scene draws, Discovering the Inner part of the Temple. Mithridates, holding Monima, by the Hand; his Queens, Concubines, Sons and Daughters attending. Three Roman Captains, L. Cassius, Q. Oppius, and Mannius Aquilius, bound in Gold Chains, with many other Slaves standing at distance.

Mith. Not yet, O Rome, great Tyrant of the World,
Hast thou subdu'd the Asian Emperor.

In thy despight I hold my Glory still,
Will tread upon the Necks of Conquer'd Kings,
Will make thy Consuls tremble at my Name,
And in one mightiest Word, to sum up all,
Word, which like a Charm, might raise the Ghosts

Of *Pyrrhus*, and the experienc'd *Hannibal*
To envy, and be dazled at my Deeds;
Word, a Name, that comprehends all Honours,
All Titles, Riches, Power, all Majesty,
Spight of Rome, I'm *Mithridates* still.

Aquil. The Nations must confess, that *Alexander*
Wou'd not more dreadful to the East appear,
Than you: ev'n Rome, wou'd Buy her Peace with Joy,
Wou'd you at reasonable Rates afford
Our Royal Friendship, tho' by your Command,

Most dreadful to *Italian* Memory,
 In one dark Day, Damn'd in the Book of Fate,
 A Hundred Thousand Murder'd *Romans* fell.

Mith. Darest thou, Fomentor of these Wars, to talk?
 Thou purple Source of all those bloody Streams,
 Which have for more than thirty Years o'erflow'd
 The *Asian* Banks, and dy'd *Euphrates* red?
 Dar'st thou, Commissioner in chief, to put
 The Earth in Arms, and set the World on Flame,
 Once think of Peace? Now, by the Fire-robb'd God
 Thou shalt have Punishment that fits thy Crimes.

Aquil. The bravest must submit, when Fortune frowns.

Mith. Desire of Wealth, the Lust of shining Dirt,
 And Palace Plunder, caus'd thee with arm'd Legions
 T'invade a King, whose Father was *Rome's* Friend.
 But, by the asserted Justice of my Cause,
 The Help of Heav'n, and of my own Right-hand,
 I conquer'd thee, and thou art now my Slave.
 Guards, strait convey him to the Market-place,
 Take off his wealthy Chains, and melt 'em down;
 Then, for a terrible Example to

All sordid Wretches, Souls made up of Avarice,
 Pour down his Throat the rich dissolved Mass,
 And gorge his Entrails with the burning Gold.

Mon. Not, my dear Lord, upon your Nuptial Day.

Mith. On any Day, my Queen, to do a Justice
 Which all the Gods, and all good Men must like.
 For *Lucius Cassius*, and for *Quintus Oppius*,
 A milder Destiny's in store. Away with him.
 And now proceed we to the Sacred Rites.

Aquil. Yet, e're you joyn, hear me, proud Emperor,
 Hear what the Fates have put into thy Breast;
 I see my Death, by *Roman* Arms reveng'd;
 And what *Lucullus* had so well begun,
Pompey shall end; *Pompey*, thy Glory's ruin.
 This Hour that gives me Death, shall be the last
 Of all thy Quiet: Swift Domestick Jars
 Shall overtake thee; thou shalt add more Blood
 To that already shed from thy own Bowels:
 And when at last subdu'd in all thy Wars,

Spoil'd of thy Queens, thy Sons and Daughters slain,
 Thou seek'st some Corner of thy conquer'd Empire
 To hide thy abandon'd Head in; then the Load
 Of all thy Woes shall come, one whom thou least
 shalt fear, long nourish'd in thy impious Breast,
 shall stab thee to the Heart, and end thy Days.
 That this, all this, and more may light upon thee,
 pray the Gods; and so the Furies seize thee.

Mith. Away, to Death with the Prophetick Fool.

[*Ex. Guards with Aquilius.*

Cryphon, begin and let the Altar smoko
 With such rich Victims, to the well-pleas'd Gods,
 that they may smile from Heav'n, and give us Joy.

*Here follows the Entertainment: After which, the King
 and Queen return from the Altar to sit in State. An
 Image of Victory descends with two Crowns in her
 Hands; but on a sudden the Engines break, and cast
 the Image forward on the Stage with such Violence,
 that they dash it in pieces. Mithridates starting up.*

Mith. Ha! whence? How fell this out? Now, by my
 Nuptials are not pleasing to the Gods; (Arms,
 is for some Fault of mine, O *Monima*,
 that Heav'n denies thy Beauties to my Bosom:
 us, when we did approach the hallow'd Vault,
 Prophefying Priest, with start-up Hair,
 rolling Eyes, and Nostrils wide as Months,
 pt us i'th' way, and said, we were no Match.
 well the Noblest Salvage of the Field
 ght tamely couple with a fearful Ewe,
 gers ingender with the timorous Deer,
 old muddy Boars defile the cleanly Ermin,
 Vultures sort with Doves, as I with thee.
 is a cross Thought, and much disturbs me here.
Mon. Command me die, e'er give your Majesty
 use of the least Disturbance, O, my Lord!
 ink you, that I wou'd lie within your Arms
 hear you sigh, and give me Tears for Love?
 think you, 'tis to Empire I aspire?

Rather dismiss me from your Breast, the Haven,
Where I had hoarded all my Happiness,
And cast me out to a wide Sea of Weeping.

Mith. Howe'er the Pow'rs above shall deal with me,
Racking my Heart with what they have set down,
Thou art our Queen.

Mon. O, 'tis an empty Name,
A senseless Sound, except I am your Love:
I find, I find, that I am lost for ever.
I have but slept, charm'd with a golden Dream,
And now am wak'd to Beggary again.

Why did you take me from my Father's Wing?
Who, tho' a petty Prince, was yet a World
Of Warmth to me; Why did you tempt me forth
With burning Love, and the bright Comet, Power?

Mith. Fright not thy tender Heart with false Suspicion
I will be ever thine: But give me leave
A little to digest with serious Thoughts,
The Anger of the Heav'ns—— *Andravar.*

Andr. My Lord?

Phar. They whisper, General.

[To Pel]

Ziph. Coming forward. Stars, by your leave;
Ill Omens may the guilty tremble at.
Make every Accident a Prodigy,
And Monsters frame, where Nature never err'd;
May the fear'd Conscience start at falling Meteors,
And call the Schreme of every hooting Owl,
Or croaking Raven, Fate's most dreadful Voice:
For me, I laugh at 'em; shou'd now the Heav'n
Flame with a thousand Fires, ne'er seen before,
And Thunder beat the Winds from every Corner,
Not for the Calm of all the Universe
Wou'd I put off my Joys a Moment longer.
Stand back my Love; and, when I call, come forth:
A Minute makes us blest, or wretched ever.

[Comes to the Middle of the Stage, and kneels]

Mith. Is there in all the Space of our wide Empire
Ought of that most inestimable Value
To make *Ziphares* kneel?

Ziph. There is, my Lord,
Thus to adore you.

Mith. O
Mark me
The Curse
Heavy upon
Which we
Turn round
That he can
Ziph. rise
The Peace
The Torm
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Mith. O
Thy Action
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Mith. To
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Mith. O Celestial Powers!

Mark me your Subject out for all Misfortunes,
The Curses of the *Roman Mannius* fall
Heavy upon me; Fortune's giddy Wheel,
Which we have fix'd with our Majestick Weight,
Turn round with me; when I deny him ought
That he can ask with Honour. Rise, my Son.

Ziph. rising. Since on the great Request which I shall make,
The Peace or Trouble of my Life depends,
The Torment or the Pleasure of my Soul,
Eternal Grievs, or everlasting Joys,
I wou'd recal to your Remembrance, Sir,
The Toils and Hardships which my early Valour
Has undergone; the many Fields I have fought
And conquer'd too; and, as of old the *Romans*,
Who fought the *Consulship*, made bare their Breasts,
Lac'd with long Scars, and studded o'er with Thrusts,
The Noble Wardrobe of the Scarlet War;
I wou'd, with bolder mention of my Deeds,
Display my Wounds to move your Royal Favour,
And offer, to the Blood which I have shed,
All my Heart holds for Sealing of your Promise.

Mith. O, had'st thou fought so poorly as thou speak'st,
Thy Actions, all the Lawrels that lie green
Upon thee, streight wou'd wither, and be Dust.
To mention but thy last, thy last of Wars,
Which ev'n the Breath of Majesty makes vile;
So much below thy Valour is all Language——

Ziph. The Glory of that Battle is your own.

Mith. To thee we owe the Day, our Life and Empire!
When Six Centurions bore me from my Saddle,
And laid me groveling, for the violent Horse
To tread my Soul out; How did my brave *Ziphares*
Break through their Walls of Steel, leap o'er the Ramparts
Of the dead Bodies that fenc'd me in,
On his own Courser mounting me to Life!
Even in the Mouth of Slaughter; while
On Foot himself, he with his Battle-axe
Drove down the Legions, drove whole Troops before him,
And brought their Eagles drooping from the Field!

Demand,

Demand, I say; ask me most Royally,
I will be lavish to thy vast Ambition,
And Crown my Wishes like a giving God.

Ziph. In Thankfulness I bend me to the Earth;
Once more fall prostrate to your Majesty,
And pray the Gods to give you Length of Days.
Come forth, come forth, my Fairest; break, my Day;
Appear, and charm, dazle the whole Assembly.

[*Semandra comes forward*]

Mith. A Wonder! Ha!

Ziph. She is, my Lord, the Boast,
The lovely Chance-word, Master-piece of Nature,
Who blush'd to see what her own Hands had made;
As if mistaking Moulds, she unawares
Had cast *Semandra* in a Form Divine.

Sem. These Praises, breath'd from any Lips but yours,
Lord of my Life, and Idol of my Love,
Wou'd make me sink with shame, or scorn the Flatterer.
But as they come from you, from that lov'd Mouth,
The tender Off'rings of your fond Desires,
I take 'em all, and die upon the Sound:
To the driven Air my flying Soul is fasten'd;
Each Word, each Syllable you speak is mine;
Yes, I am Fair, a Queen, a Goddess, any thing
That my dear Lord is pleas'd to have me be.

✓ *Mith.* She talks——

Ziph. And with so good a Grace,
That nothing but her Wit can Charm beyond it.
Late in the Camp I languish'd with a Fever,
And sure had dy'd, but for this Physician;
Who, in the midst of all my fiery Pains,
When Art was at a loss, and I lay gasping,
Wou'd quite beguile my Sufferings with her Song,
Her welcome Pity, and her soft Endearments:
Now, laying her chaste Cheek, cold with her Tears,
To mine, she wou'd abate the raging Fire;
Now, with warm Sighs, kindle my fading Spirits:
And when I fainted, with a Kiss recall me.

Mith. By Heav'n, she Weeps, I cou'd drink the Dew

Phar. He takes the Poison, fast as I cou'd wish.

Semandra above as like Orsilla
or B.F. 2 in Thuring & Ph.

Pelop. And Prince *Ziphares* forces her upon him.

Arch. Hold, you are gone too far; speak to the Purpose.

Ziph. Ambition therefore was not my Request;

in *Colchis* or in *Bosphorus* to Reign;

leave to my Brothers all your Empire; and

to me, this only Beauty for Reward.

Mith. Reward! Wert thou on *Mithridates's* Throne,

possess'd of all his Kingdoms, were thine Eye

like his who guides the Day, as thou cou'dst call

all thy Journeys, what thou saw'st thy own;

thine Eyes would match thy Lustre: All thy Glories

wou'd be but Shadows, when this Face appear'd.

Ziph. They wou'd, my Lord.

Mith. They wou'd, my Lord! Yet more;

all my Royalties, a God might Wed her,

and be a Gainer by the Beautious Bride.

Ziph. Such as she is——

Mith. Not Heav'n itself can mend her.

And I as many Tongues as I have Languages,

wou'd in all Speeches of the babling World,

and cou'd at once speak to as many Nations,

with such Grace as might make *Athens* blush;

Mercury, and by the Father of

the *Muses*, I shou'd never speak *Semandra*.

Mon. O, he is gone! his vow'd Fidelity

is gaz'd away!

Mith. Tell me her Birth, *Ziphares*?

He must be more than Royal.

Ziph. Fate, thy worst:

He must be dumb for ever from this Moment.

Arch. In me your Majesty may please to read

my Father: What I want in Dignity,

he pleas'd to fill up with my Services.

Mith. Thy Daughter!

Arch. Yes, my gracious Lord, my Daughter.

Mith. O pity, that so fair a Star shou'd be

the Child of Night; that such a Stream of Chrystal

wou'd have her Spring so muddy!

How dy'st, thou saucy, old, ambitious Dotard,

to dar'st to match thy Lees of Blood with ours,

to daub the Throne of the Immortal *Cyrus*.

Ziph.

Theodosius

Ziph. Hold, hold, most awful, give *Ziphæres* Death,
 Impale me, burn me, bury me alive;
 But do not wrong this Innocent old Man,
 These Hairs, which were made Silver in your Service;
 O the good Gods! whom Fear cou'd never shake,
 Your bitter Words have caus'd to tremble: See!
 With the Disgrace, he weeps; his Springs of Life,
 Which had been dry for fifty Years, this last
 Affront has water'd:
 Oh my poor Father!

Mith. Ha! that Name again,
 Thou art no more my Son. For thee, *Semandra*,
 Thou shalt attend our Queen; to Court, my Fair,
 Where I must learn you to forget *Ziphæres*,
 And match you equal to your Birth.

Sem. My Lord—— *Ziphæres*—— Father.

Mith. Look not back.

Conduct the Queen, *Pharnaces*. O, *Semandra*!
 'Tis to your Tears I Sacrifice my Justice;
 To them, your Father's Life I'll not deny,
 Who for Ambition did deserve to die.

[*Exeunt all but Ziphæres and Archil*]

Arch. Dotard! and saucy! nay, the Lees of Blood!
 Now, by the Gods, 'tis sprightly as his own:
 O, 'tis too much to bear. Forgive me, Prince;
 It breaks the very Neck of Loyalty:
 Perhaps, he Whores my Daughter too. But first,
 Rather than see him wear my Glories Spoils,
 Thou, my good Sword, that has so oft been drawn,
 And dy'd thyself in *Roman* Bowels, to
 The very Guard, for this ungrateful King,
 Be faithful to me, as thou still hast been,
 And pierce the Heart of thy dishonour'd Master.

Ziph. Oh, *Archilæus*! Oh, my kinder Father!
 If you are stir'd thus at an angry Word,
 What should I be; I, who am lost indeed,
 I who am stunn'd, I who sustain'd the Stroke
 Of all the Anger of the Fates at once:
Semandra, O my Love!

Arch. Restrain your Grief,
I my Rage; and let us think apace,
For my Daughter's Vertue I wou'd stake
My Immortal part, my Fame so dearly Bought,
At force, which he may use, will have its way:
Consider that.

Ziph. Consider! how shou'd I
Consider, who grow Mad with crowding Thoughts:
Where every one endeav'ring to be foremost
Steps up the Passage, and will Choak my Reason?

Arch. Once more speak humbly to him,
Perhaps 'tis but a sudden short-liv'd Fit,
A gust of Passion that may soon blow over:

If you find it rooted in his Heart,
Your way through him, to your Happiness;
Perish, like your Brother *Mithridates*.

Ziph. By Heav'n, I think it greatest Happiness;
Never to have been Born? and next to that,
To Die: For who that wears his Flesh can bear
The Curse of Accidents, a Change like mine?
Who, some Moments past, wou'd not have chang'd
Condition with the Blessed Gods themselves;

Now in all probability am lost,
And stand upon the very Brink of Ruin.

Arch. Your Destiny's uncertain; Fate, as yet,
Shows the Scale doubtful: Let us haste to Court,
Where we shall learn which way the Ballance falls.

Ziph. Not half an Hour ago, methought secure
I engag'd myself, and almost cou'd have wept
To see meer Compassion to th' hard-fated World,
Thinking how much my State was happier.

Arch. Yet all the while you did not spy the Danger
Which crept invisible, and undermin'd you.

Ziph. Alas, I did not; without fear I stood:
I saw one who on the Beach, descries from far
A labouring Bark, with which the Billows war,
And sees its State, wishing the Tempest gone,
Views not the near Sea come rolling on:
And did with me my unseen Fortune play,
Till the Waves came, and wash'd me quite away.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pharnaces and Pelopidas.

Phar. I'L L hear no more; get me a Hundred Horse
 To be our Guard, I'll bear her hence to Night
 And Ravish her, by all the Fire that Aets
 This fearless Frame, I will. Declare the diff'rence?
 Is not the Blood of Queens and Princesses
 Like other Womens? Souls alike infus'd?
 Their Banquets Richer, and the Drinks they taste
 The very Spirits of the Purple Vine?
 Yet we must think 'em cold as candid Ice,
 Not a Thought starting, free from warm Desires,
 As the bleak Girl upon the Mountain's Top,
 Cover'd with Snow, beaten with constant Winds,
 That Feeds on Herbs and Roots, and Drinks the Dew

Pelop. What would you have her fall like mellow Fruit
 Whom yet no Sun has shone upon, no Warmth
 To Ripen? 'bate a little of this Fire.

Phar. *Pelopidas*, I oft have told you, that
 She knew my Love, before she saw my Father;
 For in the Plunder I first lighted on her:
 Tho' afterwards he took my beauteous Spoil,
 As now he does my Brothers. I alledg'd,
 As late I led her Weeping to her Chamber,
 My constant Passion, and his Breach of Faith,
 All that a Love most violent cou'd put
 Into a Lover's Mouth, like mine; but she unmov'd,
 Insensible reply'd; the King, 'twas possible,
 At last might Kill her with his Cruelty;
 Yet to the utmost Moment of her Life
 She wou'd adore him with such Spotless Love,
 Such most Romantick Faith, and such a deal
 Of whining Grief, that in a Rage I flung
 Away, and left her talking to her self.

Pelop. And do you think this Haughtiness will carry
 He that will win a most exalted Beauty,
 Must bend his Soul low, as he bows his Body,

Watch every Glance, obey her e'er she speaks,
 Cast up his Eyes at each affected Word,
 And swear—— Besides her Honour, Sir, her Honour,
 Obliges her to stand a while at distance.

Phar. 'Tis almost empty; Honour, Courtship, all
 But gaudy Nonsense. O *Pelopidas*,

Rather than buy my Pleasure with such Baseness,
 'T'd be a Brute: Now, by my Life, methinks,
 The happier Creature, cast before my Eyes;
 The generous Horse, loose in a Flow'ry Lawn,
 With choice of Pasture, and of Chrystal Brooks,
 And, all his chearful Mistresses about him,
 The White, the Brown, the Black, the Shining-bay,
 And every dappled Female of the Field;

Now, by the Gods, for ought we know, as Man
 Thinks him a Beast, Man seems a Beast to him.

Pelop. Be more considerate, less rash and hot;
 I have thought of an Expedient to gain her.

Phar. Thou art my better Genius, and shalt flourish,
 When *Archelaus*, like a blasted Tree,
 Lies rotting to the Ground.

Pelop. Did *Mithridates*
 Know of your Love to *Monima*?

Phar. He did:

As Publickly I shew'd it as *Ziphares*:
 Let he who like the *Hesperian* Dragon, thinks
 The Golden Fruit of Beauty all his own,
 View at me as a Thief, who, while he slept,
 Had stol'n his Prize, and made me Pay it back:
 I Swore, my Life shou'd be the fatal Forfeit.

Pelop. 'Tis as I cou'd have wish'd: Thus then, the King,
 Whose Heart *Semandra* kindles into Flame,
 Tolls every Hour to his New-marry'd Bride,
 And will not Bed yet till the Coronation.
 I meer put-off, wading in deep Disgust,
 And wishing for pretence to part for ever.

Phar. Which he shall have; this Head of thine has thought

Pelop. I, and the needful *Andrauar*,
 Who feels the Pulse of his Affection,
 Will Swear boldly,

[It.

As

As Witnesses who had both seen and heard
 The jealous *Monima*, inrag'd with Love,
 But more for what her vast Ambition lost,
 Strove to revive the Passion that you bore her :
 But you most generously oppos'd her Charms,
 Which with unwillingness you shall confess,
 And beg your fiery Father to forgive her.

Phar. Pithy, and short ; thou art the Soul of Council.

Pelop. The very breaking of the Business, throws
 Her into Prison ; where, while I guard the Door,
 Your Highness may, with as much ease, perform
 Your Pleasure, as your faithful Servant thought it.

Phar. In thanks the vilest, fawning, lying Slave
 Wou'd speak thee fairer than *Parnaces* shall ;
 But let my Deeds be grateful to my Soldier.

Enter Andravar.

What News, my *Andravar* ?

Andr. Your Guardian-Spirit

Now lays about him, and invisibly
 Acts wonders for you, madding all the Court ;
Semandra Weeping, and your Father Burning ;
Monima, like a Widow'd-Turtle, Mourning ;
 Old *Archilaus* pushing on his Fate ;
 And Amorous *Ziphares*, led by Love,
 To tumble from the Top of all his hopes.
 Defiance from the Roman Consul *Glabrio*,
 I sent, and the third *Pontick* War renew'd.
 But Love so rocks your Father's drowzy Brain,
 That all the Trumpets of the thundring Legions
 Can scarce awake him. See where he comes !

Enter Mithridates attended.

His haughty Courage scarce submitting to
 The weight which presses him ; but striking out.

Mith. She must be mine, this admirable Creature,
 Her Charms are now inevitable grown ;
 And, while I seem to fright her from my Son,
 I talk and gaze, and dote, to my undoing.
 See her no more ; lose her with weighty thoughts,
 And drown her in the Ocean of thy Power :
 In vain I strive with Cares to keep her down,

In vain does Business sink her to the bottom :
This Bladder Love still bears her up again.

Phar. Like a caught Lion, raging in the Snare,
He plunges in his Passion, spends his force,
And struggles with the Toil that holds him faster.

Mith. See her no more—— and live! impossible!
As well I might bid Meteors keep their Lustre,
When all the shining Exhalations spent
That fed their short-liv'd Glory.

Enter Monima.

Mon. O *Mithridates*! O my cruel Lord!
Come with all the violence of Grief,
To make my last Farewel.

Mith. What means the Queen?

Mon. The Queen! O mockery of State!
Pageant of Greatness! wondred at a while,
But streight neglected like a common thing.

Come, my Lord, to beg (O Heav'ns!) your Leave,
Your Royal License, to retire from Court;

And, since my Father by your Bounty reigns
At *Ephesus*, I there wou'd go to Mourn,
And Languish out my wretched Life's remain.

Mith. Why will you add new troubles to my Bosom,
Already Burthen'd with the Wrath of Heav'n,
By your unnecessary Grief?

Mon. From Earth, I fear,
And not from Heav'n, those cloudy Cares are drawn.

Mith. No matter whence, they're dangerous to partake:
The tender Face of Beauty cannot bear 'em;
If from Earth they come, their Damp will stifle;
And, if from Heav'n, their Influence is blasting.

Mon. Were you but kind, my Lord, as once you were,
That blasting cou'd I fear? what dangers, drest
In all the horrors of most dreadful Death?

If you are pleas'd, that I should not complain.

Andr. *Semandra*, by your Majesty's appointment,
Attends without.

Mith. Fair *Monima*, retire:
You will oblige me by a confidence;

I cannot be, but yours; Affairs of State
Now take me from you.

Mon. Say the Affairs of Love.

I wou'd, my Royal Lord, but cannot blame you:
I feel a Spirit within me, which calls up
All that is Woman wrong'd, and bids me chide;
But you are *Mithridates*, that dear Man
Whom my Soul loves; else, were you all the Kings,
All Worlds, all Gods, I cou'd let loose upon you,
For those deep injuries which I must suffer;
Cou'd, like the fighting Winds, disturb all Nature
With venting of my Wrongs; but I am hush'd
As a spent Wave, and all my fiery Powers
Are quench'd, when I but look upon your Eyes,
Where, like a Star in Water, I appear
A pretty fight, but of no Influence,
And am at best but now a shining Sorrow.

Exit. led

Pharnace

Mith. O Love! if that the Face of such Affection,
Such modest Sweetness, and such humble Vertue,
As my Queen bears, fix not my wandering Heart,
Break, break thy Bow, and burn thy useless Arrows:
By Heav'n, her kindness strikes my troubled Soul.

Enter Semandra with Andravar attending.

But see, she's lost again, *Semandra* comes,
Who drowns like blushing Noon her paler dawn,
And shews like Summer to the infant Spring.
Semandra, what, still Weeping? will not all
The Wealth which the Sun sees throughout the East
Dry up your Tears? methinks, an Empire might
Suffice for any Loss. I give you all my Power;
And, with it, such a Heart, as nought but Love
Cou'd bow: I throw it bleeding at your Feet.
Behold, behold, *Semandra*, while I blush,
The great Effects of your commanding Beauty.

Sem. Were you yet greater than you are, which scarce
The Gods can make you; tho' no Bounds but Heav'n
Did limit your large Sway; tho' in your Person all
The Graces met that every Man ador'd,
The blush of Rising Youth, the Conquering Eyes,
The Noble Smiles, and those most passionate Beauties

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Which drew my Heart to Idolize your Son;
 cou'd not Love you.

Mith. Oh, unmerciful!

Sem. You said, my Lord, but now,
 You blush'd to think of your degraded Power;
 How then ought I to blush? I, who shou'd be
 The daily Curse of your repining Subjects?
 who am bound by Oaths and Solemn Vows,
 To Love *Ziphares*? by my Father's Order,
 And by the tenderest Inclination too.

Mith. You strike me Dead.

Sem. Oh, do but think, my Lord,
 How wou'd Mankind, when they shall read my Story,
 Tear all the Rolls, or throw 'em to the Flames!
 How wou'd the Weeping Maids Curse my remembrance,
 Shou'd I for Pride of Power, a golden Promise,
 A gaudy Nothing, prove ingrateful, perjur'd!
 Leave all the Goodness of the Earth to languish,
 And break for ever with his matchless Vertue!

Mith. You have said, and I confess it to be Heavenly:
 I know, and till I saw your Eyes, I Lov'd
 The Vertue of my Son; I lodg'd him near
 My Heart, and set him down my Successor:
 At now, Oh hear, and wonder at your Power,
 Might of his Noble Acts, tho' to his Arm
 I owe my Life, tho' Justice speaks so loud,
 And the soft Tongue of Nature pleads so well,
 I hate him more than I did ever Love him.

Sem. Alas! wou'd I had Dy'd, when first you saw me.

Mith. Had he conspir'd my Death, usurp'd my Throne,
 Perhaps I might have doom'd him to be Slain,
 But sure I shou'd have wept to see him Die;
 At now, since he must Ravish that lov'd Gem,
 Prize above the World, tearing you from me,
 Giving me Twenty Deaths, and cutting through
 My very Soul, shou'd I my Empire give
 To buy his Fate, I'd think it vastly sold.

Sem. Then blasted be the Form that Charm'd your Eyes;
 Fate! Oh, Gods! then you design his Death,
 To reap the Bloody Harvest of his Life,

And, *Atreus*-like, to feed on your own Bowels?
 But know, proud Monarch, there are Powers, who see
 And punish Crimes like yours: Nor can I doubt,
 But they will save from your most Impious Rage
 My poor lov'd Lord, the Innocent *Ziphares*. [Weeping]

Mith. Those Waters more intrage my Jealous Flame,
 And those heav'd Sighs but spread my Anger's Wings;
 Your Fatal Kindness hastens on his Death;
 And that untimely Doom, which I forbore

To execute seems necessary now:
 You give him all your Stock of richest Love,
 Your Tears, your longing Looks, your Smiles, your Groans
 And over-blest him with your lavish Kindness;
 But niggardly to me, you will not spare
 A pitying Glance, one Pearly drop to Ransom
 The Soul of this despairing *Mithridates*.

Andravar, go, and bear the Prince to Prison.

Sem. Stay, *Andravar*; the King has call'd you back:

See, he repents: Nay, I must hold you then,

And, if you stir, you take *Semandra* with you.

O, *Mithridates*! O ungrateful Prince!

What was it you did Order? But behold,

His Eyes are fix'd upon the Ground, he blushes

To think he cou'd so monstrously Decree

To Murder the sweet hopes of all his Kingdoms;

The Gods be prais'd for this serene Repentance:

Yet, with the fright, I fear I shall not Sleep

Till Death does close my Eyes.

Mith. O rise, *Semandra*!

Sem. Never, I never will.

Oh all you pitying Powers, will not my Cries

And piercing Woes move you to melt his Soul?

Can you be Deaf? Oh Cruel *Mithridates*!

Did you but know the workings you have made,

The heavy Plight, the panting Passions here,

If you had but a Grain of all that World

Of Love, you swore you had once for *Semandra*,

You cou'd not see me thus: Misery distracts

My Reason; shou'd you turn to a new Rage,

(Which I must fear, unless you Vow to save him,)

could not bear it; you shou'd see me fall
old, Pale, and with my Death's Convulsions grasping
our water'd Feet, but never more rise.

Mith. Give me your Beauteous Hand; I Swear upon it.
By all those Powers we Worship, by your Self,
When e'er *Ziphares* Dies, *Semandra* Kills him:
He shall alone have Power to give him Death,
Or to recal his most untimely Fate.

Enter Ziphares and Archilaus.

Thus dearly do I buy the red Impression
Which my Lips make; but take, take it from me;
My Blood boils up again, my Spirits kindle,
That lovely Brand has lent my Wishes Flame,
And I am lost again in vast Desire.

Ziph. *Semandra*! Live I once to see thee more,
Tho' in my Father's Arms? 'Tis Heav'n, to gaze
On thy assaulted Honour, thus to see thee,
Thus Tempted from me with the Charms of Empire,
Yet not consenting! No, I'll not think the World,
Laid at thy Feet,
Shou'd win thy Faith!

Yet, O dread Sir, forgive me;
That my boding Heart suspects you more
Than all that Heav'n cou'd send down great and charming,
Or Hell cou'd raise up horrid to destroy me.

Mith. O Glory!

Arch. O, consider, Sir, on that;
Think how the *Romans* will despise your Wars,
If Love now drive you——Speak, my Lord: He yields.

Ziph. Oh, Royal Sir, or if the Name of Father
Can move you more, by that I will Conjure you;
By all the Charms of *Stratonice's* Eyes,
When first they drew you to adore their Lustre;
By all the Pains you gave her, when she bore me;
By all the Obedience I have paid you long,
And by the Blood I yet intend to lose
In your behalf: Oh grant me my *Semandra*.

Sem. Ev'n by the Passion my unhappy Beauty
First kindled in you, (but I hope is Dying)
Give me *Ziphares*, give him to my Longings.

Mith. 'Tis done; the Conquest is at last obtain'd,
 And Manly Vertue Lords it o'er my Passion:
 It shall be so; away, thou feeble God,
 I banish thee my Bosom; hence I say,
 Be gone, or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
 And stab thee in thy Heart. The Wars come on;
 By Heav'n, I'll drown thy laughing Deity
 In Blood, and drive thee with my Brandish'd Sword
 To Rome, I will, yes, to the Capitol;
 There to resume thy God-head once again,
 And vaunt thy Majesty without controul;
 But never Reign in *Mithridates* Soul.

Arch. O wonderful effect of highest Vertue!
 O Conquest, which deserves more Triumphs than
 A Hundred Victories in Battel gain'd.

Ziph. You, must, you shall be now the Lord of Rome
 Her Fate shall bow beneath your awful Scepter.
 O let me not enjoy the Life you promis'd,
 The vast possession of the rich *Semandra*,
 If I strike not Rome's Eagles to the Earth,
 Take the Imperial Standard, Chase their Legions,
 And bring in Triumph all their Leaders bound.

Mith. Andronicus, haste, Proclaim throughout the City
 My Son *Ziphares* General against the Romans. [Exit *Andronicus*]
 Come to my Breast once more, my dearest Son;
 In Spight of Love, thou art again my Child:
 Thus with a Father's Bowels I receive thee,
 Thus melting o'er thee with the tenderest Nature,
 I pray the Gods to Crown thy Youth with Glory.

Ziph. Oh Happiness! Oh Joy! Oh blessed Tears!
 Reward this Goodness, Heav'n; for Poor *Ziphares*
 Is now so lost, he knows not what to say.

Let me devour your Hands with Filial Dearness:
 Were my whole Life to come, one Heap of Troubles,
 The Pleasure of this Moment wou'd suffice,
 And sweeten all my Grievs with its Remembrance.

Sem. Oh Happy Hour! if I not set thee down,
 The Whitest that the Eye of Time e'er saw,
 Let me ne'er Smile when I remember thee,
 Nor ev'n in Wishes offer at a Joy.

[Shouting with
Mith.

Mith. Hark, with loud Cries the Soldiers send their Joys:
Go then, with the best Blessings I can give thee,
Conduct my chearful Subjects to the Field;
Take all the Sighing Virgins Wishes with thee,
Subdue the Consul and receive *Semandra*.

Zipb. O do not doubt me, my most Royal Lord;
If now I Conquer not, thus helpt, thus promis'd,
Thus prais'd, encourag'd, and thus over-blest,
I am the Mark for all

The Synod of the Gods to shoot their Fires at.

Mith. Semandra, veil your Beauties from my Eyes;
I wou'd not trust their Influence, tho' I thank
The Pow'rs above, so strongly Reigns my Vertue,
I think I might, and fear not a Relapse:

In an Apartment, proper for your Grief,
You shall be plac'd, till yours and my *Ziphares*

Return in Triumph; where no Eyes shall see
Your private Walks, nor Mark your secret Sorrow;

Thus Divided you, that your Meeting may
Be yet more grateful. Haste, my Son, to Battel:

Be short in Parting, for there is no End

Of Lover's Farewells. The Powers above preserve you.

[*Ex. Mith. with Pelop. and Andr.*]

Zipb. Farewel, *Semandra*; O, if my Father shou'd

Call back from Vertue, 'tis an impious Thought,

Yet I must ask you, cou'd you in my absence,

Solicited by Power and Charming Empire,

And threatned too by Death, forget your Vows?

Cou'd you, I say, abandon poor *Ziphares*,

Who midst of Wounds and Death would think on you;

And whatsoe'er Calamity shou'd come,

You'd keep his Love sacred to his *Semandra*,

Like Balm, to heal the heaviest Misfortune?

Sem. Your cruel Question tears my very Soul:

Can you doubt me, Prince? A Faith, like mine,

The softest Passion that e'er Woman wept;

As resolv'd as every Man cou'd boast:

As, why will you then suspect my Truth?

Yet since it shews the fearfulness of Love,

'Tis just I shou'd endeavour to convince you :
Make bare your Sword, my Noble Father, draw.

Arch. What woud'st thou now ?

Sem. I swear upon it. Oh,
Be Witness, Heav'n, and all avenging Pow'rs,
Of the true Love I give the Prince *Zephres* :
When I in thought forsake my plighted Faith,
Much less in Act, for Empire change my Love ;
May this keen Sword by my own Father's Hand
Be guided to my Heart, rip Veins and Arteries ;
And cut my faithless Limbs from this hack'd Body,
To feast the ravenous Birds, and Beasts of prey.

Arch. Now, by my Sword, 'twas a good hearty Will
And, if thou play'st him false, this faithful Hand
As heartily shall make thy Wishes good.

Ziph. O hear mine too. If e'er I fail in ought
That Love requires in strictest, nicest kind ;
May I not only be proclaim'd a Coward,
But be indeed that most detested thing.
May I, in this most glorious War I make,
Be beaten basely, ev'n by *Glabrio's* Slaves,
And for a Punishment lose both these Eyes ;
Yet Live and never more behold *Semandra*. [*Trumpets*]

Arch. Come, no more wishing ; Hark, the Trumpets

Sem. Preserve him, Gods, preserve his Innocence ;
The Noblest Image of your perfect selves :
Farewel ; I'm lost in Tears. Where are you, Sir ?

Arch. He's gone. Away, my Lord, you'll never part

Ziph. I go ; but must turn back for one last Look :
Remember, O remember, dear *Semandra*,
That on thy Vertue all my Fortune hangs ;
Semandra is the Bus'ness of the War,
Semandra makes the Fight, draws every Sword ;
Semandra sounds the Trumpets ; gives the Word.
So the Moon Charms her watry World below ;
Wakes the still Seas, and makes 'em Ebb and Flow.

Ziph. A

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Field.**Enter Ziphares bloody, with Soldiers.*

Ziph. ARE these, are these the Masters of the World?
 O, my brave Friends, how have you fought to
 You fought, as if you all had Mistresses; (Day!
 Who from some Battlement beheld your Valour,
 And from your Arms expected all their Fortune.
 Oh! had you heard 'em clap their tender Hands,
 Beat their white Breasts, and rend the wond'ring Heav'ns
 With their shrill Cries, you cou'd not have done more;
 Your Looks were Basilisks to *Roman* Blood,
 Your very Breath was as the furious North,
 And drove the Legions, like the Chaff, before you.
 Nor was I idle; witness the Wounds I feel,
 Tho' *Glabrio*, at distance, shun'd the Force
 Of my far darted Javelin, yet it struck
 A Tribune down, and did not usefess fall.
 What more remains, but that we haste to meet
 Victorious *Archilaus*, plunder their Tents,
 And loaded with the Lawrels we have won,
 March to *Synode*, shouting all the way,
 Long Live the King of Kings, Great *Mithridates*?

Enter Archilaus, attended.

Arch. O Prince! thou Life, thou Soul of all the Army,
 To whose dear Hand thrice I did owe my Life,
 When thrice this Day my Horse was kill'd beneath me,
 O renown'd Day! this one Day of thy Valour
 Has drown'd in dark Oblivion all my Wars:
 Like Time itself, thy Glory shall run on,
 While mine, my fifty Iron Years of Battle,
 Lies smear'd in Dust, and moulders into Ashes.

Ziph. Yes, Father, now I cou'd grow proud of Conquest,
 Since it must give your Daughter to my Arms.
 Methought to day, when I had given the Word,
Amandra, Victory declar'd herself,

E'er

E'er yet a Death by any Hand was given:
 Ev'n now my Blood more heats my youthful Veins,
 My Cheeks grow redder, with the Expectation
 Of Love's dear promis'd Joys, than when I strove
 In Flame of Fight, with all my Toil upon me,
 To cut my way, and win the famous Field.

Arch. Grant me, you Gods, before the Hand of Death
 Comes, like eternal Night with her dark Wing,
 To bar the comfortable Light for ever
 From these my aged Eyes; O let me see
 A Grand-child of my Prince's Sacred Blood,
 To call him mine, to feel him in my Arms,
 To hear his innocent Talk, and see him Smile,
 While I tell Stories of his Father's Valour,
 Which he in time must learn to imitate:
 Grant me but this, you Gods, and make an end,
 Soon as you please, of this old happy Man.

Ziph. I feel a gladness lightning in my Breast,
 The kindled Joy disperses quickly through me,
 And says, e'er yet the setting Sun has quench'd
 His Love in his cold Mistress Bed,
Semandra shall be mine; ev'n all *Semandra*:
 The Thought is Ecstasie! These Arms shall hold her
 Fast to my throbbing Breast; these ravish'd Eyes
 Gaze till they're blind, with looking on her Blushes;
 These stifling Lips shall smother all her Smiles,
 And follow her with such pursuit of Kisses,
 That ev'n our Souls shall lose themselves in Pleasure.

Arch. First, send a flying Messenger, with News
 Of our great Victory.

Ziph. *Ziphares* self
 Must be the Harbinger of his own Joy:
 I'll go with the best-mounted Cavalry,
 While you behind Conduct, on easie March,
 The weary'd Army. Once more let me lock
 My Father thus.

Arch. My Heart bodes Happiness.

Ziph. 'Twere Sin to doubt, since Fortune had no hand
 In what our Swords by dint of Valour won:
 She to the Brave was ever a curst Foe;

But I at last have bound her to my Chariot,
 By conquering Virtue to be drag'd along;
 And while her broken Wheel is proudly born,
 She shall be forc'd our Triumph to adorn.

[*Exeunt several.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace-Garden.*

Enter Pharnaces, and Andravar.

Andr. Then there is hope, my Lord, th' unsettled King
 May yet relapse, and fall to Love again?

Phar. 'Tis certain that the End will Crown our Wishes.
 As I pry'd about *Semandra's* Gardens,
 And that our Plot a-ground, so Plough'd to bear,
 Should yield no Fruit, still thoughtful how to work him,
 And watch for some Accident to fit
 Our purpose, and redeem the lost Design;
 I chanc'd to spy the fair *Semandra* sleeping;
 And, in that posture, she appear'd so lovely,
 As I am, she charm'd me into wonder:
 But straight thy General came to rescue me,
 Who took the Hint immediately, and went
 To see the King.

Andr. I guess the good Design,
 To draw him on to see our beauteous Foe.

Phar. You have it; and 'tis more than half effected.

Now 'em walk: *Pelopidas*, by his Action,
 Did kindle him with wondrous Praise,
 And once to view the bright *Semandra* sleeping;
 But the King stopt, as if he fear'd to go;
 Then side-long glanc'd, and sigh'd, and walk'd again,
 Rubbing his Hand upon his Face to hide
 The rising Blushes: But, behold 'em here!

Enter Mithridates, Pelopidas.

Mith. What are her Charms to me?

Pelop. 'Tis true, they are not;

And yet, methinks, the Sight might draw down *Jove*——

But, I'd not ask you, for the World, to see her;

That I think you're Master of your Promise:

But thought your God-like Frame, your Strength of Mind,

Not

Not to be shook, therefore I woo'd you, Sir,
In Curiosity, to see a Wonder ;
But, if you doubt yourself.

Mith. I think I need not :

I think my Vertue is resolv'd ; but yet,
I fear, and therefore I will go no farther.

Pelop. 'Tis well resolv'd ; and yet, methinks, 'twou'd raise
Your Pity, more than Love, to see the Tears
Force through her snowy Lids their melting Course,
To lodge themselves on her red murmur'ing Lips
That talk such mournful Things ; when strait a Gale
Of starting Sighs carries those Pearls away,
As Dews by Winds, are wafted from the Flowers.

Mith. 'Tis wondrous pitiful ; by Heaven, it is !
I feel her Sorrow working here ; it calls
Fire to my Breast, and Water to my Eyes,
And, if I durst——

Pelop. If you the least suspect
Your Temper, if the smallest Breath of Love
But stir your Heart ; let me conjure you, Sir,
Not to go on : The dazzling manner will
Disturb your Quiet, and confound your Reason.

Mith. 'Twill be as well, tho' I believe no Power
Can change my Vertue ; yet 'twill be as well,
If you relate exactly what you saw.

Pelop. Behold her then upon a Flowry Bank,
With her soft Sorrows, lull'd into a Slumber,
The Summer's Heat had, to her natural Blush,
Added a brighter and more tempting Red ;
The Beauties of her Neck and naked Breasts,
Lifted by inward Starts, did rise and fall
With motion that might put a Soul in Statues :
The matchless Whiteness of her folded Arms,
That seem'd t' embrace the Body whence they grew,
Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love ?
While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,
Waving her Robes, display'd such handsom Limbs,
As Artists wou'd in polish'd Marble give
The wanton Goddess, when supinely laid
She Charms her gallant God to new Enjoyment.

Mith. So

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Mith. Something there is stirs mightily in my Breast;
 'Tis Pity, sure, it can be, only Pity:
 Who knows, but that her multiplying Fears,
 And cruel Grievs, in time may give her Death?
 'Twere most inhuman therefore not to go,
 And comfort her with Praises of *Ziphures*:
 I'll tell her how he Conquers, how he comes
 Triumphant from the Consul's overthrow,
 To take the noble Wreaths he has deserv'd,
 Embraces from her Arms; Circles more rich
 Than all the Crowns my fruitless Valour won.
 Yet, stay; I will not speak of him: 'Twere rude
 To break her rest; I'll see her when she wakes.

Pelop. Then you dare trust your Heart?

Mith. 'Tis sure I dare:

By Heav'n, my Friends, I dare: I feel such strong
 Collected Manly Vertue, that I'll on.

Pelop. Oh, Sacred Sir, turn back: If conquer'd by
 Her Beauties you shou'd Love again, I know

Pelopidas, must bear the blame of all;

Therefore, my Lord.

Mith. Away; by Heav'n, I'll go.

Pelop. Oh, 'tis impossible, if once you Lov'd
 But you must certainly Relapse:

Therefore your fearful Servant kneels and begs

You wou'd turn back: Alas, he's conscious now

What a gross fault his foolish Tongue committed,

By tempting unawares your Reason forth.

Mith. I'll see her; yes, it is resolv'd, I'll see her,

With all that World of Charms thou hast describ'd;

Therefore arise, and lead the way.

Pelop. Alas!

My Lord, I fear you; but it is your Pleasure,

And I'm your Slave.

Mith. Reply not; but obey [Exeunt *Mith.* *Pelop.*

Phar. I feel a pleasant expectation breeding;

His Starts, his Stops: by *Mars*, he Loves her still:

Join then the much prevailing Circumstance

Of Time, and Place, the absence of my Brother,

To make Guilt bold; the lonesome of her Mansion;

Both strong Incentives to a violent Lover.

Andr.

Andr. Then Love has blest you on the other Hand,
Since by our subtil Practices, we brought
Monima to Disgrace; with whom you may
Divert, till we have gain'd our full Revenge.
I have the Guard of her.

Phar. I'm glad thou hast.
Then, to compleat the ruin of *Ziphares*,
I hear his Mother, fearful of th' Event
Of this long War, and loving him as Life,
With *Pompey* holds private Intelligence,
And has, to *Rome*, giv'n all those Castles up,
Which she had charge of, to preserve her Son.

Andr. This, when occasion calls, I'll aggravate;
To Mad your Father more! But see, the General.

Enter Pelopidas.

Pelop. He's gone; he's ruin'd; quite transported with
The Ecstasie of Love: I left him kneeling
Close to her Side, winding about his Heart
Such Nets of Beauty, as must hold him fast;
Therefore, when he approaches us for comfort,
Shewing his Grievs, and seeking shroud for Guilt,
Let us encourage, to our utmost Power,
What-e'er his violent Love dares put in Act.

Enter Mithridates.

Mith. Torment of Heart! Oh, feeble Vertue! Hence
I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage;
To build in Hearts of Hinds, blest their rude Hands
With thy lean Recompence of endless Labour:
For me, since I have burst th' ungrateful Chain
That held me to thee like a shackled Slave,
I will enjoy what-e'er the Gods have given,
And surfeit on the Beauties of *Semandra*.
Oh, my dear Son, my best, my one *Pharnaces*;
By Heav'n, thou never did'st oppose my Pleasure,
As does *Ziphares*: But I'll cast him out,
That Bosom Wolf, who laps my dearest Blood,
And lodge thee there; thou wilt not rack me thus.

Phar. The Gods forbid. But why, Sir, will you bear

Pelop. I cou'd not think you lov'd her at this rate;
Therefore I hope forgotten Vertue yielded
To bolder Pleasures, and you quench'd your Fires.

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Mith. Drawn by resistless Love, I put one Knee
To Earth, and gently bowing down my Head,
First took at distance the sweet wafted Breath;
Which blew my Flames to such a raging Height,
That streight I fell upon her Balmy Lips,
And glew'd my own so fiercely, that she wak'd;
And, starting up, soon vanish'd from my Sight,
Leaving me Dumb, Pale, Languishing, and Dying,
Rent with her Charms, distracted with the Rage
Of my Desires, and torn with cruel Love.

Pelop. Why stopt you there? I wou'd have follow'd her
Into her inmost Closet; pardon me,
If I prove passionate to see you thus:
Better a Million of such slight-soul'd things
Were Ravish'd, Massacred, than *Mithridates*
Suffer one Moment's care.

Phar. I have no Patience.
By your great Glory, 'twas not Nobly done:
Th' midst of Groans, and Cries, and gushing Tears,
I wou'd have Ravish'd her; — your Royal Hand,
Lock'd in her Amber-Hair, shou'd then have forc'd her;
Who knows, but opposition mounts the Joy?
Like that *Athenian* Tyrant, who ne'er took
His Barge for Pleasure, but in the highest Storms;
Then wou'd he stand like *Neptune* on his Deck,
And laugh to see the Dolphins back the Billows.

Andr. Say but the Word, I'll fetch her from the Altar
To your Embraces: Never did I see
So strange an Alteration; your fierce Eye,
Which, like the Sun at Noon, none cou'd behold
But with a snatch of Light, and then be dazled,
Now, like a cold and drowzy Winter's-Star,
Shows a bleak Brightness. O decay of Lustre!

Mith. I am not as I was — Ha! Whence this { Shout
Noise? { within.

Ex. Pelop. and Andr.

Phar. My Lord, this Passion has unman'd you quite:
Forgetful of the glorious Fields you won,
You lose your dear bought Honours in a Day,
And sell your Fame to your Ambitious Son.

The

The Coward *Glabrio*, whom by flying Agents
 I hear, in divers Skirmishes he vanquish'd,
 Has swell'd him so, and blown him to that height,
 He rides upon the Shoulders of his Army :
 They heave him as he were a God, in Air,
 And Dance before him, shouting in their Songs,
 You are their *Saturn*, but the Prince their *Jove* !
 All that their waning Faith can give Ambition ;
 And he too laughs, to hear the thund'ring Titles.

Mith. And, for a recompence, shall I bestow
 Upon this Traytor, all I Love on Earth ?
 No, my *Pharnaces*, I have mark'd him Dead,
 If that *Semandra's* Loss can bring his Ruin :
 Not but the Thought I go with, shews me just
 To what shall appear : The noble wile
 Kills by her seeming Infidelity.

Monima too must perish for Dishonour ;
 But rather to make way for my new Love,
 And fix the giddy People on my Side. [Shouts again
 Again these Shouts !

Phar. I guess, *Zipharex* comes.

Mith. Down, struggling Nature ;
 Die, Die, thou Ravisher of my Repose ;
 Be strangled in me all remorse, all thoughts
 Of Pity ; yet I will be calmly Cruel ;
 Nor shall he find the depth of my Revenge.

Enter Andravar.

Andr. Your Son has Conquer'd, mightiest of Kings ;
 But by a way so infamously base,
 I fear my Doom will scarce be less than Death
 For the Relation.

Mon. Monstrous !

May it be ?

For I so hate him now, I wish for Crimes
 Of deepest Grain, for Colour to his Fate.

Andr. His Royal Mother, the false *Siratonice*,
 To whom you gave in Custody *Inora*,
 The strongest, richest Fort of all the East,

E'er he with *Glabrio* join'd, to *Rome* did yield
That wondrous Mass of Treasure, with her Honour.

Mith. Curst State of Monarchs! Let the judging World
Now weigh our Pleasures, with our mightier Troubles,
And find us happier than the rest of Men!

False Beauty, thou shalt Die, thou Bane of Greatness;
Or, if I cannot reach thy fickle Being,
I'll punish thee by ruining *Ziphares*.

Andr. This have I learnt by frequent Messengers,
Who warrant with their Lives, how by consent
Glabrio but skirmish'd with the Prince your Son,
And was by *Stratonice* brib'd before.

Mith. Plots, Treasons, horrid black Conspiracies!
Mother and Son, Oh Parricides! combine;
But if you scape me, may I Sleep my Reign out.

Enter Pelopidas.

What says *Pelopidas*? What of *Ziphares*?
Bring'st thou more matter for my Curses? Speak.

Pelop. He comes, my Lord, and with a Port so Proud,
As if he had Subdu'd the spacious World,
And all *Synope's* Streets are fill'd with such
Glut of People, you wou'd think some God
Had conquer'd in their Cause, and they thus rank'd
That he might make his entrance on their Heads:
While from the Scaffolds, Windows, Tops of Houses,
Are cast such gaudy show'rs of Garlands down,
That ev'n the Croud appear like Conquerors,
And the whole City seems like one vast Meadow,
All with Flowers, as a clear Heav'n with Stars.

Mith. Ungrateful Slaves! By *Mars*, when I return'd,
Worn with the Hardship of a Ten-Years War,
My Army's heavy gaited, bruis'd and hack'd,
With cutting *Roman* Lives;
They ne'er receiv'd me with a Pomp like this.

Pelop. Nay, as I heard, e'er he the City enter'd,
Our Subjects lin'd the way for many Furlongs;
The very Trees bore Men: And as our God,

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When

When from the Portal of the East he dawns,
Beholds a Thousand Birds upon the Boughs,
To Welcome him with all their warbling Throats,
And prune their Feathers in his Golden Beams;
So did your Subjects, in their gaudy'st trim,
Upon the pendant Branches speak his Praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the Banks beneath,
Did rob the crying Infants of the Breast,
Pointing *Ziphares* out to make 'em Smile;
And climbing Boys stood on their Father's Shoulders,
Answering their shouting Sires with tender cries,
To make the Consort up of general Joy.

Mrb. What, will you bear your part too? Oh the God
He is transported with the ample Theam,
And plays the Orator! Plagues rot thy Tongue,
And blasted be the Lungs that breath'd his welcome;
Perish the Bodies that went forth to meet him,
A prey for Worms to stink in hollow Ground.
O, Viper! Villain! not content to take
My Love, but Life! wilt thou Unthrone me too?
Shall *Mithridates* Live to be Depos'd,
A Stale, the Image of what once he was;
The very Ghost of his departed Greatness;
A thing for Slaves to be familiar with,
To Gape, to Nod, and Sleep in my scorn'd Face?
Awake, awake, thou Sluggard Majesty,
Rouse thee to Act; tho' all the Elements,
Tho' Heav'n and Hell, Subjects and Sons conspire
With Fate thy Empire's fall, oppose their Will:
Dare to the last, and be a Monarch still. }

Pelop. What think you now?

Phar. I think, for my Revenge,
For any Act that witty horror asks,
Thou art an Instrument so black and fit,
The *Furies* joyn'd in Council cou'd not Match thee.
But see, *Ziphares* comes. With what a Train
Of Priests! nay, then the God must be Ador'd.

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The Scene being drawn, represents Ziphates's Triumph; which is a Street full of Pageants, crowded with People, who from the Windows fling down Garlands: Others Dance before him, while the Priests Sing; Ziphates resting under a Canopy of State.

Ziph. Enough, my Friends, my Noble Country-men,
I am indebted to your Bounties ever;
But let me now Conjure you, cease the Noise
Of your loud Thanks, lest we disturb the King:
We're near the Palace, and my boding Heart
Says, He interprets rudely this our Triumph,
Which you against my will, have forc'd upon me?
Therefore *Ziphates* begs you to retire.
By the small Victories my Arms have gain'd,
If you have any Love, as much you shew,
Let me intreat you all, by that affection,
Evn now, upon this instant, to disband.

All. Long live our King, and Noble Prince *Ziphates*.

[Exeunt, Shouting.]

Phar. Welcome, *Ziphates*, welcome to *Synope*;
Still, when Fate calls thee forth, may'st thou return,
Thus swell'd, thus Lord Triumphant o'er the *Romans*.

Ziph. Had I subdu'd the World, I shou'd detest
The Title of Triumpher, and scarce think
That Man my Friend, who Praises at your rate.

Pelop. Had not the Monster Multitude receiv'd you, Sir,
With such a monstrous State, methinks,
Like *Hercules*, you shou'd have slain the *Hydra*.

Andr. Heard you but, Sir, how with an hundred Mouths,
worship'd, as you were already Crown'd:

Long-live our King, the Noble Prince *Ziphates*?

Ziph. What, Villains! Ha! Gods, have I Flesh and bare it?
armaces, off; by my just wrath they Die.

[Exeunt Pel. and Andr.]

Phar. The King! Remember how this Rage will sound.

Ziph. O the curst Traytors! Brother, beware of 'em;
Howe'er they crouch at present to your Fortune:

For I perceive your Favour warn'd the Snakes
To stir; they have no Sense of Gratitude:
I found 'em base, and therefore did discard 'em!
For which the Slaves have sworn me mortal Hate;
But if I Live, I'll crush 'em.

Phar. You'll to the King?

Z. ph. I will. Methinks this Meeting was unlucky;
My Heart misgives me more, and higher heats
With this last Heat, than all the Toil of War.
Perhaps they move the King; but sure not much:
Or if they do, tho' our great Father frowns,
One smile, one Tear of Joy from my *Semandra*
Will wash the anger of the Gods away.

[Exit

Phar. Go, and the Welcome that I wish attend thee.
Of all my Elder Brothers, he remains
To cross my Hopes, and bear me from the Crown:
Whom yet I doubt not, by my Engines help,
To burst in sunder, and then gild my Brows.
Methinks, I shou'd become the Golden-Hoop
That circles in one Quarter of the Globe;
I have it just; my Scepter waving thus,
The starting Princes run to clear my way.

Enter Mithridates, Semandra, Pelopidas, Andravar, Guard

But hold, my Father comes, with sad *Semandra*!
Weep on; while I go laugh my Cares away
With *Monima*, who must or yield or die.

[Exit

Mith. Has not the Traitor won my Subjects Hearts?
Has not his Mother basely too, betray'd me?
Has he not dar'd to Triumph without leave?
Which, when my faithful'st worthy'st Counsellors
Rebuk'd him for, with mild and gentle Language,
He redned with proud Anger, drew his Sword;
Then, like a monstrous Parricide came on
Here to my Palace, Heading the wild Croud:
So through the Bodies of my Friends to pass,
Till with his Barbarous Hand he reach'd my Bosom.

Sem. 'Tis false; 'tis all most horrid Perjury;
And the Curs'd spotted Souls of these vile Traytors
Shall burn for this beneath: I know they hate

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The Gallant Prince, and now conspire against him,
 With Words made up with all the blasts of Hell
 They strike your Sacred Ears, bewitch your Senses,
 And with those Spells that foulest Treason hatcht,
 Stagger your Royal Reason. O yet hear me!

Mith. From what I have decreed, no Charm, no Power,
 No Eloquence; not Mercy's self, adorn'd
 In all *Semandra's* Beauties, in her Tears,
 Prostrate upon the Earth, and hanging on
 My Knees, nay, dying with her Grief, shall move me.

Sem. I now believe you are not to be mov'd;
 Therefore with my undaunted Innocence,
 I stand to hear the Doom you have decreed.

Mith. If when *Ziphares*, at your first appearance,
 Runs to your Arms, fir'd with expected Joys,
 You thrust him not away and slight him strangely,
 With all the marks of the most proud Disdain,
 That a most faithless and ambitious Woman
 Cou'd shew to gain the Empire of the World;
 He shall be Stab'd, be Murder'd by my Guards,
 Before your Eyes.

Sem. O, 'tis not possible,
 That you can mean the dreadful thing you spake:
 You spake it but to try the poor *Semandra*.

Mith. Mark me most heedfully, for 'tis most true,
 And sooner shall a dooming God recall
 His *Strygian* Oath, than I renounce my Vow:
 He Dies, I say, if you receive him not
 With all the coldness of a fair Apostate,
 Whose Chastity, the Poyson of sweet Power,
 Had brought to ruin, whose protested Faith
 The Charms of Empire had quite turn'd to Air.

Sem. Gods! do you hear the Tyrant?

Mith. Do you hear me?
 To your Words, which must make plain your Falshood,
 Your Looks shou'd give the Lye, by amorous Glances,
 And Languishings; for Lovers Eyes will talk;
 As you speak your Hate, mixt Signs arise,
 A fault'ring Speech, or any other Mark,

To shew that you are forc'd to what you say;
 Then, from the place where I shall stand conceal'd,
 I'll give the Signal to my waiting Guards,
 Who in a Moment shall destroy your Lover,
 When all your Tears and Sighs shall not recall him.

Sem. I'll Die, I'll Die, ten thousand Deaths I'll Die,
 Rather than meet him thus; What after all
 The dreadful Imprecations that I made him,
 And swore upon my Father's Sword, a Faith,
 A spotless Love, for ever to endure;
 Shall I abjure my Oaths, and to his Face
 Protest a False-hood, and bely my Heart?

Mith. Take your own course; I have sworn.

Sem. O Tyranny!

What, shall I meet him after all his Hardships,
 After the Heats, and Colds, and smarting Wounds,
 Which for my sake he partly endur'd,
 Still chearing up himself, that after all
 The Blood he lost, he shou'd enjoy *Semandra*,
 His gentle Mistress, one Day shou'd reward him
 For the long Mischiefs of a cruel War?

Mith. I have not liesure now to hear Complaints:
 Either resolve t'obey, and speedily,
 Or you and I must never see him more.

Sem. Stay, Royal Sir, come back: Ne'er see him more
 And if I Die, rather than see him thus,
 Will you not save his Life?

Mith. Your Death, *Semandra*!

The very mention hastens on his Fate.

Sem. Alas, alas! I fear, if I but look,
 As if I knew him not, or had forgot him,
 So nice and tender is his Love,
 So Soft his Disposition, 'twill be Fatal,

Mith. Then, you resolve his Death?

Sem. It cannot be,
 No, I will see him, tho' I must be cruel;
 But bate a little of your Imposition:
 An unkind Word will kill the poor *Zipharet*,
 As sure as all the Hate which you enjoin me

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Enter Ismenes.

Fidel. The Prince *Ziphares* begs
Admittance of Your Majesty.

Mith. You must retire, *Semandra*;

Sem. O Torment! Oh the Racks of Love, distress
Like mine! Of Passion at a loss like mine!
Help me, you Gods, or I shall faint with bearing. [Exit.]

Mith. Call in the Prince ———
What, Nature yet again?
I charge thee, trouble my report no more.

Enter *Ziphares*.

Ziph. 'Tis well, you Powers, that pry into our Hearts;
Well have I lost my dearest Blood in Battel,
Since once again I see my Royal Father.

Mith. *Ziphares*, rise: I hear you have Fought well,
Too well, perhaps, for *Mithridates* Peace:
You Triumph, too, I hear.

Ziph. Alas, my Lord,
I fear *Pelopidas* and *Andravar*,
Have been too busie with your Ear.

By my best Hopes, by your most Sacred Life,
I wou'd not Triumph, till your Orders came;
At least, they told me, that they came from you;
If they were false, ———

Mith. They were your Friends, who brought
Those Orders; therefore, you are not in fault
Nor ought you share the Crimes of *Stratonice*.

Ziph. Of *Stratonice*! Ah, what has she done?
Ah, Sir, what Villian has traduc'd my Mother?
Give me to know ———

Mith. Perhaps you're Ignorant;
Wou'd I had been so too: but to the purpose:
I promis'd, when the Consul was o'ercome,
To give *Semandra*, to you: ——— Seem not sad,
You Love your Father well; but, Prince, I know

Your Passion for *Semandra* is the highest :

I'll send her to you; if you please, retain her.

Ziph. Is this then thy Reward ; unnecessary Vertue ?
Why do we wear thee thus, to our undoing ?
O inauspicious Stars ! thy Father hates thee,
Because thou art too good ! Went it not so ?
I Fought too well ! His Eye disdain'd me too,
And held my high Desert at hateful Distance :
But let it be, there's Satisfaction still
In Innocence : And conscious Glory tells me,
My Griefs shall fly, like Clouds, before *Semandra*,

Enter Semandra.

But see, the Sun that drives 'em ! O my Star !
Thou Day, that gild'st my little World of comfort,
Give me thy Warmth ; let me, upon thy Bosom,
Breath all my Victories. Alas, the King,
My cruel Father, — Ha ! what now, *Semandra* ?
Not fly into my Arms ! O all you Pow'rs
That Nurs'd our tender Loves, she turns away !
Hast thou too caught the coldness of my Father ?
Clear me, you Gods, and fix my Understanding
To this one View, lest I mistake all Measure,
And run to Madness. What, not look upon me ?
By Heav'n, if thus, if thus I shou'd behold thee,
Tho' in a Dream, 'twou'd make me wish to sleep for ever.
O my dear Life ! thou shalt not hide thy Kindness ;
But to dissemble thus a moment longer,
Wou'd quite destroy the Passionate *Ziphares*.
I'll force thy Hand thus, to my trembling Lips.

Sem. The Kiss you ravish, Prince, is dangerous ;
And let me now Conjure you, by your Love,
If you can Love after what I enjoin you,
Upon your Life, offer the like no more.

Ziph. O Man me, Reason, with thy utmost Force ;
Or Passion with the dreadful Starts it makes
Will soon Divorce my Soul from this weak Body,
What hast thou said ? And, Ah ! What have I heard ?

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Fair cruel faithless, for the Blood I lost,
Dost thou thus meet me? Raise my Eyes from Earth,
And tell me, Have I, Ah, have I deserv'd
This usage from my dear ador'd *Semandra*?

Sem. You deserve all things; but you must not ask
My Love, unless you wish me most unhappy?

Ziph. O, you good Gods! Is it then come to this?
Shall I, shall I——but speak it once again,
Unhappy! didst thou, could'st thou say, Unhappy?

Sem. I'd have you strive, my Lord, to Love me less.

Ziph. If you wou'd have it so, be Witness, Heav'n,
If for your quiet you enjoin me this,

I'll strive, but (oh!) 'tis most impossible:

Ah, may I not presume to ask, if this

The Reason be, why I shou'd Love you less,

That the too happy King may Love you more?——

Your Silence does confirm *Ziphares* lost:

And all that I cou'd fear is come upon me.

Ah, Barbarous King! I'll bear thy Bonds no longer;

But cast off Duty, as thou hast all Love,

Thou bloody Author of this wretched Being.

Tyrant——

Sem. Take heed, *Ziphares*, how you wrong your Father:

I've heard you give another Character,

So diff'rent from this last, of *Mithridates*;

Methinks, you scarce appear the same *Ziphares*

Whom once I knew.

Ziph. It is most sure, I do not;

But to convince me more, quite to compleat

The cruel Sum of all my desperate Woes,

And sink me ever; what, Madam, have you heard

Me say? or, rather, what is't you would say

In ill-time prais'd, of this Inhuman Father?

Sem. Have I not heard you speak the tender'st things,

Now, but for some few Faults, so small, that scarce

The Eye of Envy or of Hate cou'd find 'em,

He wou'd be perfect as the Gods themselves?

King so awful, that the *Romans* fear'd him?

King so merciful, *Barbarians* lov'd him?

King——

Ziph.

Ziph. No more ; I am confirm'd : She's lost :
The King ! she's gone ; the Beauty of the Earth,
All that in Woman cou'd be Vertue call'd,
Is lost.

Corrupted are her noble Faculties,
The Temper of her Soul is quite infected :
Inconstancy, the Plague that first or last
Taints the whole Sex, the catching Court-Disease,
Has spotted all her White, her Virgin-Beauties :

Sem. You think me False — Ah, 'tis but just you shou'd :
But, Prince, I swear, I am not what you think me :
Yet never can be yours.

Ziph. O Confusion !
Never ! O horrid ! never can be yours !
Thou tear'st my Heart ! Call back those dreadful Words :
Tho' thou art going, yet thou art not gone :
Ah, e'er it be too late, behold me gasping.
Come to my Arms, Oh, leave me not for ever :
Fall on my Bosom, I'll forget thy Weakness ;
Try to deceive my self with specious Reasons,
Never upbraid thee that thou once wert False,
But with my Tears wash all thy Stains away. (my Counsel)

Sem. Since Tears (O help me Heav'n !) are vain, take, take
Chear your sad Heart, and grieve, O grieve no more.

Ziph. Then thou art lost ? resolv'd upon my ruin ?

Sem. Your Life's too precious : I resolve against it !
Nor for ten thousand Worlds — What was I saying ? [Aside]
What shall I say ? Live, live, thou lost *Ziphares*.

Ziph. No, thou perfidious Maid, thou wretched Beauty
Ziphares loves thee still ; so well he loves thee
That he will die, to rid thee of a Torment.
Where are thy Vows ? O think upon thy Father,
How this will cut him, this thy cruel Change,
And break his aged Heart : Or e'er he dies,
Think, if this kindled Rage should execute
What he has sworn, to hack thy beauteous Limbs,
Tear thy false Flesh into a thousand Pieces.

Sem. If that were all my Fear ! —

Ziph.
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Ziph. What, hardned! O my Stars!
So quickly perfect in the cursed Trade?
I shall go mad with the Imagination,
O Heart! tho' Heav'n had op'd the pregnant Clouds,
And teem'd with all the never-erring Gods,
To swear on Earth, *Semandra* had been False,
Semandra had been False to her *Ziphares*,
I wou'd not have believ'd.

Sem. I cannot hear his Grief, nor must I cure it.
Farewel——O Prince——Instruct me, Heav'n to save him.

Ziph. Stay thee; there's something e'er we part for ever
That I wou'd speak, if I cou'd make it way.

Sem. Speak then, and speak the mournful'st things you can
To break both Hearts.

Ziph. Thou hast undone me; like a Silver-Frost,
Thou com'st upon the Flower of all Youth,
To nip the tender Bud, and blast my Glory:
Yet I will live, *Semandra*, I will live,
To save thee from thy Father's cruel Rage;
For, wicked as thou art, with Grief, I feel,
My Soul looks after thee, and seeks thy Safety.

Sem. I shall not hold; I feel the climbing Grief: [*Aside.*
My Eyes grow full, and I shall give him Death.

Ziph. Farewel, thus, kneeling at thy Feet, I pour
These parting Tears; and sure, the happy King,
In pity will allow this dying Kiss,
Which my cold Lips print on my faithless Hand.

Oh, all my Vows, for ever here I leave you;
And, since we never, never must behold
Each other more, I'll breath 'em once again:

Farewel, *Semandra*. O, thou'lt never find,
All thy search of Love, a Heart like mine.
Once more, farewel for ever, false *Semandra*.

What? Yet again thy Name? Will my charm'd Tongue
And nothing but *Semandra*? Oh, *Semandra*! [*Exit.*

Enter Mithridates, with Priests.

Sem. The cruel Task is done; and I can hold
No longer! ——

Mith.

Mith. Come back, *Semandra*, Empire, Empire calls thee
Op'n thy Eyes to meet thy coming Glory!

Sem. O barb'rous Prince, may I not die in quiet?

Mith. Talk not of dying.

See this holy Man ———

Sem. Holy! Profane;

All things are now alike to my Distraction.

Mith. He instantly shall joyn your Hand with mine.

Sem. What means the Tyrant?

Mith. You are now our Queen.

Sem. First, let me seek a Dragon in his Den;
Imbrace an Aspic, curl with Basilisks,
E'er I give up this Body, this poor Beauty,
To any but my Lord, the wrong'd *Ziphares*.

Mith. I guess you wou'd not by your free Consent;
But I shall force, if you refuse to yield:

This moment I will take you in my Chariot,
Streight to the Temple, and in Publick Wed you;
Tho' you refuse to join in Ceremony,
Instead of Sacred Words venting loud Curses,
'Twill not avail; for when the Mystery's done,
I'll bear you back, and as my Queen enjoy you.

Sem. I will be dragg'd; die stifled with my Grief.

Mith. You have the Will, but not the Power to die.

Sem. None! is there none? no pitying God awake?
And are your Priests Confederate in my Ruin?

They sure will tell you of your Tyranny,
And fear too much the Anger of the Heav'ns,
To force a helpless Virgin: They will speak
Your Crime abroad; will you not, Holy Men?

Mith. Let me but hear the Holiest of 'em cross me,
By Heav'n, he shall go Sacrifice beneath:
Therefore away, Priest, forward to the Temple.

Sem. Help, help, you Gods.

Mith. All thought of Help is vain.
Give me your beauteous Hand, and willingly,
Or here are Arms to bear you.

Sem. Let 'em be;

Call all your Armies hither to your Aid

will not stir, nor give this trembling Hand
To gain an Empire: Thus, to th' Earth, I'll grow
One Piece; O, root me here, some pitying God,
And let me lose my Being, to escape him.

Mith. Andravar, raise her gently from the Ground:
Take Help, and bring her softly to my Chariot.

[*They take her in their Arms.*]

Sem. Stay, *Mithridates*; hear me but one Word;
One Moment's stay: Ev'n Malefactors are
Allow'd to speak before their Execution;
And shall not I? I, who am Innocent?
Tis not to thee, but to the Gods, I bow:
Behold;— but see, from you, from you they take me:
Save me thus by cruel Men betray'd;
Revenge yourselves, and right a ravish'd Maid.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Mithridates incompass'd with the Ghosts of his Sons, who set
Daggers to his Breast, and vanish.*

WHAT Ho! *Pelopidas*! Why, *Andravar*!
Haste to my Help.

Enter Pelopidas, and Andravar.

Pelop. What wou'd your Majesty?

Mith. I wou'd, what I must ne'er expect on Earth,
The Peace I had. Come nearer. Oh, my Friends!
Fate did e'er foreshew a Doom in sleep,
Which is at hand. Last Night, you well remember,
I tore *Semandra* from the Thund'ring Gods,
Who shook the deep Foundations of the Temple,
With the Report of Wrath Divine; yet I, (her
Desperate Wretch, through Streets of Fire, did bear
Back,

Back, in a Swoon, to my most inward Closet:
 But there you left me, left me to the Rage
 Of monstrous Love; which, in the midst of Faintings,
 With Transports yet unheard of, forc'd a Joy,
 Whose momentary Pleasures will heap on me
 Whole Worlds of Furies, Hells of endless Horror!

Pelop. But, Sir, the Dream that may divert your Cares.

Mith. Divert 'em! Rather let gather all my Courage
 To Bulwark in my Soul. O plant me round
 With your kind Bodies; blunt, if possible,
 Heav'n's whetted Vengeance, while I tell the Vision.
 After the dreadful Ecstasie was over,
 The ravish'd Maid, half-dead with shrieking Prayers,
 Burst, at the last, from my relenting Arms,
 Ran to my Sword, of which, when I disarm'd her,
 She fled the Room, with Cries like one distracted,
 Prest with Remorse, I rested on my Couch,
 And slept; but, ho, a Dream so full of Terror,
 The pale, the trembling Mid-night Ravisher
 Ne'er saw, when cold *Lucretia's* Mourning-Shadow
 His Curtains drew, and lash'd him in the Eyes,
 With her bright Tresses, dabled in her Blood.

Pelop. I have heard of Dreams that prov'd Ominous;
 But I cou'd never fix my Faith on Fancies.

Mith. Methought, by Heav'nly Order I was doom'd
 To seek my Fate alike in th' other World:
 Streight, like a Feather, I was born by Winds,
 To a steep Promontory's Top, from whence
 I saw the very Mouth of op'ning Hell;
 Shooting so fast through the void Caves of Night,
 I had not time to ponder of my Passage.
 I shot the Lake of Oaths, where fleeting Ghosts,
 Whose Bodies were unbury'd, beg'd for Wastage:
 Then was I thrown down the infernal Courts,
 Infinite Fathoms, till I soar'd again
 To the bright heav'nly Plains, the happy Fields.

Andr. I wonder, that the brittle-Thred of Thought
 Shou'd hold in such a Maze!

Mith.

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Mith. Oh, now it comes.

After that heav'nly Sounds had charm'd my Ears,
 Methought I saw the Spirits of my Sons,
 Slain by my Jealousie of their Ambition,
 Who shriek'd, He's come! Our cruel Father's come!
 Arm, Arm, they cry'd, through all th' enamel'd Grove;
 Streight had their Cries alarm'd the wounded Host
 Of all those *Romans*, Massacred in *Asia*:
 I heard the empty Clanck of their thin Arms,
 And tender Voices, cry Lead, *Pompey*, lead.
 Streight they came on, with Chariots, Horse and Foot.
 When I had leisure to discern their Chief,
 Methought, that *Pompey* was my Son *Ziphares*;
 Who cast his dreadful Pile, and pierc'd my Heart:
 Then, such a Din of Death, Swords and Javelins
 Clatter'd about me, that I wak'd with Terror,
 And found myself extended on the Floor.

Enter Pharnaces.

Phar. Arm, Arm, Great *Mithridates*, the big War
 Comes with vast Leaps, bounding o'er all the East,
 Which crouches to the Torrent: *Pompey* comes;

Pompey the Great, saluted Emperor,
 And, for some Years destin'd to Govern all
 The *Italian* Arms, with such full Commission,
 As yet was never granted to a *Roman*.

Pompey, so young, so soft, in shining Courts,
 That all the *Roman* Ladies languish for him:
Pompey, so fierce in Camps, so brave in Fields,
 The very Boys, like *Cupids*, drest in Arms,
 Upon their young harness'd Thighs, and trust to Battle:
Pompey, *Rome's* Darling, and Fame's Eldest Son,
 Proclaims with *Mithridates* mortal War.

Mith. Were all well here, what Force, what *Roman* Arms,
 That General, Marching at the Head of Millions,
 Should daunt the bold, the forward *Mithridates*?
 Here, *Pharnaces*, in my guilty Bosom,
 The fatal Foe does undermine me quite;

Black

Black Legions are my Thoughts; not *Pompey*, but
Ziphæres comes, with all his Wrongs, for Arms,
 Like the Lieutenant of the Gods, against me:

Semandra too, like bleeding Victory,
 Stands on his side, and cries out kill, kill, kill
 That cursed Parricide, that Ravisher.

Oh, Heav'n, sustain me, or I shall go mad.
 My ugly Guilt flies in my conscious Face,
 And I am vanquish'd, slain with Bosom War.

Phar. 'Tis much beneath your Majesty, to alarm
 Your self with Fears.

Mith. *Pharnaces*, thou'rt ignorant!
 I tell thee, Boy, remorse and upstart-fear
 Oppresses me, in spite of all my Knowledge;
 Tho' none of those that boast Philosophy
 Has made a deeper Search in Nature's Womb,
 Than I; (the Mid-night Moon has seen my Watchings)
 I tell thee, none can name her infinite Seeds
 Like me; nor better know her Sparks of Light,
 Those Gems that shine in the blue Ring of Heav'n;
 None knows more Reasons for, or against yon' first
 Bright Cause, can talk of Accidents
 Above me; Yet, I'll tell thee, once again,
 There's a Thorn, call'd *Conscience*, makes its way
 Through all the Fence of Pleasure, fortify'd
 With Reasons, that this Ill seem'd Good to me,
 And stings thy guilty Father to the Soul.

Pelop. After the Fierceness of common Pleasure,
 A sudden Heaviness is natural.

And. Not but the fading Spirits will revive.

Mith. Never, oh never: Nor did I enjoy
 Expected Pleasure, tho' these Hands did hold,
 All Night, her panting Beauties to my Breast;
 But, oh! what Joy, what Pleasure, what Content,
 Could my griev'd Heart receive in ravish'd Kindness!
 Her Lips, which if *Ziphæres* had been there,
 Wou'd sure have shot their gleamy Warmth at distance,
 Were cold to me, as Odours are in Frost:
 Her Face, like weeping Marble, damp'd my Flames;

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And as I drew her trembling to my Arms,
She fainted still, and woo'd me with such Wailings,
Such Languishings, and broken Sighs to leave her;
That had not more than monstrous Appetite
Transplanted me, the Rose had been unblasted.

Phar. You think of her too much: The Sex of Women,
The ravish'd Beauties of the Earth together,
Deserve not half the Grief that clouds your Brow.

Pelop. Your Subjects want you to defend their Lives;
Each Citizen, in Armour clad, defends
His Household-Gods, standing to guard his Door,
And cries, A Leader! Let us to the Wars.

Mith. The Thunderbolt of *Mithridates* Battle,
That tore the *Roman* Banners, now is lost:

My Arm, my Arm, ev'n my right Arm is lost.

Nor will my Trumpets sound without *Ziphares*:

His Breath was as the Air to all the Army;

His Face was as the Sun, in depth of Winter;

And made cold Cowards blush away their Fears;

But he is set, for ever set in Sorrow.

Andr. Your Majesty is, of your self, sufficient

To Head your eager Troops; or brave *Pharnaces*

And forth, to fill *Ziphares* empty Place.

Pelop. *Ziphares*, still your Royal Favour had,

To improve himself in Arms, against the *Romans*;

While, in inglorious Fields, *Pharnaces* strove

Amongst *Barbarians*, to get a Name:

And tho', perhaps, he greater pains imploy'd;

Rooting up such Rubbish of the Earth,

Than the other did in felling the Trees;

Yet this was paid with Labour, that with Praise.

Mith. Peace, Villains; Peace, conspiring Sycophants:

For, by the Gods, my Eyes are half unseal'd;

And if the Thought that kindles in my Breast

Is proper Fuel to increase my Fire,

I will consume you, Traytors; if I find

(Which I begin to do) that you have play'd

With Villain, *Andravar*, or thou, *Pelopidas*,

Thou hast laid *Semandra's* Beauty as a Snare

H h

To

To catch *Ziphare's* Life, (Oh, all the Gods!)
 And ruin me, by placing of the Bait :
 Mark me, if ought of this, if any Shadow
 Appear, that you conspir'd to betray me ;
 I'll heap such Horrors on your frightened Souls,
 That you shall call your Brother-Devils up,
 To snatch you hence, rather than stand my Fury.

Pelop. Why shou'd your Majesty suspect your Servants?

Mith. Because thou didst foment my Passion ;
 And when I view thee well, my Genius bids
 Beware of thee : Tho' thy most subtil Devil
 Has wrought me still to listen to thy Lies ;
 Thou art, methinks, Maliciously contriv'd,
 And hast, if ever yet a Villain had,
 The Face of a most subtil working Slave.

Andr. We have done nought, but what your Royal Word
 Did warrant : If you Lov'd, shou'd we rebuke it ?
 Or durst we think to quench a Fire, which you
 Resolv'd shou'd burn ?

Mith. Yes, Traytors ! yes, you ought,
 When you had seen me going, to have stopt me :
 My struggling Vertue might, with some Assistance,
 Have cast the Venom of my Passion up ;
 But, with your poysonous Breath you made it rage,
 Till I was fit to ruin poor *Semandra*.

Enter Semandra.

But, Oh ! behold the Innocence I wrong'd. [frights him]

Sem. What, dost thou start ? Oh Heavens ! *Semandra*
 Why, what a Monster then must I appear,
 Whose Form can shake the Bloody *Mitbridates* !
 'Tis sure, thou hast undone this helpless Creature, [Weeping]
 And turn'd to mortal Paleness all her Beauties ;
 Thou hast made her hate the Day which once adorn'd
 Her opening Sweets : How wretched hast thou made me
 Yet, Oh my Soul, thou inward Knowledge, speak,
 How much I hate this violated Shrine.

Mith. Wretched *Semandra* !

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Sem. Dost thou pity me?

Is the long Line of my eternal Grief
Of such a charming Force, that it can fetch
Tears from that Rock? Ah, most unheard of Sorrow,
Dost thou repent? Or are they but feign'd Tears?
What e'er they are, thou should'st have thought before,
The cruel Consequence of this dark Deed;
When I was heav'd in Air, and with my Cries
Pierc'd the deaf Heav'ns, and call'd to thee for Mercy,
Then hadst thou thus dissolv'd, I shou'd have blest thee:
But now, thy black Repentance comes too late.
What, Ah! what Satisfaction canst thou make?

Mith. Instruct me.

Sem. No: There is in Nature none;
Since I can never be *Ziphares* Bride.
For if thou should'st consent to make us One,
And Heav'n shou'd Warrant it; nay, tho' *Ziphares*
Extravagantly shou'd consent to take me,
Ah, cou'd I meet those dear, those faithful Arms,
Which yet, in Sleep, ne'er touch'd a Breast but mine,
Thus wrong'd; and thus defil'd, thus nothing left
Of his *Semandra*, but her spotless Mind!
This is too much to think. Ah, Cruel King!
Now I cou'd curse, now I cou'd tear my self,
Now I cou'd weep, as if 'twere possible
To wash my Stains out! Tell me, O you Powers,
For I'll be calm, was I not worthy of your Care?
And why, you Gods, was Vertue made to suffer?
Unless this World be but as Fire, to purge
Her Dross that she may mount and be a Star.
Were this but certain; Ah! there's nothing sure,
But my irrecoverable Fate; undone *Semandra*! —
This, this is certain, Death with Loss of Honour. *[Exit.]*

Mith. Farewel, *Semandra*, thou most wrong'd of Women

But I'll this instant go to *Monima*,
And if I find what I suspect; *Pharnaces*,
I'll cut thee off as an infectious Limb:
And, for those Villains, I shall quickly know
The Wrong She has had; whose accus'd Innocence

If your foul Words have fully'd with black Slander;
 Think not to scape, for shou'd you ride on Charms,
 Take Winds to bear you, or the Lightning's Speed,
 With panting Horrour to the Brink of Hell,
 I'd sweep you from the Verge to Flames beneath,
 And sink your Villanies with weighty Death.

[Exit.

Phar. First, sink your self, your Crown and Love together.

Pelopidas, this comes of your cool Council:

Had I been heard, *Monima* had been gone,
 By this, enjoy'd, and Crown'd my Royal Bride,
 And we receiv'd, as Conquerours, by the *Romans*.
 Hast thou not heard, how when *Tyranes* came,
 And cast his Diadem at *Pompey's* Feet,
 He call'd him King, and rais'd him by that Name
 To sit as Equal to the *Roman* Consul?
 By all the Gods, I will not stay a Moment,
 But take immediately my Flight; except
 You swear to side with *Rome*, call *Pompey* hither,
 And haste with all the Forces we can make,
 To join his Army, and betray my Father.

Pelop. A sudden Thought of lucky Mischief comes;
 Old *Archilaus* is arriv'd, but left
 The labour'd Army some few Furlongs hence:
 You know the violent Love the Soldiers bear
 The Prince your Brother; and we know too well,
 And so do all the murmuring Citizens,
 How cruelly your Father lately us'd him:
 But that great Mole, the Multitude ne'er sees,
 Who works their Prince, but still take all on trust;
 Therefore I instantly will spread amongst 'em,
 How *Archilaus* was Conspirator
 Against the Prince, and finding more advantage
 To have the King his Son-in-Law, by Letters
 Basely compell'd his Daughter to the Marriage.

Phar. Millions to one but this will set 'em on
 To tear curst *Archilaus* like mad Dogs.
 Besides I find by frequent Murmurs, how
 His Subjects are quite tir'd with length of War;
 And, but last Night, I know no less than Twelve,

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All Captains, who conspir'd to take the Part
Of Pompey, and intreated me to head 'em.

Andr. Pursue the Treason, and be sure it cool not;
While I, with Tryphon hasten to the Army;
A Priest will colour well our enterprize.
There will we give out all, that Treachery
Can raise to fire 'em; how the King has doom'd
The Prince to Death, having first ravish'd from him
The fair *Semandra*, for whose sake he dies.

Phar. While I immediately to Pompey send,
Who comes, I hear, on hasty March, to Fight
Our Army, and Besiege us in our Walls.

Pelop. Thus shall the Prince and I rule all within;
And you, with the High-Priest my Brother, play
Your Parts without.

Phar. I long to be in Action:
And sure *Rome* must, for the Overthrow,
Give me my Father's Crowns; which Gratitude
Shall distribute to both your utmost Wishes.

Pelop. We must not doubt your Bounty——But away.

Enter Ziphares, with Ismenes, at Distance.

Your Melancholy Brother may o'er-hear us.

[*Ex. Phar. Pelop. Andr.*]

Ziph. Oh, my hard Fate! why did I trust her ever?

What Story is not full of Woman's Falshood!

The Sex is all a Sea of wide destruction:

We are the vent'rous Barks that leave our Home,
For those sure Dangers which their Smiles conceal.

At first, they draw us in with Flatt'ring Looks

Of Summer-Calms, and a Soft Gale of Sighs:

Sometimes, like *Syrens*, Charm us with their Songs,

Dance on the Waves, and shew their Golden Locks:

But when the Tempest comes, then, then they leave us,

Or rather help the new Calamity,

And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman.

The Lightning, follow'd with a Thunder-bolt,

Is Marble hearted Woman: All the Shelves,

The faithless Winds, blind Rocks, and sinking Sands;
 Are Women all, the Wracks of wretched Men.
 Prithce, *Ismenes*, while I lay me here,
 Charm me with some sad Song into a Slumber.

SONG; By Sir Car Sroop.

I.

ONE Night when all the Village slept,
Myrtillo's sad Despair,
 The wandering Shepherd waking kept,
 To tell the Woods his Care.
 Be gone, said he, fond Thoughts, be gone;
 Eyes, give your Sorrows o'er:
 Why shou'd you waste your Tears for one
 That thinks on you no more?

II.

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Pow'rs,
 That dwell within this Grove,
 Can tell how many tender Hours
 We here have pass'd in Love.
 Ten Stars above (my cruel Foes)
 Have heard how she has sworn
 A thousand Times, that like to those,
 Her Flame shou'd never burn.

III.

But, since she's lost, Oh! Let me have
 My Wish and quickly Die:
 In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
 And there for ever lie.
 Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,
 And kindly here complain:
 Then down the Shepherd lay to Sleep,
 But never wak'd again.

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Enter Archilaus.

Arch. How now, *Ismenes*? Prithee, gentle Boy,
Instruct me where to find thy Royal Master.
What! dost thou Weep? I charge thee bring me to him.

Isme. See there, my Lord.

Arch. Bless me, you Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Upon the Earth! It cannot be thy Master.

Is that a Posture for a Conqueror?

He who so bravely beat the *Romans* back,
A General and Triumpher? Haste, and shew me

Isme. By Heav'n, it's true, my Lord; there lies the Prince.

Arch. Something my Heart presag'd, when having left
The Army, I came posting to the Court.

And scarce receiv'd a Welcome from my Friends;

They said the Prince had Triumph'd, but I saw

Not the least Track of such a Glory left,

No glimmering Twilight of so full an Honour.

There has been foul Play, and I'll find it out.

Ziph. Away, *Semandra*, Cruel Woman, leave me.

Arch. Ha! goes it there? *Ziphares*, Prince arise.

Ziph. Ha! who is there? Old *Archilaus*!

Arch. Why

Do I not see you in a Chariot,

With all the Pride of *Asia's* brightest Gems?

Why Mount you not the Throne which you deserve,

The Lords of *Colchis* waiting as your Slaves?

Give me some Reason why I see you thus,

Ziph. Alas, he had no Hand in her Revolt,

nor knows not yet, perhaps, how she has us'd me:

Why do I seem thus strange then?— Oh, *Archilaus*,

(for I must never call thee Father more)

ardon my Faulty Carriage.

Arch. Forbear these strict Embraces,

your Tears, your hanging on my Bosom thus;

your Sighs reduce my Age to sobbing Childhood,

and make an Infant of your poor Old Man,

H h 4

Ziph.

Ziph. Did I not say, I never more must call
Thee Father?

Arch. Yes, you did.

Ziph. Fond, Foolish Sorrow!

Thou art, thou shalt, thou must be still my Father,
My Brother, Sister, Mistress, All, my Friend;
For all but thou have left me: no kind Eye
Pities the Suff'rings of abus'd *Ziphares*;
They fly, all fly from my infectious Fortune.

Arch. Nay, good dear Prince, stand up, you smother all
Your Words with Groans: Dry up this Womanish Grief
And speak, dear Sir, Declare the Cursed Cause,
The baleful Spring, the Source of all this Mischief.

Ziph. Wou'd you believe it? scarce can I my self:
Oh Heav'ns! and oh, you ever burning Lights,
Who have beheld at Midnight from your Orbs
Our Flames, that kindled bright and chaste as yours;
Which of you all, which most Malignant Star,
Shew me that envious Fire that crost our Loves,
That I may curse him from his Fatal Sphere?

Arch. Name it, I say, the Ground of all this Trouble
I feel a warm Revenge run through my Blood,
As if I had put off some Forty Years:
Methinks I stand, as fit to Fight the Cause
Of Friendship now, as then I cou'd my Love's.
But speak?

Ziph. Thy Daughter.

Arch. Well, I guess'd Fate wounded there.

Ziph. *Semandra*, my most fair, dear, gentle Mistress.

Arch. If she be False, she is no longer Fair.

Ziph. That sweet protesting Creature, that pure White
Where I so Deep had writ my Vows in Blood, [ne
Is taken from me.

Arch. By her own Consent?

Ziph. Most certain. That eternal Bond of Oaths,
Committed to her Keeping, now is Cancell'd:
Ev'n her fair Hand, the Seal of all my Love,
Her Hand has given her faithless Heart away.

Arch. Then, she is False? you know her to be so?

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Ziph. False, False, as Waters, Winds, or wandring Fires:
She is more False than Woman can believe,

Arch. The opening of her Treachery, come, how was't?
Particular Revenge wou'd know particulars,
At first, I guess'd, she did receive you kindly.

Ziph. Quite contrary, as if she ne'er had seen me;
Quite alter'd, quite estrang'd, reserv'd and cold,
With all the Coyness of a base-born Beauty,
Made Proud with Pow'r: Not one tender Look,
The very Accent of her Voice was chang'd,
Nor was she to be known, but by her Beauty,
Nought else cou'd speak her to my Sense the same,
O nothing, but the Face of my *Semandra*.

Arch. When my keen Sword shall glitter in her Eyes,
Doubt not, but I shall make her know you well;
And tho' you never Grace her with your Favour,
For she is now unworthy your Embraces;
Yet I will bring the Traytress to your Knees.

Ziph. Can it be
Thou shou'dst be Ignorant, she's past the giving?

Arch. I have not met the News, which your swoln Eyes
Appear so big with.

Ziph. Here I am lost again;
Here all my Courage, which has born the Blow
Of sternest War, shrinks like a beaten Coward:
Here, I confess, my Piety gives way,
I cou'd fall out with the forgetful Gods,
And Curse the cruel Author of my Being.
No, Tyrant, no, thou Bloody Parent, think not
That I will bear it longer. I'll forget,
Like thee, all Nature, all Remorse, all Pity,
And snatch her from thee, Wedded as you are.

Arch. What, Wedded! Married!

Ziph. Wedded, Marry'd, Bedded;
He has enjoy'd her, rifled that Fair Casket
Where all the Riches of my Life are laid:
Yes, yes, you Gods, I saw 'em pass along,
Pass to the Temple, through the crouded Streets,
Saw 'em come back, darted my wishing Eyes

At

At her False Face, with such accusing Glances,
 She fainted in the Chariot; yes, I saw her
 Sink pale, and Dying down; but there I lost her,
 And left her to the Revels of the Night,
 To be enjoy'd, ev'n this last Night enjoy'd.

Arch. By all the Honours which she has dishonour'd,
 She shall not Live another.

Ziph. Oh my Father!
 Cou'd you but guess the pains that I endur'd!
 Oh all the subtlest Fits of sharpest Sickness,
 Were nothing to the Torments which I bore.
 I tin'd ev'n their disrobing Kisses, Smiles,
 The first Embraces, and the wracking Joy;
 But there methought Fancy it self was stopt,
 It cou'd no more. The limit of my Life
 Was found, the end of all my Joys on Earth.

Arch. She Dies; not Destiny shall save her from us
 As she has Sworn, and as she has Forsworn,
 I'll draw my Sword, bath'd in her dearest Blood,
 From forth her Heart-Strings, while the rank red Weeds
 Cling to my reeking Blade! Or wou'd you more?
 I am grown up to your Anger.

Ziph. General, hold:
 I have been impious in my vented Rage;
 For which, Oh Pardon me, my Royal Father,
 And you, most injur'd Pow'rs, whom I offend!
 And, Oh, whatever shall become of me,
 Forgive the Fair, the False, the Lov'd *Semandra*.
 If while I Live thou mark her Gentle Limbs
 With the least wound, it ends *Ziphares* Life;
 Or if thou Hurt her after I am Dead,
 Thou'lt raise my Ashes up in Arms against thee.

Isme. My Lord, the Queen *Semandra*'s coming hither.

Ziph. Say'st thou?

Isme. The Queen—— But see, she enters.

Ziph. Ha!

Exit

Enter Semandra.

Sem. Oh *Ziphanes*! O Prince! Oh thou most wrong'd!

Ziph. How can this be? Madam, you ought at least
To have sent me Word; for now, instead of Songs,
I can present you nothing but my Tears.

A beating Heart, and Groans that will not suit
With your most happy State, you Blest Condition.

Sem. Ah, did you rightly understand my Suff'rings,
You wou'd not wound a Bleeding, Dying Creature:
But I'll endure yet more. When I am Dead,
And 'tis too late, you'll Murmur to your self,
At least I might have heard what the poor Wretch
Cou'd say.

Arch. Oh Syren! but I will be hush'd. [*Aside.*

Ziph. What canst thou say, if I resolve to hear thee?
Thou wilt but tear the Wounds, which thou hast made.
This Visit was most cruel: Why com'st thou then,
For fear I shou'd forget thee? Merciless Woman!

Arch. Yet let us hear her, Prince; let's hear the Sorceress;
That when sure Vengeance overtakes her Crimes,
She may have nought to answer.

Sem. The good God
Reward that Voice of Mercy, first then, my Lord.

Ziph. No; I'll be gone, Fly, *Archilaus*, fly,
She has a Tongue that can undo the World.
She eyes me just as when she first inflam'd me,
Such were her Looks, so melting was her Language,
Such False soft Sighs, and such deluding Tears,
When from her Lips I took the luscious Poyson,
When with that pleasing perjur'd Breath a vowing,
Her whispers trembl'd through these credulous Ears,
And told the Story of my utter Ruin.

Arch. Nay, 'tis impossible to clear her self;
And it was Impudence to offer at it:

Therefore, thou shameless Off-spring of my Blood,
Cut thee from me? thus, with all thy Crimes,

As thou did'st desire. [*Half-drawing, stopp'd by Ziph.*
Ziph.

Ziph. Hold thy Hand;
I charge thee, touch her not,

Arch. By Heav'n, she Dies:
I may dispose my own; she shall not Live.

Ziph. By all the Gods, she shall, while I have Breath:
And, if thou draw'st, I'll Guard her Life with mine.
I shou'd be loth to lift my Arm 'gainst thee
Of all Mankind; but were my Father here
Resolv'd to give her Death, I wou'd oppose him.

Sem. Draw agen, and sheath your Weapons in my Breast
In curst *Semandra's* Heart; but for the World,
Oh Father, do not wound the Prince *Ziphares*:
And, oh *Ziphares*, do not hurt my Father!
Upon my Knees, I beg you to be calm,
And hear me thus.

Ziph. Oh rise! False, as thou art,
Thou once wert Empress of my Soul, and I
Still drag thy Chains: Speak then, *Semandra*, speak;
For I'm doz'd so weary with complaining,
That I cou'd stand and listen to the Winds,
And think that Woman talk'd: Observe the Rain,
And think that Woman wept; or, in the Clouds,
Behold *Semandra's* Form, still fleeting from me.
But, speak, I lose my Senses with my Woes.

Arch. He has sav'd thy Life; come, make a handfom League
In recompence.

Sem. I will be short, as true.
When you were gone to Wars, the King relaps'd;
How prompted, Heav'n best knows: And when with Co
You came from Battle; He with dreadful Threats [que
Compell'd me to receive you in that manner.

Ziph. Ah, cruel Creature! what, what Menaces,
What fear of Death, cou'd so have made *Ziphares*
Receive *Semandra*?

Sem. Not Racks, nor all the Tortures
Which Hell combin'd cou'd put into the Hearts
Of bloodiest Tyrants, shou'd have forc'd me to't.
But, Oh! your Life, which he with deepest Oaths
Had sworn to take, unless I seem'd to Scorn you;

That dash'd my Spirits, baffled all the daring
Of my defenceless Heart: There, I confess,
The Woman work'd; I trembled and agreed
To see you so, rather than lose you ever.

Arch. Now, by my Arms, she has come off with wonder!

Sem. And think, my Lord, reflect upon yourself;
I dare believe so dearly once you lov'd me,
That were you certain I shou'd lose my Life,
Unless you us'd me in that very manner,
I know you wou'd constrain your Flame a while,
And seem as cold, and as reserv'd as I.

Ziph. Oh Heart! Oh bleeding Love! but speak, *Semandra*,
For there is wondrous Reason, mighty Sense
In what you say: And I cou'd hear you ever.

Sem. When you were gone, the cruel King came in,
And without stop propos'd the fatal Marriage,
Which being deny'd, he forc'd me to the Temple.
Yet, at the Altar, I deny'd my Hand,
Invok'd the Gods with the most violent Sorrow,
Tears, Sighs, and Swoonings; curs'd the frighted Priests,
Struck down the Censors, and like one distracted
Mangled my one Flesh; but all in vain,
I was suppos'd his Queen, and so enjoy'd.

Ziph. Then still thy Heart, thy Heart was mine, *Semandra*?

Sem. It was, it is, for ever shall be yours.

Ziph. Oh, at thy feet, let me for ever lie,
Thus hang upon thy Knees with dying Grasps,
Thou most wrong'd Innocence, abus'd *Semandra*.

Sem. Oh, my dear Lord, you shall not kneel without me.

Ziph. Thou art not False then!

Sem. Cou'd you think me so?

False to my Life, my Soul, my All I have!

Ziph. I did; I thought thee False, and I deserve
To die for wronging thy most matchless Faith;
For thou art true; constant, as pining Turtles;
Constant, as Courage to the Brave in Battle;
Constant, as Martyrs burning for the Gods.

Arch.

Arch. What Changes drive Business of the World!
Come, no more weeping: Rise,
Think on the King, if he shou'd take you thus.

Ziph. Oh rise *Semandra*; what, what are we doing!
Why, *Archilaus*, why did'st thou cut me off
The Moment's Pleasure which my Thoughts were forming?
Thy cruel Breath quite broke the brittle Glafs
Of my short Life, and stopt the running Sand.
What shall we do, *Semandra*?

Sem. Part and Die.

Ziph. Die, 'tis resolv'd; but how? That, that must be
My future care: And with that Thought I leave thee.
Go then, thou Setting Star; take from these Eyes,
(These Eyes, that if they see thee, will be wishing)
O take those Languishing pale fires away,
And leave me to the wide, dark Den of Death!

Sem. Something within me sobs to my boding Heart.
Semandra ne'er shall see *Ziphares* more.

Ziph. Away then; part, for ever part, *Semandra*:
Let me alone sustain those rav'nous Fates,
Which like to famish'd Tygers, are gone out,
And have us in the Wind. Death come upon me;
Night, and the bloody'st Deed of Darkness end me;
But, oh, for thee, for thee, if thou must Die,
I beg of Heav'n this last, this only Favour,
To give thy Life a painless Dissolution:
Oh, may those ravish'd Beauties fall to Earth
Gently, as wither'd Roses leave their Stalks:
May Death be mild to thee, as Love was cruel;
Calm, as the Spirits in a Trance decay:
And soft, as those who Sleep their Souls away. [Exeunt

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Pelopidas, Andravar, Priests compass'd with
Romans.

Pelop. **R**omans, who send your Laws far as the Sun
His Beams, and whom the Universe beholds
With Joy, yet dreads your Anger as the Gods,
Why move you to the Ruin of this Tyrant,
To the sure Death of bloody *Mithridates*.
As if you fear'd, or car'd not he shou'd Die?
Can you suspect an Ambush? Or that we
Shou'd dare betray you, yielding thus our Persons,
Our Lives, our Prince himself into your Hands?

Andr. This Man, to whom the servile Priests bow down,
Who wears a Crown in Honour of his Place,
And sacred Worth, abandons all his Glories
T'attest the Truth of what we have Declar'd.

Enter Pharnaces.

But see, the fierce, the great *Pharnaces*
Comes on to meet you; wave his Royalties:
Therefore, O mighty *Romans*, give him Audience.

Phar. That I am rough, and of an untaught Spirit,
All the East knows; I ever scorn'd those Slaves
W'th whom I have been bred; and when my Father
Order'd Barbarian Princes for my Masters,
In Arts and Arms, I spurn'd 'em from my presence;
And rather chose, since *Rome* might not instruct me,
Nature in all my Actions for my Guide.
Hence cou'd I brook more hardly the fierce Mind
Of our Inhuman Parent *Mithridates*.

My Eldest Brother's Fate did kindle first
My fiery Soul to a most swift Revenge;
Or when the State of *Bosphorus* demanded
That Prince for King, he bound the Gallant Youth
In Golden Chains, and doom'd him to be Slain;
Two more were by his boundless Fury Strangled;
And even the last but me, the brave *Z. phares*,

Last

Last Night was Murder'd in the Tyrant's Palace :
 In whose sad cause, the Squadrons which he led
 Of late so valiantly against you *Romans*,
 Attend some Furlongs hence to join your Banners.
 If this be true, not to recount the Slaughters
 Of all his Queens and Poyson'd Concubines,
 I think the World (*Rome* I shou'd first have Nam'd)
 Will little Censure this so just Revolt.
 If you suspect me False, behold *Pharnaces*,
 Ne'er yet detain'd, but free as roving Lions
 That swept at will like Winds in Desarts wild ;
 Behold him, with these Noble Hostages,
 Your Pris'ner to be bound the Slave of *Rome*.

Rom. Capt. Lead us on to Victory.

Omnes. To Victory.

Phar. On then, you Race of Heav'n, you Seed of Gods ;
 And to immortalize *Pharnaces* Name,
 Plant me, like Thunder breaking from this Cloud,
 Foremost ; while all the ratling Engines follow.
Monima, whom this Tyrant ravish'd from me,
 I hear is fled to *Pompey* : Her I ask
 For my Reward, with half his spreading Empire.
 But I hate Words ; let's Act, and then make claim.
 And, O remember, when we storm the Town,
 Remember that most horrid Massacre
 Of *Asia* : Whet on your blunted Spirits,
 Till with the motion Lightning edge your Souls
 To mow off hoary Heads, hurl Infants puling
 From the lug'd Breast, kill in the very Womb :
 To Beauties cries be Deaf, make all *Synope*
 But one vast Grave, to hold the infinite Bodies
 Which we must shovel in ; and when you see
 The Head of *Mithridates* in this Hand,
 Then think whoever dar'd for *Rome* like me,
 Or bought an Empire at a Price so dreadful :
 Then yield the Beauty I so much desire,
 And all those Crowns to which my Thoughts aspire.

[Exit

SCENE

Ziph.
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SCENE II.

Enter Ziphares, Archilaus.

Ziph. 'Tis late; the gath'ring Clouds, like meeting Armies,
Come on a-pace, and Mortals now must die,
Till the bright Ruler of the rising Day
Creates 'em new. The wakeful Bird of Night,
Claps her dark Wings to the Windows of the Dying.
General, good Night.

Arch. Sir, I'll not leave you yet;
I do not like the dusky boding Eve.
Well I remember, Sir, how you and I
Have often on the Watch in Winter walk'd,
Clad in cold Armour, round the sleeping Camp,
Till cover'd o'er from Head to Foot with Snow,
The Centinels have started at our March,
And thought us Ghosts stalking in Winding-sheets:
And do you think I cannot watch you now,
Thus cover'd, and beneath this bounteous Roof?
Sleep, Sir; I'll guard you from suspected Danger.

Ziph. Danger! there's none; no Shadow of a Harm:
Dear General, you'll oblige me to retire:
We'll meet to Morrow with the earliest Dawn;
I'm troubled now, and heavy; in the Morning,
Soon as you please, you shall have Entrance here;
And then, I trust the bounteous Gods, you'll find
A wondrous Alteration. Sleep may charm
My talking Griefs, and hush 'em fast for ever.

Arch. 'Tis that I fear—— I tell you there are Death;
Gooding this Night abroad. A Recluse Priest,
Surpriz'd with mortal Sickness, was this Evening,
He himself desir'd, ta'n from his Bed,
And carry'd to the Closet of the King:
Here, after some close Conference, he expir'd.
Immediately your Father Orders gave,
For doubling all his Guards, and went in fury
To Monima's Apartment, where, 'twas said,
The flames had been gone a while before.

Ziph. I ever thought that Brother most ambitious;
But what is this to me?

Arch. What follow'd does
Concern both you and me, and all the East;
For streight, when the sick Priest had breath'd his last,
The Sacred Oyl, which for a hundred Years
Supplied the Sun behind the Golden Vail,
Went out, and all the Mystick Lights were quench'd;
Strange doleful Voices shrilly eccho'd through
The darkned Fane; the Monuments did open,
And all the Marble-Tombs, like Sponges squeez'd;
Spouted big Sweet: The Curtain was consum'd
With wondrous Flame; and every shining Altar
Dissolv'd to yellow Puddle, which anon
A Flash of thirsty Lightning quite lick'd up.
While through the Streets your murder'd Brothers rod
Arcathias, Mithridates, and Machares,
And madded all the schreaming Multitude.
Is not this strange?

Ziph. The Gods reproach my slackness. [Aside]
'Tis strange! most wondrous strange! Once more I pray [thee]
By all our Friendship, leave me to myself.

Arch. Ah, Prince, you cannot hide
Your purpose from your narrow-searching Friend:
I find it, by the sinking of your Spirits,
Your hollow Speech, deep Musings, eager Looks,
Whose fatal Longings quite devour their Objects;
You have decreed, by all the Gods you have,
This Night to end your Life.

Ziph. Away,
I never thought thee troublesome till now.

Arch. I care not; spite of all that you can do,
I'll stay, and weep you into Gentleness:
Your faithful Soldier, this old doting Fool,
Shall be more troublesom than one that's wiser.
By Heav'n, you shall not hurt your precious Life.
I'll stay, and wait you, wake here till I die;
Follow you as a fond and fearful Father
Wou'd watch a desperate Child.

Ziph. I'll tell thee then,
Since thou wilt tear the Secret from my Breast,

And dive into the Bottom of my Soul,
 This Night must end me: Make not a Reply;
 'Tis fix'd as fast and sure as are my Woes.
 Did'st thou but know what 'tis to love like me,
 And to be so belov'd; O *Archilaus*!
 Yet to be past all Hope of Happiness,
 Of ever tasting those desired Beauties,
 Of any Dawn, least Glimpse, or Spark of Comfort,
 Did'st thou not hate me much, even thou wou'dst kill me.

Arch. If that my Death, (for that indeed's but little)
 Cannot once move you from this dreadful Deed,
 Yet, Prince, your Country, which must fall without you,
 Your bleeding Country must obtain at least,
 That you wou'd live to free her from her Foes;
 Your Glory calls, your sinking Father begs,
 That you wou'd save your Country from the *Romans*.

Ziph. Much I indeed have got by Conquering *Rome*.
 And to much purpose lost my dearest Blood!
 Much have my Wounds deserv'd; and Heav'n can tell
 How nobly I have been Rewarded for 'em!
 I tell thee, *Archilaus*, I have sworn,
 Were I to live, I wou'd not Fight again:
 The World shou'd neither better be nor worse
 For me. But I waste time; and to convince thee,
 Since thou wilt have the trouble to behold
 My Death, I bid thee now farewell for ever.

Arch. Hold, Sir.

Z.ph. I will; and talk as calmly to thee
 As any dying *Roman* of 'em all:
 I have consider'd well of what I do,
 And I will perish with as little noise
 As Fate cou'd wish, that wou'd not be accus'd.

Arch. I'll follow you.

Ziph. I wou'd intreat thee not;
 Thou hast no Sorrows that are past the Sufferance:
 And sure my flying Soul will hang her Wing.
 When she shall feel thy weighty Death upon her.
 O, *Archilaus*, leave me to my Fate;
 If thou must see me fall, I charge thee live,
 At least so long to tell *Semandra* of me:

Bear her some Token of my ill-starr'd Love,
Which Empire cou'd not win to live without her;
Dip in the Blood which trickles from my Heart
Thy Handkerchief; and bid her keep it for me,
As a Remembrance now and then to mourn me :
Swear to do this.

Arch. This I will do; and, mark me, cruel Prince,
If thus thou violate that Royal Frame,
Tearing the gallant Spirit from his Mansion,
I swear, by what I tremble at, thy Death,
I'll double all thy Wound upon *Semandra*.

Ziph. Ha!

Arch. I'll tear her piece-meal, and so hack her Limbs,
Thou shalt not know her in the other World.

Ziph. Oh Torture! dear, good *Archilauus*, hold:
I know thou canst not mean such Cruelty.
Why dost thou rack me thus with Thoughts in Death,
That are much heavier even than Death itself?
Why dost thou make my Eyes thus swim in Tears?
I charge thee do not hurt her; for the sake
Of all the Gods, be gentle to my Love;
I beg for Mercy to the soft *Semandra*.

Alas, if she deserv'd, as she is faultless,
She cou'd not bear the Wounds which we can bear.

Arch. Give me your Promise then that you will live;
Live but this Night, or I have sworn her Death.

Ziph. Thou hast found the means to charm me into Life,
And keep me on the Rack; but no more Threats
Against *Semandra*: 'Twas unkindly done,
And I grow angry at my Fates delay.

Arch. Why will you be thus forward? Live to Night.
Be careful of yourself but till the Morn:
Methinks there may be Wonders wrought e'er then.

Ziph. O *Archilauus*! 'Tis impossible:
Had she been ravish'd by another Man,
I cou'd have clear'd her with the Villain's Blood;
But by my Father touch'd, what Miracle
Can work me into Hope? Heav'n here is Bankrupt;
The wondring Gods blush at the want of Pow'r,
And, quite abash'd, confess they cannot help me.

Arch.

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Arch. Sure, by yon' lighted Torches, I discern
Your Father moving this way.

Ziph. Ha: my Father!

How my Flesh trembles! I cou'd do a Deed
Wou'd make us both run mad. Draw, *Archilatus*;
Yet stay: What Devil starts thus in my Blood,
And turns my Reason to the maze of Folly?
No; let us suffer more, if possible:
Yet I will shun his Presence. Oh you Pow'rs,
Is that a Crime? Answer me, if it be;
And I will meet him, tho' his Sight should blast me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mithridates, Captain of the Guards, and Attendants.

Mith. Betray'd! and by my Son! given up a Prey
For the insulting *Romans* to devour!

Pharnaces is the Traytor, that *Pharnaces*
Who was t'inherit all that Space of Empire
Which Fortune gave to this unhappy King!
O Friends, when from the Palace-gate we sally'd,
And drove the bold Assailants through the City,
The impious Boy charg'd, as I foremost rode,
And brav'd my Fury with his Bever up;
But, Oh the Gods, I who before had crimson'd
My Arms with Blood of Rebels; I who mov'd
With Whirlwinds swiftnes still on every side,
And tost like Leaves the weightiest Foes about me,
Now stood, as if *Gorgonian* Charms had fixt me;
Nor know I more.

Capt. Your Sword, Great Sir, when you
A while had gaz'd on that audacious Prince,
Fell from your Hand, your mighty Spirit left you;
And as some famous Piece of Antick-work,
When the sunk Props and wasted Beams decay,
Staggers and nods before the Ruin comes:
So way'd your Royal Fabrick e'er it fell:
And as our Arms receiv'd you, curs'd *Pharnaces*,
Born by Ambition to a Murder new;
Offer'd a Wound, and 'twas with great Expence
Of Lives, we bore your Body to the Palace.

Mith. My Senses blaze ; my last I know is come ;
 My last of Hours : 'Tis wondrous horrid ! Now
 My lawless Love, and boundless Pow'r reproach me.
 But I will think no more on't. Come, my Friends,
 Let's meet these *Romans*, and my Rebel Son ;
 Let's kill, till we are weary, then lie down
 And rest for ever : O 'tis Noble Ruin !
 Creatures of vilest Make, upon disgust,
 With Knives or Cords set loose their Coward Souls ;
 But we will live in spite to grieve the World,
 While Life will last, or any Spirits hold.
 O that like Serpents hewn, we still might move,
 Our limbs lopt off, and kill with every Parcel !

Enter Semandra.

Sem. 'Tis done ; my Ruin is at last Reveng'd,
 And cruel *Mithridates* is no more :
 That famous wicked Man shall kill no more :
 Faln is the Murderer, he shall Love no more
 Another's Right ; shall Ravish now no more.

Mith. O Horror ! snatch me, Furies, from her Presence :
 Gape wide, O Earth, and swallow me alive.

Sem. I go before, but never shall we meet
 On Earth again, Inhuman *Mithridates* ;
 Yet I rejoyce not, be my Witness, Heav'n,
 At those Calamities that come upon thee ;
 But think 'em just, and with a dread Reflection
 Behold thy Fate, and wonder at the Gods !
 Not but thy Son, my Love, my lost *Ziphares*,
 And I, in lamentable Shapes, made up
 By Death's one Hand, will tell 'em all thy Story,
 For ever thus, thou Ravisher of Honour,
 I leave thee to the Vultures of thy Conscience,
 To all the Stings, Ambition feels in Death,
 Or Lust, the Rape committed. O, you Pow'rs
 Make firm my Hand, for an Exploit to Crown
 My Life, whose Business shall be quickly done. [Exit.]

Mith. Away, to Arms, to Arms ; plunge deep in Blood :
 Be quick to Die. Were all the *Roman* Piles,

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And *Scythian* Darts, and *Parthia's* Poyson'd Arrows,
 Shot through this Body, her Words wound me more.
 I'll not endure't; rush to the fatal War:
 I wou'd be Drunk with Death, and steaming Slaughter,
 To stupifie the Sense of inward Torment.
 Haste then, and wallow in the Murd'ring Field,
 Through all the Avenues to Battel flie:
 They who have Liv'd in Blood, in Blood must Die. [*Exeunt.*]

Trumpets. Enter *Pelopidas*, *Andravar*, their Swords drawn,
 with a Lamp.

Pelop. Yonder he Sallies, furious for Destruction,
 And now full scope is giv'n to act our Bus'ness,
 And end the sad *Ziphares*.

Andr. I am glad
 The Chance is fain to us: To Death, nay more,
 To Hell, I hate him, and to have him Slain
 By any Hand but mine, wou'd pall the Murder.

Pelop. The Palace now is drain'd
 Of all the glittering Host that twinkled here.
 Following their King, to shoot the Gulph of Ruin:
 And it was order'd well by Prince *Pharnaces*,
 While with the *Romans* he dispatch'd his Father,
 That we shou'd Kill his drooping Brother. Ha!
 I hear some Tread! your Lamp must wink a while.

Enter *Ziphares*.

Ziph. Oh, 'tis too much; I never shall Sleep more.
 How loud the Voice of Fate sounds every where!
 Trumpets and Drums! yet old *Archilaus*,
 With Grief and Watching spent, in spite of all
 Those Tides of Care that swell'd e'er-while so high,
 Lies like a Child that braul'd himself to Sleep.
Ismenes too, that wept to see me Mourn,
 Falls on his Breast, and nods his Tears away:
 So Sleeps the Sea-Boy on the Cloudy Mast,
 Safe as a Drowzy *Tryton*, rack'd with Storms,
 While tossing Princes wake on Beds of Down.

II 4

Pelop.

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 Part II
 Act III. P. 517

Pelop. 'Tis he ; prepare.

Andr. Both perish, If he escape.

Ziph. This Darknes fills my Breast with Horror : Now,
Now I may do the Deed ; which done, all's sure :
It shall be so, and thus I will deceive him.
But then he kills *Semandra*. Whence this Light ?
Swords ! Vizors ! what Assassins are these ?
Wou'd they were more, for Ruin is my Wish :
Yet I disdain to fall by Villians Hands. [Beats 'em off.

Enter Semandra, with a Dagger in her Hand.

Sem. Where do I wander in the dismal Shades
Of this black Night ? There's not a Soul beneath,
Who Dy'd, as I must do ; for Fatal Love,
Knows better all the gloomy Arbours there,
Than I each Chamber in this House of Death.
'Twas here the God-like Prince did wooe me first,
Sigh'd his first Vows, and wept me into Passion :
Where shall I find him, that most perfect Soul ?
Whose Witness will to after Ages, answer
For all the sported Loves of perjur'd Men.
Meet him I must, and run into his Arms ;
But with a *Roman* Blow, which first shall drive
This Ponyard to my Heart : Then rush upon him,
Then clasp him close, then he'll believe me true.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. This Way the Cowards fly ; this Way the Noise goes,
I think thou hast it there, and canst not 'scape me.

Sem. I thank the Gods, I shall not. Let me kiss
The Hand that kills me. Oh too gracious Heav'n !
Semandra now is happy.

Ziph. *Semandra* ! What ;
What say'st thou ? speak again thou dismal Voice.

Sem. O that I cou'd see your Face, before I Die :
Those Eyes, where I wou'd look my Soul away.

Ziph. Awake ; what ho, *Ismenes* ! Hast, a Light :
Haste hither, Father *Archilaus*, haste !
My Heart bodes Ruin, we are all undone.

Enter

Enter Archilaus, and Ismenes, with a Light.

Oh, Father, either I am charm'd, or here
Semandra lies, Slain by this dreadful Hand.

Arch. Our Guardian-Spirits shield us, 'tis my Daughter.

Z ph. Curs'd Fate! Malicious Stars! you now have drain'd
Your selves of all your Poys'nous Influence;
Ev'n the last baleful Drop is shed upon me.

Sem. Give me thy Hand, most matchless of thy Kind;
O joyn us, Father, joyn us thus in Death:
Now thou art mine; and we'll be Wedded too
In th' other World; our Souls shall there be mixt,
Who knows but there our Joys may be compleat?
A happy Father thou; and I perhaps,
The smiling Mother of some little Gods.

Ziph. Oh, *Archilaus*, if thou Lov'st her Memory,
Fly to the King, and let him understand
The Truth of all: If he be pleas'd to hear her.
Intreat him haste, the Pangs of Death are on her.

Arch. I will, if Tears will let me find the Way:
And, by your leave, these Weapons shall be mine.

Ziph. That I expected. Ha; She faints, *Ismenes*;
Run to my Closet, haste, where thou wilt find
A Golden Viol of rich Juice, to bring the Spirits
Back to their Seat: Go, pour it in a Bowl
With Speed to save her. [Exit *Ismenes*.]

Hast thou not a Word,
A Syllable, fair Soul? Speak, speak, *Semandra*!
I feel a trembling Warmth about thy Heart:
It Pants.

Sem. As Cowards do before a Battel.
Oh, the great March is founded.

Ziph. Stay thee one Moment.

Ismenes, Re-enters with a Bowl,

And I will lead thee on. Away, *Ismenes*; [Ex. *Ism.*
Watch thou the King's Approach, and bring me Word.
Here, seest thou this, my Love, look up, *Semandra*,
Thou

Thou Dying Spark, glimmer a little while ;
Behold this Cordial, this sure Warmth at Heart,
This faithful Off'ring of Eternal Love.

Sem. Whither, oh where? Death's mist comes fast upon
What is't you Drink? [me.

Ziph. A Draught which makes me thine ;
The pow'rful Cordial which my Father gave me,
A Noble Compound of his Fatal Skill.
He charg'd me, when I cou'd not Live with Honour,
To taste it, and be free.

Sem. Methinks your Voice is faint
As distant Ecchoes ; and I am now far off :
Alas, I know not where. [Dies.

Ziph. I'll fold thee thus,
And *Mithridates* shall not part us now :
Fan thus the dying Flames with my last Breath.
She's out : The Damp of Death has quench'd her quite :
The Spicy-doors, her Lips, are shut, close lock'd.
Which never Gale of Life shall open more.
I come. Oh Father ! Oh thou true Physician !
Thou work'st me nobly now ; and oh 'tis welcome !
Thy Drugs are quick ; once more, O Love ! I come,
Thou most of Life in Death. Ambition, Fame,
'Tis empty all and nothing but a Name. [Dies.

Enter Archilaus, Mithridates, supported Bleeding ; Phar-
naces, Pelopidas, Andravar, bound.

Arch. Behold, behold, my Lord, how I'm Rewarded
For faithful Service, for the numerous Scars
Which in your Cause have Mark'd my Aged Body !
My Daughter's Slain. Ha ! Let me never rise.
If that the Brave *Ziphares* be not kill'd !

Was this the Cordial, wicked Boy, thou brought'st him ?

Mith. Blame not the guiltless, for by me he's Poyson'd :
By this Inhuman Tyrant, Monster, Parricide ;
By me the Drugs were mixt, and dol'd about
To my unhappy Children, lest surpriz'd
They shou'd be born to Rome for Royal Slaves.

Arch.

Arch. Dead! art thou dead, O lovely, royal Plant,
Blown down by gusty Heav'n, in all thy Bloom!
My Hour is come: And thus I follow thee.

Mith. Hold him. What means the frantick General?
Disarm, and bring him hither. Kneel, O Kneel,
Before these Bodies.

Arch. What wou'd you, Sacred Sir?

Mith. Swear, swear to live.

I have a Royal Race of little Ones:
Live, I conjure thee, to defend those Infants
From *Roman* Rage; intreat victorious *Pompey*,
And he'll be gentle to 'em: Swear to live.

Arch. I swear; but after that——

Mith. Rise, and no more.

My Blood leaks fast; and the great heavy Lading,
My Soul, will quickly sink; therefore Revenge;
Yes, you pale Figures, you most precious Forms,
Who, where you walk, for sure you tread the Stars,
Shame brightest Gods, and add new Light to Heav'n,
First, in most dreadful Manner, will I give
Those Traytors Lives, who drew me to your Ruin.
Hence, burn the Slaves; the curs'd *Pelopidas*,
And Villain *Andravar*: Away with 'em.
For thee—— (but sure I shall disdain to name thee)
The Palace yet is ours.

Arch. But cannot long
Be so: *Pompey* the Great is enter'd:
And those who took your Part, are all revolted.

Mith. Away then; bear him to the middle Turret,
Whose Brazen Head rises above the rest,
In Sight of *Pompey*, throw him from the Top,
And give his most aspiring Life an End.

Phar. I know thou canst not long out-live me, Tyrant.
Accurs'd be Fortune, which too forward bore me
To be thy Prey; and rot the Hand that seiz'd me:
Yet, when my Ghost is from this Body dash'd,
Of such a Gobling as a Ghost there be,
I'll rise, and wing the mid-way Air to wait thee;
Hurl'd shalt thou be, as *Saturn* was by *Jove*,
And flag beneath me, while I reign above.

Mith.

Mith. O General, behold, and wonder with me,
 How swiftly Fate can make, or unmake Kings!
 How empty is Death's Pomp, compar'd with Life!
 Where now are all the busie Officers,
 The supple Courtiers, and big Men of War,
 That bustled here, and made a little World?
 Revolted all? Support me, for I go.
 My Soul is on the Beach, and streight must launch
 Into th' Abyss of the black Sea of Death,
 Where Furies stand upon the smoaky Rocks,
 Prepar'd to meet one greater than themselves.
 Here, lay me Bleeding by these Murder'd Lovers;
 And, oh! When I am Dead, let Sorrow stalk
 In sacred Silence to my gaping Tomb.
 Forget that ever *Mithridates* was;
 No Tongue relate the Deeds this Hand has done,
 Let thought be still, or work beneath the Ground!
 But oh he's come, cold Tyrant, I obey,
 And hug my Dart that bears my Life away.

[Diss.]

The End of the First Volume.



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